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ELECTION DAY IN NEW YORK.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

ELECTION-DAY morning is the earliest of the year. The polls open at six o'clock—long before daylight in that late and cloudy month of November. At three the policemen who are to serve at the polls (nearly three thousand of them on the last occasion) are aroused and sent to breakfast. An hour later they reassemble, are paraded before the desks of the station-houses, instructed, and despatched to their polls, taking with them all the ballot-boxes, ballots, and other furniture, for the safety of which they are held responsible.

As six o'clock approaches men may be seen plunging in and out of all-night restaurants, where they snatch a hasty breakfast, and then hurry away through the chilly gloom. These are inspectors and other officials who have early work to do.

The polling-place used to be generally some small shop belonging to a faithful adherent of the dominant party, who received fifty dollars from the city for the use of his premises during the four days of registration and one day's voting. The same place was likely to be occupied, and the same inspectors and clerks often served, year after year, partly for the pay (thirty-six dollars), but largely because the service carries with it exemption from jury duty for a year, and gives a man a certain distinction among his neighbors. Cigar shops were favorite places, but shoe shops, barber

shops, undertakers' rooms, and even stables, were taken. In almost every case they used to be too small, and were dark, ill ventilated, and inconvenient. At one place a watcher met with (and stopped) the practice of leading horses in and out through the voting inclosure. The new police board has broken up the old custom of choosing these places for political reasons.

Before the polls open the small closets or «booths» in which the voters prepare their ballots, and which are built of canvas stretched upon light frames, hinged together so as to be collapsible, are unfolded and set up, one being provided for each fifty voters on the list. The ballot-boxes, which have two glass sides and a solid cover perforated by a narrow slit, are opened, proved to be empty, relocked by the chairman of the Board of Inspectors, and then arranged upon tables. Outside of all is set up a «guard-rail,» as a legal rather than an actual barrier to the approach within it of unprivileged persons. The ballot clerks set in order their ballots ready to be dealt out, while the poll clerks open their registry books containing the names of men supposed to be electors, and prepare to record each vote. Finally, any watchers present take their places within the rail, where they may scrutinize every proceeding. To the intelligence, vigilance, and courageous protests of these watchers all over

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the city the handsome result against misrule in 1894, and the freedom from illegal election methods, were very largely due, and they will be a regular institution hereafter.

On the stroke of six the poll is declared open, and the voting immediately begins, the name and address of each applicant being called out by the inspector as soon as the voter presents himself. If he is reported as properly registered, and no one challenges his right, the ballots are given him, their number is recorded by the clerks and every one else interested, and he retires to a booth to select in secret the ticket or tickets he

the moment he attempts to vote; but often he is able to show that the supposed falsification is somebody's error, and soon establishes his innocence. In many cases, as where the alleged inhabitants of a lowlodging-house are challenged by wholesale, the protester is satisfied by the man taking an oath as to his right to the franchise, since prosecution and serious punishment may follow if subsequent proof of perjury is obtained. Now and then, when there is good reason to believe the applicant a fraud, he will be warned to take care, and told that he will be immediately investigated and punished if he has sworn



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

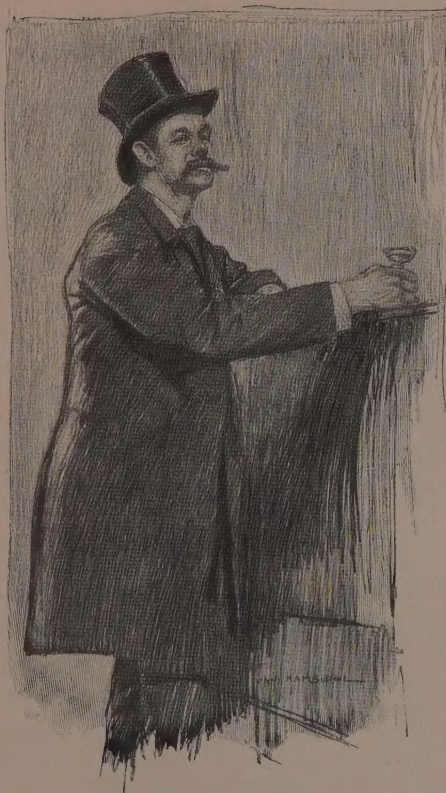
OUTSIDE THE POLLING-PLACE.

wishes to vote. This done, he returns, hands his ballots to the inspectors, so folded that no one can see their purport, the fact that he has voted is proclaimed and recorded, and he leaves the inclosure. If challenged, he "swears in" his vote, or refuses to do so, according as he is willing or not to take the responsibility of an oath.

Here is where the watchers are of particular service. Registration lists have been scrutinized in advance, and suspected names looked up. Where a doubt remains, the man is challenged as soon as he appears. In a few cases earlier investigation has justified the issue of a judicial warrant, and he is arrested

falsely. As the Police Department issues annually a book containing a full compendium of the election laws, which is spread broadcast, there is no excuse for ignorance. Such a warning usually scares a rascal away, and his tale prevents others trying the same game. Of the twenty-three men registered from one lodging-house known to the writer at a recent election, only sixteen presented themselves, and two of these did not vote. The year before thirty-five had voted from the same house.

Meanwhile the great city is waking up. This is a legal holiday, but the smaller provision stores open their doors for a few hours,



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

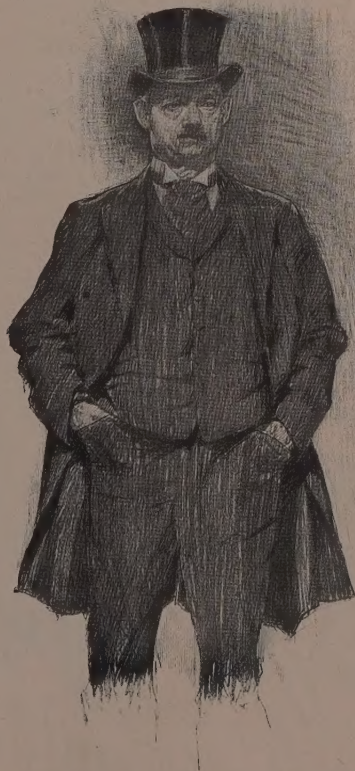
A WARD HEELER.

for thousands of their customers never have eatables on hand for more than one meal at a time. Men are trotting from corner to corner extinguishing the gas-lamps, and the electric lights pale and go out by platoons, street after street. Surface and elevated cars pass with increasing frequency, but are half empty; milk-dealers rattle about. Toward the polling-places come groups of strong, active, but rather seedy men, talking the polyglot slang of the school of the curb-stone.

One, better dressed, cleaner shaved, strides briskly around the corner, and is instantly attended to. He shakes hands with everybody, calling each by his Christian name—or a part of it, for time is precious this morning. Now and then he throws his arm about the neck of a henchman, and whispers a sentence or two in his ear, whereupon the recipient of the favor hurries away. This nabob is the leader of the district on one side, or

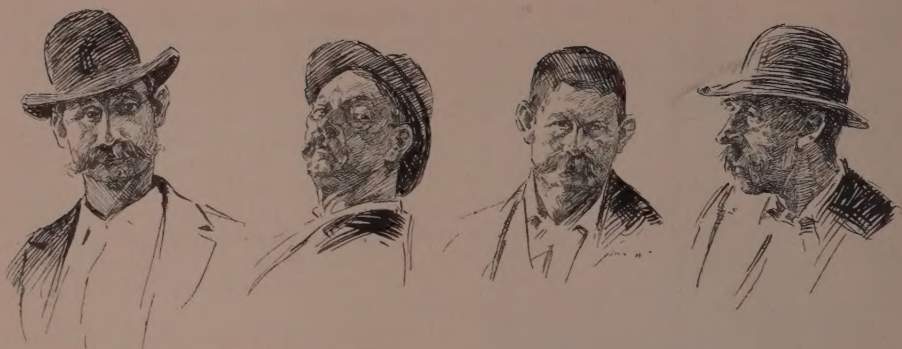
perhaps an alderman, or maybe even a candidate, and these others are his "workers," who share his chances, hopeful of recognition if he succeeds, failing which they will desert to the opposition, and possibly "squeal," or betray damaging secrets against him. He is now making a round of the polls in his district to be sure that his representatives are on duty near by, and are properly distributing his pasters to every one who can be induced to take and use them. The use of pasters, by the way, is abrogated under the new ballot law.

Often a small portable closet of rough boards is set up on the sidewalk, in which the paster peddler ensconces himself like an old woman in a French bath-chair; and these little cabins, with three or four party men about each, form a notable feature of election-day scenes. They are made of fresh lumber, yellow, and oozing with amber resin; they are covered with lithographed portraits



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

A CANDIDATE.



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

THE FLOATING VOTE.

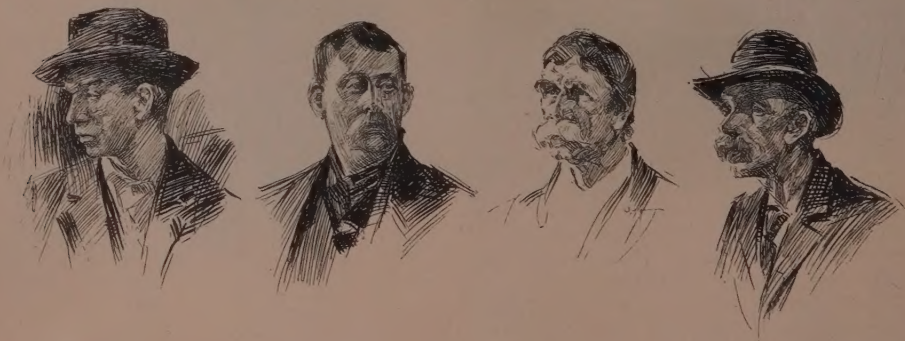
and red-and-blue posters announcing their special candidates; they are the nuclei of groups of gossiping loungers, and often are upset in the rush of a fight which must be concluded before the peddler and his pasters can crawl out. In the worst era of municipal politics they were numerous and close to the polls, but almost disappeared in 1894.

Elsewhere the city has a Sabbath quiet; but if you go to the ferries or to the Grand Central depot an hour or two later, you see there plenty of people—well-dressed women and prosperous, clerkly-looking men, especially parties of the younger sort, armed with gun-cases or dress-suit valises, or perhaps both. These are going out of town for a day's pleasure: shooting in New Jersey or up the Hudson; fox-hunting on Long Island; Country Club sports in Westchester County or at Tuxedo; visiting with rural or suburban friends. It is fair to suppose that many of the above have voted, but a similar throng left town on Saturday and won't be back until Wednesday. In 1894 this fashionable irrup-

tion did not enliven the outgoing trains to any noticeable extent, and to the men who stayed in town to vote the Tiger may charge thousands of the flakes that snowed him under in that memorable political blizzard.

Another class rejoice in this holiday as an opportunity to sit at home enjoying domestic comfort, reading in slippered ease the postponed book, or fondling the pet hobby. The «people» call them «silk-stockings,» and have no fear of their beautifully modulated expressions of censure, because they rarely back it up by a vote.

Down at the polls they cannot understand this frame of mind. A certain number of citizens, to be sure, come, deposit their votes as quickly as possible, and go away with an attitude of having performed a disagreeable duty. But to the many who are more or less visible there all day this is the most important occasion of the year, and there is hardly anything they would not rather do than miss it. To be sure, it may be worth a few dollars to them, directly or indirectly; but plainly they look further than this, and



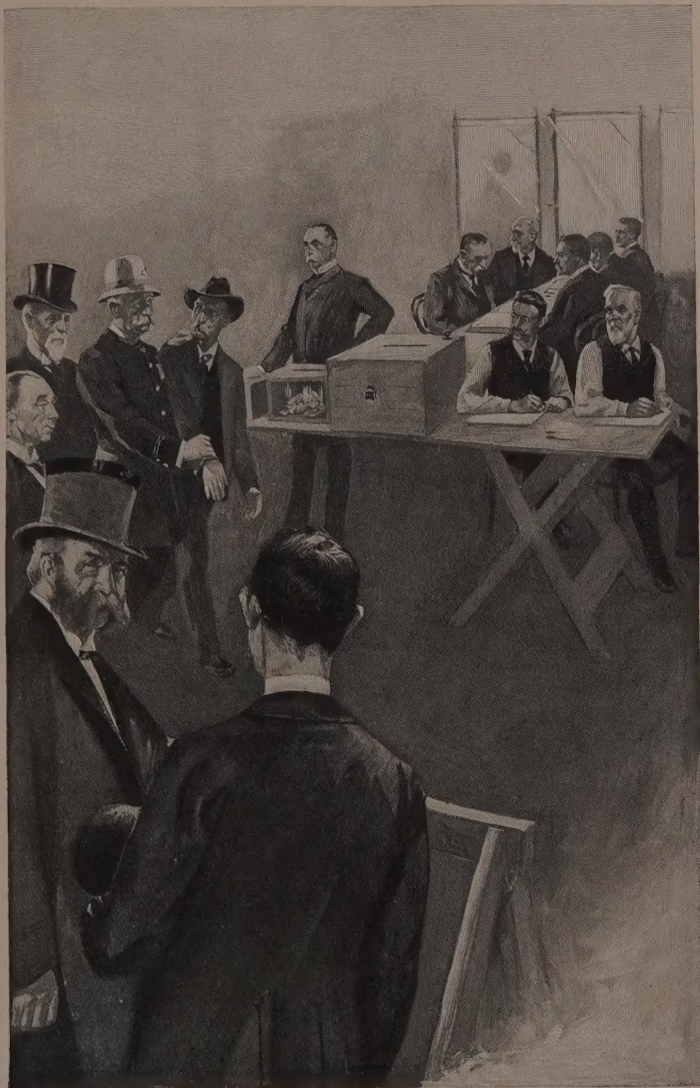
DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

THE FLOATING VOTE.

have a hazy sense of the dignity of the act, comparable to the fetish-worshiper's notion of religion. They are not the ignorant, foreign, dollar-a-day laborers, stupid and be-

none, they are wholly devoted to «the cause» as long as they get fair treatment.

It is these men who make the voting-places picturesque. In rough garb and with lordly



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

ARREST OF A REPEATER

sotted with liquor, but men earning wages enough to enable them to pay their footing in the bar-room club, and having sufficient brains to make them serviceable to their «captain.» Alert with the keenness of the streets, knowing everybody, and feeling above

swagger, they sandwich themselves between neat and dignified lawyers, merchants, and clergymen, proudly sensible of their equality at the polls. Sometimes the motley line reaches out of doors and down the street. As soon as one has voted he joins the loiter-

ers outside, and pompously lights a cigar, scornful of the black pipe more familiar to his teeth.

In the afternoon the brisk captain, who has been dodging all day from poll to poll, obtains an approximate list of those of his side who have not yet voted, and despatches workers to "bring them out." They search their haunts, and presently return with recruits. Some of these delinquents have simply been tardy, others are sick or lame or blind, and are gently conducted to the polls, perhaps in a carriage, placed in the line, and carefully assisted to the ballot-box. The attention he gets on election day is a genuine comfort to many a poor devil kicked about all the rest of the year. Now and then a henchman seizes a captain and whispers portentously in his ear. A moment later he hurries off, looking very important, and soon reappears with a companion, who is sent on alone, while he himself stays back at the corner. This means that some voter has been ascertained to be out of town or sick abed, and that a willing and thrifty stranger has come to vote (illegally) in his name. This is only one of many tricks election officers and watchers must guard against toward the end of the day, and sometimes at a cost to the latter of no small courage; for whisky emboldens the roughest workers to try to "stand on his head" any one who interferes with them.

The day wears on—Sunday without the churches, a gray day in every sense of the word. In the lower wards, where folk are close enough together to feel one another's warmth, and where it really matters whether Mike O'Farron or Barney Cadigan is to be alderman or coroner, each cross-roads has an excited crowd; but up-town the side streets are deserted, and even Broadway and Fifth Avenue are dead.

The first to break the silence are the boys crying the afternoon papers; but there is nothing in them except clever guesswork, unless the tension of factions at some polling-place, or the wild foolishness of a tipsy worker, has brought on a fight or two. Election-day rows are now remarkably rare in New York.

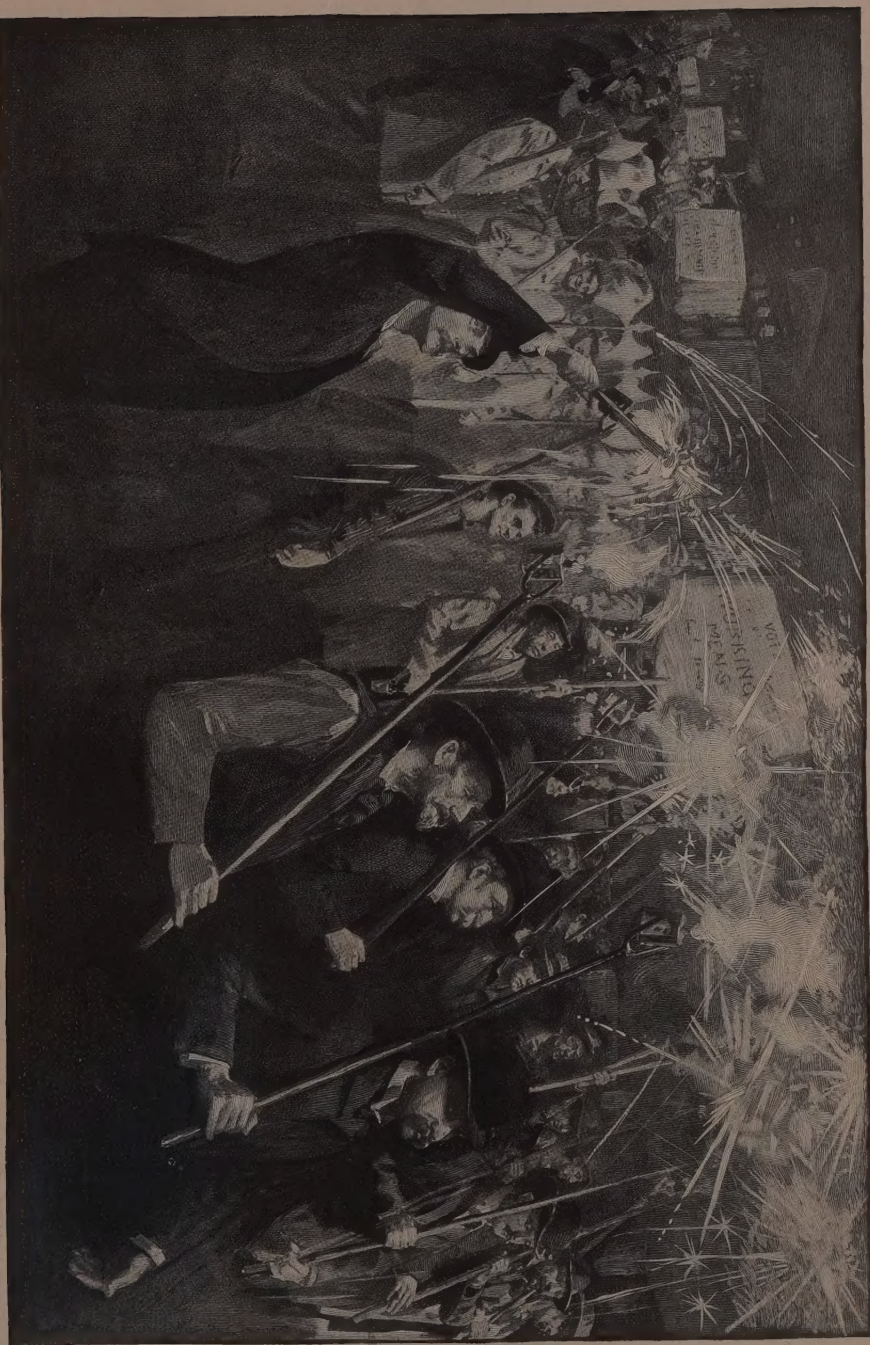
Loiterers increase about the polling-places, and voters crowd forward, fearful lest they be too late. The weary inspectors and clerks most now work harder than ever, and the watchers watch their very best. This is the time when the schemer gathers results—gets in his fine work, as he would tell you. Men present themselves with specious claims,

politicians bulldoze, and it is only the most determined guardian of the purity of the ballot who in this last hour can withstand the pressure. It happened in several districts, in 1894, when the voter was called upon to fold and select from twenty-three ballots, that there was not time enough in the day for all those entitled to the franchise to reach the ballot-box, and voting twice in one place was out of the question.

The moment the polls close the liquor-saloons open, but the excessive drunkenness and brawling common in former years are not now seen. Five o'clock editions of the newspapers are issued, but have little to tell, for everywhere the clerks are still busily counting the votes. The streets overflow with boys who hardly wait for the earliest darkness to institute their picturesque part of the day's doings. The New York citizen begins to break election-day laws as soon as he can toddle about the block. Bonfires are strictly prohibited, yet thousands of them redden the air and set all the windows aglow before seven o'clock.

Antiquarians inform us that this custom is nothing but a survival in America of the old English celebration of burning Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November, in recollection of the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, which the children have transferred to the movable feast of our election day. Maybe so. At any rate, for weeks beforehand the lads, large and small, rich and poor, have begged, borrowed, or stolen every burnable thing they could lay their hands on, and have kept their treasure as well as they could. Knowing by sad experience the untruth of the aphorism, "There is honor among thieves," they usually persuade some one to let them store these combustibles in his back yard or still safer cellar. From hundreds of such repositories the lads bring their treasures, heap them up in the middle of the street, and fight off raiders until they are safely blazing. Women and children swarm out of the huge tenements and cluster about the scene, where the youngsters are leaping and whooping and waving brands, like the true fire-worshippers they are. The smallest boys and girls have saved a box and a board or two, or beg some fuel from good-natured big brothers, and start little blazes of their own, with a headless ash-barrel for a chimney. Everywhere are dancing, merriment, singing, and shouting. The great heaps throw out a terrific heat, glare upon the highest windows, and illuminate the whole sky, while showers of sparks whirl up and down the narrow streets

A CAMPAIGN PARADE AT NIGHT.





DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

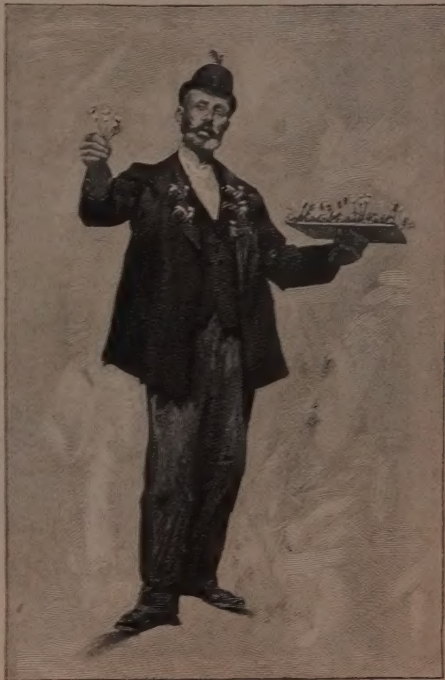
in the autumn wind, yet rarely do serious damage. But boxes and barrels are slight, and the flames die down long before the enthusiasm of the boys and their applauding friends is exhausted. Now begins criminal foraging and senseless waste. Lumber-piles, scaffolding, new buildings, kitchen chairs, wheelbarrows, and sometimes even serviceable wagons, are seized by marauders and thrown on the fires, unless carefully guarded, so that each year sees not only a great waste of good fuel among the poor, but the destruction of much valuable timber and household furniture. This work of hoodlums cannot easily be stopped, because just then nearly all the police are in the polling-places watching the canvass.

The counting of the votes has been in the past more fruitful of trickery and falsification than any other part of the election process. In 1893 the canvassers in certain districts reduced the matter to its lowest terms by simply reporting a unanimous vote on their side, and then going out to fling up their hats for the rest of the night. In the subsequent election competent and incorruptible men supervised the canvass so strictly that the percentage of fraud was so small, if any existed, as never to be heard of. This watching

at the count not only prevented intentional lying, but saved accidental mistakes. In one case the board of inspectors confessed they did not know how to count the votes, and submitted entirely to the guidance of a well-informed watcher.

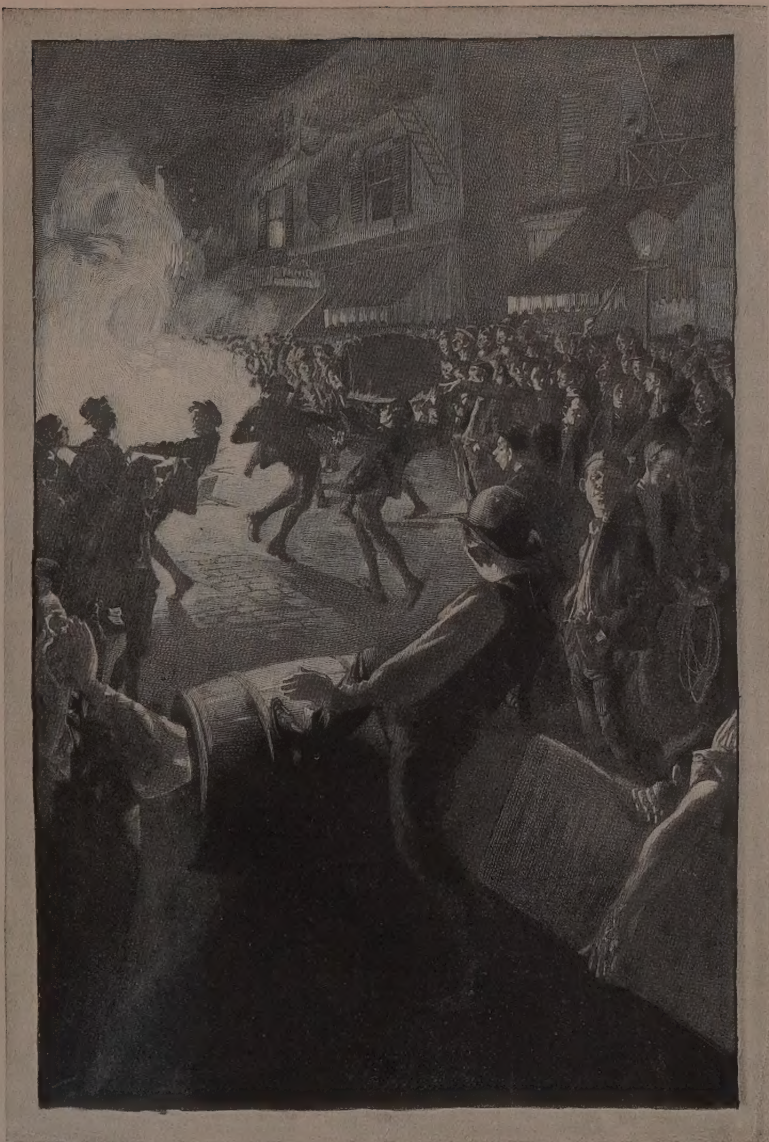
The counting is done in public, and is often an interesting sight. Every organization and each candidate may send a representative to observe it, though nobody but the inspectors is permitted to touch the ballots. The straight tickets are first counted in tens by the four men in succession, and a tally is kept by at least two assistants. Each name is credited with as many votes as there are tickets for his side. Then one inspector reads off those tickets which are "split," or have pasters attached, or upon which names have been erased or new names written, and each candidate is credited with a vote every time his name appears. When this is finished the most prominent office is taken up, and the sum of the votes for each candidate is ascertained. The result is immediately announced, but the official announcement and record are made in this wise:

The election bureau of the police board is the official recipient of the returns from the



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

EMBLEMS OF VICTORY.



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

BRINGING UP FUEL FOR THE BONFIRES.

voting precincts. This bureau furnishes each poll with blanks for the official record, and also with four sets of small blanks for each office. As soon as the count for any office is finished the four inspectors sign all four blanks, and a policeman takes them to police headquarters, and quickly returns for others. Thus the count goes on until it is completed—sometimes not before midnight.

Meantime there have gathered in a large room at police headquarters all the commissioners, the superintendent, and a great number of newspaper reporters with pencils sharpened at both ends, while the walls are lined with messenger and telephone boys. As soon as a report is brought it is read out by the superintendent, taken down by the newspaper men, and forwarded to their editors

as rapidly as possible. By eight o'clock the returns come thick and fast, and nothing is heard but the scratching of pencils and the footsteps of racing messengers. The commissioners soon go to their private offices, for they know that anxious candidates will speedily be calling to learn their fate, although a very fair idea has spread abroad by nine or ten o'clock as to how the State and city have «gone» to the principal issues. In the case of the election of November, 1894, everybody knew that Tammany was beaten long before that hour.

But the fun of the street, which is now beginning, is not for that band of reporters at headquarters, nor for those other bands of writers in the newspaper offices down-town, who, with almost superhuman diligence and endurance, are tabulating and putting into type and commenting upon these returns for detection of the public next morning.

The tenement-house districts have been alive with people since sundown, dancing about the fires. They have learned long ago the outlines of the result, and those on the successful side are rejoicing in their tumultuous way, sure of the support of all the boys. As the evening advances the excitement spreads to Broadway and up-town. The newspapers will issue extras every hour or so from 2 p. m. to two in the morning, but they do not hesitate to give all this news away upon their bulletins as fast as they get it.

The crowd knows this, and gathers early in City Hall Park and Newspaper Square to read the messages written upon glass «slides» and magnified upon hoard screens outside the buildings by means of a stereopticon. At first these bulletins are vague and partial, but toward midnight they increase in breadth and importance. At intervals the operator presents a summing up like this:

425 districts out of a total of 500
in Ohio give John Smith, Dem.,
117,925, and James Brown, Rep.,
180,450.

or:

Gorpie elects the whole Demo-
cratic ticket by an estimated plu-
rality of 20,000.

When he has nothing to report the operator displays a portrait of a candidate, or an impromptu cartoon, exhibiting in comical allegory the success of his man, or his side, and the discomfiture of the other fellow. Of late a favorite bit of fun has been to throw upon the screen a question like this:

«What's the matter with Cleveland?»

Promptly comes the answer from ten thousand throats:

«He's all right!»

Then shines out:

«Who's all right?»

And the windows rattle with the acclamation:

«C-l-e-v-e-l-a-n-d!»

As the principal dailies are published side by side in Park Row, and include political arguments, the populace is treated not only to the whole truth of the figures, but to all the portraits and both sides of the jokes, and the laughter is gaily impartial. Over all the scene in recent years glow the huge red or white beacons on the summit of the dome of one of these buildings, signaling the probable result to curious eyes miles away across the rivers.

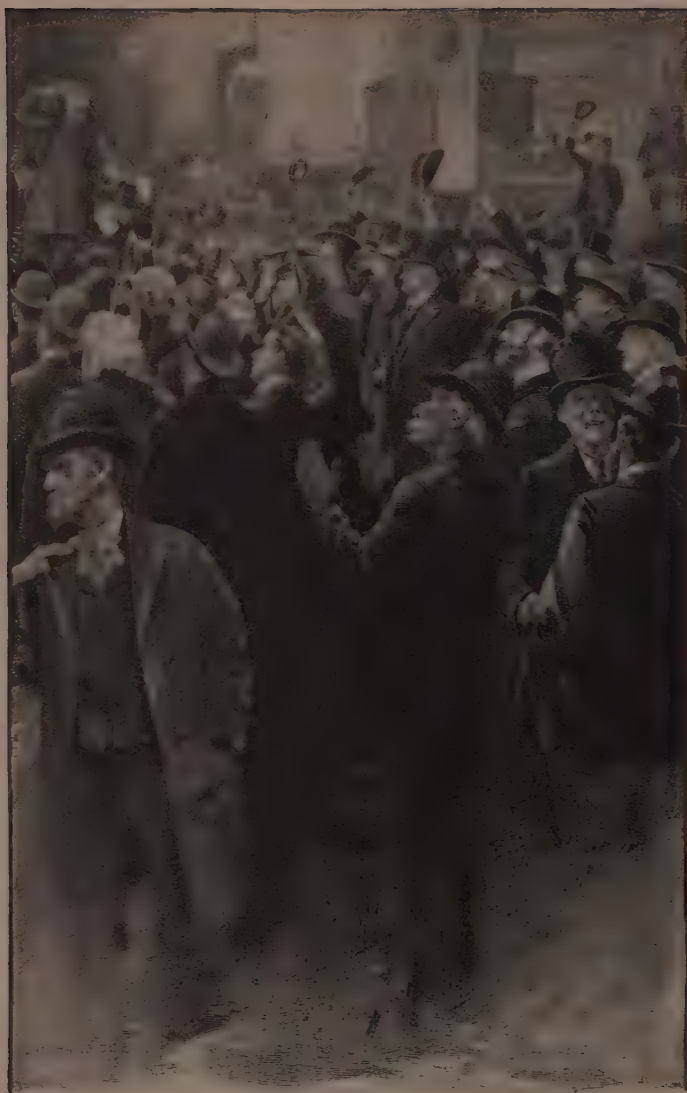
Elsewhere eager minds are seeking the facts. Telephone and telegraph operators find the night a very busy one. At all the theaters the returns are read to the audience between the acts, and variety players bring out fresh laughter by impromptu «gags» at the expense of the losing politicians.

Temporary wires have been extended into the offices of the principal organizations, and there the leaders assemble and receive a constant stream of visitors and telegrams. The Republicans always assemble at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where a jubilant crowd of substantial citizens soon takes possession of the corridors if that party wins. The Hoffmanns hold over with equally well-groomed and hilarious Democrats when they are in the ascendant.

But the greatest of these indoor jollifications is that at Tammany Hall. Early in the evening the spacious auditorium becomes packed with tribesmen, a brass band is stationed in the gallery, the wives and daughters of prominent braves appear in the boxes, and the big and little sachems, wiskiesies, and all the rest, gather about a mythical council-fire on the stage. A member with a stenographic voice reads telegrams from the district leaders and police headquarters, against a storm of cheerful yells and witticisms when the news is favorable, and of hoots and cat-calls when it is not.

CAMPAIGN SONGS IN AN ELECTION-NIGHT CROWD.





DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

CART-TAIL ORATORY.

In 1894 the society had its special wire, as usual, and a reader, a band, and a big audience, but nothing but failure to report. For a long time no orator was willing to go upon the stage, and when one or two did screw up the courage, their remarks evoked only groans and muttered imprecations. The band struck up at last, but could find nothing better to offer than « Massa 's in the cold, cold ground »; and the gleeful shout that greeted this disconsolate selection showed that the hall had been

captured by enemies, who had come to twist the tail of the Tiger in his inmost cage. At this the wiskinskies retired, the musicians fled, and the discomfited braves sneaked out of side entrances to avoid the derisive crowd in Fourteenth street bent upon taking their scalps.

By ten o'clock Madison Square and upper Broadway are thronged and noisy. A searchlight on the tapering tower of the Madison Square Garden swings its beam north and

south, east or west, with the varying reports, according to an advertised code of signaling. Now and then the light is thrown down, and reveals the stirring thousands of men and women that stand in the plaza, all gazing with upturned faces upon the bulletins displayed at Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street.

The cable cars plow lanes through the shadowy masses, with clangorous gongs, but the horse-cars are simply swallowed up, the people dodging from under the noses of the horses as they wade slowly along, only to close in behind the car. An inarticulate

venders. To hundreds in it the contest may be a matter of serious personal importance, but though there is plenty of badinage, one hears little acrid discussion, and witnesses no rowdyism. As soon as it becomes apparent which side has won, arrive those strange companies of youths who seem preserved from year to year for this single appearance. They are fashionably attired, and look like college students, but are not, and whence they come and whither they go between times is an unsolved mystery. Blowing tin horns in impious disharmony, waving brooms over



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

CONFERENCE OF LEADERS IN A NEW YORK WARD CLUB.

murmur of satisfaction or discontent, and noise of shuffling feet, follow the display of each new bulletin, swelling loud and louder as later and more certain messages are spread upon the huge placard.

The crowd is a good-natured one, and patronizes liberally the «extra» boys, the peddlers of toy brooms and tiny feathered roosters, to be pinned to coat, or buys peanuts, candy, and cheap cigars from itinerant

their shoulders, symbolic of the «cleansweep,» trailing behind a leader in single file or by twos, they dive into the masses of people, wind in and out and round about, singing some campaign song, or shouting in chorus a partizan slogan.

It is stark midnight before the bulletins cease, and the people begin to pack the street-cars, or troop homeward afoot through the moonlit avenues and crossways.

CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT.

BY GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

MY FIRST MEETING WITH GRANT—CONFERENCE AT THOMAS'S HEADQUARTERS—GRANT'S MANNER OF WRITING DESPATCHES—OPENING THE "CRACKER LINE"—GRANT SALUTED BY THE ENEMY—GRANT'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE—A HIGHER GRADE CREATED FOR GRANT—GRANT'S FIRST MEETING WITH LINCOLN—IN COMMAND OF ALL THE ARMIES—INTERVIEW WITH STANTON—GRANT IN A COMMUNICATIVE MOOD—AT GENERAL MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS—GRANT'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM CAPTURE—HIS ENORMOUS RESPONSIBILITY—GRANT'S PERSONAL STAFF.

EDITORIAL PREFACE.



FROM A WARTIME PHOTOGRAPH.

GENERAL HORACE PORTER.

WITH the exception of Abraham Lincoln, no leader in the Civil War has been so much written about as the man who emerged from the struggle wearing the laurels of chief hero. From his first engagement at Belmont to the dawn of peace at Appomattox, no officer on the Union side was more completely in the public view than General Grant. His simple, direct personality was in no way concealed by the vapors of notoriety; his momentous official duties were pursued without ostentation; his acts were always so important that they overshadowed curiosity as to what he was; he had a way of doing his own writing, and of excluding from it all consciousness of himself as a personage. For these reasons, creditable to him, the ratio of personal flavor to important statement in the literature relating to his deeds was small until, at the last, he wrote his immortal "Memoirs," which nevertheless are perhaps more modest as cast in the mold of the personal pronoun than Caesar's "Commentaries" veiled in the third person.

So it has come to pass that, while little or nothing remains to be said of the acts of Grant the general, only broad outlines have been given to the public of the man within the armor. As a civilian, Grant the President and first citizen became better known; but what manner of man was he while shouldering the responsibility of carnage, and standing in the deadly breach? In this respect he is fully revealed in the papers begun with this number of THE CENTURY, and there is reason to doubt that any very substantial addition will be made to the world's knowledge of Grant in the field after their publication. Certainly the "Official Records" have little more to say, and it is not known that any other member of his military family kept notes of incidents and conversations relating to the daily activity of the commanding general during the crucial last year and a half of the war.

General Porter's talents and training, no less than his opportunities, fitted him for the added service of personal historian to his chief. As the son of a governor of Pennsylvania, he inclined in youth to a public career, and, securing an appointment to West Point, was graduated number three in the class of 1860. With a special taste for mechanics, shown by several useful inventions while still a boy, he chose the ordnance branch of the mili-

tary service, and won his first brevet for "gallant and meritorious services" in the field as chief of ordnance and artillery in the reduction of Fort Pulaski; he served as chief of ordnance in the transfer of the Army of the Potomac from the Peninsula, and in the Antietam campaign, at the close of which he was transferred to the West, and served in that important capacity with Rosecrans at Chickamauga and Chattanooga.

It was during the investment of Chattanooga by Bragg that Captain Porter was brought into close relations with General Grant, who, on the transfer of the Captain to special duty in the Ordnance Bureau at Washington, sought in the following letter to have him attached permanently to his own staff:

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Nov. 5, 1863.

MAJ.-GEN. H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief of the Army.

Capt. Horace Porter, who is now being relieved as chief ordnance officer in the Department of the Cumberland, is represented by all officers who know him as one of the most meritorious and valuable young officers in the service. So far as I have heard from general officers there is a universal desire to see him promoted to the rank of brigadier-general and retained here. I feel no hesitation in joining in the recommendation, and ask that he may be assigned for duty with me. I feel the necessity for just such an officer as Captain Porter is described to be, at headquarters, and, if permitted, will retain him with me if assigned here for duty. I am, &c., U. S. GRANT, Major-general.

Six months later, when Grant went to Washington as general-in-chief, Colonel Porter was transferred to his personal staff as aide-de-camp. From that day until the end of Grant's first term as President, he was the companion as well as the faithful aide of his chief, and was charged with more than one important special mission, like the visit to Sherman preparatory to the march to the sea.

A literary taste, which was developed chiefly on the side of public speaking, enabled the staff-officer, when public ovations succeeded the toil of the camp, to respond on behalf of the victorious general, who had not yet accustomed himself to the brief and pithy speeches for which he afterward became celebrated. While a cadet in the National Military Academy, General Porter wrote a humorous book in verse descriptive of "West Point Life." His arduous duties as private secretary, charged with executive business, began with the inauguration of President Grant in the spring of 1869. From that time to the present General Porter has been in great demand at army reunions and festivals for after-dinner speeches and serious addresses, and has gained increasing fame by his eloquence and ready wit. After General Grant's death, General Porter delivered a notable memorial address before the Union League Club, of which he is now president; he is also Commander of the New York Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, and of the George Washington Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, Past Commander of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, President-general of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, President of the Grant monument association, and a member of several historical and other societies. It was at a sluggish period in the progress of the movement to erect the Grant monument and tomb in Riverside Park that General Porter was placed at the head of the association, and largely through his effective appeals and practical management the popular subscription of over half a million dollars was made up, and the work energetically carried on, so that the inauguration will take place next spring on General Grant's birthday. In recognition of his contributions to literature Union College conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

During the progress of THE CENTURY war series, General Porter contributed to this magazine two articles which evinced the historical value and anecdotal quality of the notes industriously jotted down by him during the whole time of his association with General Grant. The first article dealt with the relations of "Lincoln and Grant," and the second was the remarkable paper on the battle of Five Forks and the surrender at Appomattox. Since then, in moments of leisure, General Porter has arranged his unique stores of anecdotes and memoranda; and THE CENTURY, which was the means of inciting General Grant to the writing of the four articles which became the structural part of his "Memoirs," takes pleasure in offering to its readers the accurate personal portrait of the great commander that is drawn with a free and vigorous hand by General Porter in the series of papers begun in the following pages.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

C. S. Reiniger '96



DRAWN BY CHARLES S. REINHART,
General Rawlins.

General Wilson.

General W. F. Smith.
General Grant.

General Thomas.

Captain Porter.

GENERAL GRANT AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL THOMAS.

MY FIRST MEETING
WITH GRANT.

WHILE sitting in my quarters in the little town of Chattanooga, Tennessee, about an hour after nightfall on the evening of Friday, October 23, 1863, an orderly brought me a message from General George H. Thomas, Commander of the Army of the Cum-

berland, on whose staff I was serving, summoning me to headquarters. A storm had been raging for two days, and a chilling rain was still falling. A few minutes' walk brought me to the plain wooden, one-story dwelling occupied by the commander, which was situated on Walnut street, near Fourth, and upon my arrival I found him in the front room on the left side of the hall, with three members of his staff and several strange officers. In an arm-chair facing the fireplace was seated a general officer, slight in figure and of medium stature, whose face bore an expression of weariness. He was carelessly dressed, and his uniform coat was unbuttoned and thrown back from his chest. He held a lighted cigar in his mouth, and sat in a stooping posture, with his head bent slightly forward. His clothes were wet, and his trousers and top-boots were spattered with mud. General Thomas approached this officer, and, turning to me and mentioning me by name, said, «I want to present you to General Grant.» Thereupon the officer seated in the chair, without changing his position, glanced up, extended his arm to its full length, shook hands, and said in a low voice, and speaking slowly, «How do you do?» This was my first meeting with the man with whom I was destined afterward to spend so many of the most interesting years of my life.

The strange officers present were members of General Grant's staff. Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, who had been for some time with the Army of the Cumberland, had also entered the room. The next morning he sent a despatch to the War Department, beginning with the words, «Grant arrived last night, wet, dirty, and well.»

On the 19th of October General Grant's command had been enlarged so as to cover

the newly created military division of the Mississippi, embracing nearly the entire field of operations between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi River, and the Army of the Cumberland had thus been placed under his control. About a month before, that army, after having fought at Chickamauga one of the most gallantly contested and sanguinary battles in the annals of warfare, had fallen back and taken up a defensive position on the south side of the Tennessee River, inclosing within its lines the village of Chattanooga. The opposing forces, under General Bragg, had invested this position, and established such a close siege that the lines of supply had been virtually cut off, rations and forage were about exhausted, and almost the last tree-stump had been used for fuel. Most of the men were without overcoats, and some without shoes; ten thousand animals had died of starvation, and the gloom and despondency had been increased by the approach of cold weather and the appearance of the autumn storms.

General Grant, upon assuming the responsibilities of his new command, had fully realized the critical condition of the Army of the Cumberland, and had set out at once for its headquarters to take charge in person of its future operations. On his way to the front he had telegraphed General Thomas, from Louisville, to hold Chattanooga at all hazards, to which that intrepid soldier made the famous reply, «I will hold the town till we starve.»

General Grant had started, the day before the incident I have described, from Bridgeport, a place thirty miles below Chattanooga, where the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad crosses the Tennessee River, and had ridden by way of Walden's Ridge, the only route left open by which communication could be had with the beleaguered town. We had been advised that he was on his way, but hardly expected that he would reach Chattanooga that night, considering the state of the weather, the wretched condition of the roads, or rather bridle-paths, over the mountain, and the severe injury to his leg which had been caused by a fall of his horse several weeks before, and from which he was still suffering. When he arrived he had to be lifted from his saddle, and was evidently experiencing much pain, as his horse had slipped in coming down the mountain, and had further injured the lame leg; but the general showed less signs of fatigue than might have been supposed after his hard ride of two days under such trying circumstances.

CONFERENCE AT THOMAS'S HEADQUARTERS.

As soon as General Grant had partaken of a light supper immediately after his arrival, General Thomas had sent for several general officers and most of the members of his staff to come to headquarters, and the room soon contained an exceedingly interesting group. A member of General Thomas's staff quietly called that officer's attention to the fact that the distinguished guest's clothes were pretty wet and his boots were thoroughly soaked with rain after his long ride through the storm, and intimated that colds were usually no respecters of persons. General Thomas's mind had been so intent upon receiving the commander, and arranging for a conference of officers, that he had entirely overlooked his guest's travel-stained condition; but as soon as his attention was called to it, all of his old-time Virginia hospitality was aroused, and he at once begged his newly arrived chief to step into a bedroom and change his clothes. His urgings, however, were in vain. The general thanked him politely, but positively declined to make any additions to his personal comfort, except to light a fresh cigar. Afterward, however, he consented to draw his chair nearer to the wood fire which was burning in the chimney-place, and to thrust his feet forward to give his top-boots a chance to dry. The extent of his indulgence in personal comfort in the field did not seem to be much greater than that of bluff old Marshal Suvaroff, who, when he wished to give himself over to an excess of luxury, used to go so far as to take off one spur before going to bed.

At General Grant's request, General Thomas, General William F. Smith, his chief engineer, commonly known in the army as «Baldy» Smith, and others, pointed out on a large map the various positions of the troops, and described the general situation. General Grant sat for some time as immovable as a rock and as silent as the sphinx, but listened attentively to all that was said. After a while he straightened himself up in his chair, his features assumed an air of animation, and in a tone of voice which manifested a deep interest in the discussion, he began to fire whole volleys of questions at the officers present. So intelligent were his inquiries, and so pertinent his suggestions, that he made a profound impression upon every one by the quickness of his perception and the knowledge which he had already acquired regarding important details of the army's condition. His questions showed from the outset that his

mind was dwelling not only upon the prompt opening of a line of supplies, but upon taking the offensive against the enemy. In this he was only manifesting one of his chief military characteristics—an inborn dislike to be thrown upon the defensive. Even when he had to defend a position, his method of warfare was always that of the «offensive-defensive.»

After talking over a plan for communicating with our base of supplies, or, as he called it in his conversation, «opening up the cracker line,» an operation which already had been projected and for which preliminary steps had been taken, he turned to me as chief of ordnance of the Army of the Cumberland, and asked, «How much ammunition is there on hand?» I replied, «There is barely enough here to fight one day's battle, but an ample supply has been accumulated at Bridgeport to await the opening of communications.»

At about half-past nine o'clock he appeared to have finished his search after information for the time being, and turning to a table, began to write telegrams. Communication by wire had been kept open during all the siege. His first despatch was to General Halleck, the general-in-chief at Washington, and read: «Have just arrived; I will write to-morrow. Please approve order placing Sherman in command of Department of the Tennessee, with headquarters in the field.» He had scarcely begun to exercise the authority conferred upon him by his new promotion when his mind turned to securing advancement for Sherman, who had been his second in command in the Army of the Tennessee.

It was more than an hour later when he retired to bed in an adjoining room to get a much-needed rest. As he arose and walked across the floor his lameness was very perceptible. Before the company departed he had made an appointment with Generals Thomas and Smith and several staff officers to accompany him the next day to make a personal inspection of the lines. Early on the morning of the 24th the party set out from headquarters, and most of the day was spent in examining our lines and obtaining a view of the enemy's position. At Brown's Ferry General Grant dismounted and went to the river's edge on foot, and made his reconnaissance of that important part of the line in full view of the enemy's pickets on the opposite bank, but, singularly enough, he was not fired upon.

GRANT'S MANNER OF WRITING DESPATCHES.

BEING informed that the general wished to see me that evening, I went into the room he



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE FIELD AT CITY POINT, VA., BY M. F. WARREN, MARCH 15, 1865. THE ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPH IS IN THE POSSESSION OF THE BOSTONIAN SOCIETY, AND HANGS IN THE MEMORIAL HALL, OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

W. A. Brown

was occupying at headquarters, and found two of his staff-officers seated near him. As I entered he gave a slight nod of the head by way of recognition, and pointing to a chair, said rather bluntly, but politely, «Sit down.» In reply to a question which he asked, I gave him some information he desired in regard to the character and location of certain heavy guns which I had recently assisted in putting in position on the advanced portion of our lines, and the kind and amount of artillery ammunition. He soon after began to write despatches, and I arose to go, but resumed my seat as he said, «Sit still.» My attention was soon attracted to the manner in which he went to work at his correspondence. At this time, as throughout his later career, he wrote nearly all his documents with his own hand, and seldom dictated to any one even the most unimportant despatch. His work was performed swiftly and uninterruptedly, but without any marked display of nervous energy. His thoughts flowed as freely from his mind as the ink from his pen; he was never at a loss for an expression, and seldom interlined a word or made a material correction. He sat with his head bent low over the table, and when he had occasion to step to another table or desk to get a paper he wanted, he would glide rapidly across the room without straightening himself, and return to his seat with his body still bent over at about the same angle at which he had been sitting when he left his chair. Upon this occasion he tossed the sheets of paper across the table as he finished them, leaving them in the wildest disorder. When he had completed the despatch, he gathered up the scattered sheets, read them over rapidly, and arranged them in their proper order. Turning to me after a time, he said, «Perhaps you might like to read what I am sending.» I thanked him, and in looking over the despatches I found that he was ordering up Sherman's entire force from Corinth to within supporting distance, and was informing Halleck of the dispositions decided upon for the opening of a line of supplies, and assuring him that everything possible would be done for the relief of Burnside in east Tennessee. Directions were also given for the taking of vigorous and comprehensive steps in every direction throughout his new and extensive command. At a late hour, after having given further directions in regard to the contemplated movement for the opening of the route from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, and in the mean time sending back to be foraged all the animals that could be spared, he bid

those present a pleasant good night, and limped off to his bedroom.

I cannot dwell too forcibly on the deep impression made upon those who had come in contact for the first time with the new commander, by the exhibition they witnessed of his singular mental powers and his rare military qualities. Coming to us crowned with the laurels he had gained in the brilliant campaign of Vicksburg, we naturally expected to meet a well-equipped soldier, but hardly anybody was prepared to find one who had the grasp, the promptness of decision, and the general administrative capacity which he displayed at the very start as commander of an extensive military division, in which many complicated problems were presented for immediate solution.

I had fallen into the habit of making careful notes of everything of interest which came under my own observation, and these reminiscences are simply a transcript of memoranda of events jotted down at the time they occurred.

OPENING «THE CRACKER LINE.»

AFTER remaining three days as General Thomas's guest, General Grant established his headquarters in a modest-looking two-story frame-house on the bluff near the river, situated on what is now known as First street. In the evening of the 26th I spent some time in the front room on the left side of the hall, which he used as his office, and in which several members of his staff were seated with him. It was a memorable night in the history of the siege, for the troops were being put in motion for the hazardous attempt to open the river route to our base of supplies at Bridgeport. The general sat at a table, smoking, and writing despatches. After finishing several telegrams and giving some directions to his staff, he began to describe the probabilities of the chances of the expedition down the river, expressing a confident belief in its success. General W. F. Smith, who had been so closely identified with the project, was given command of the movement. At midnight he began his march down the north bank of the river with 2800 men. At three o'clock on the morning of the 27th, Hazen started silently down the stream, with his pontoons carrying 1800 men; at five he made a landing at Brown's Ferry, completely surprising the guard at that point, and taking most of them prisoners; at seven o'clock Smith's force had been ferried across, and began to fortify a strong position; and at ten a bridge

had been completed. Hooker's advance, coming up from Bridgeport, arrived the next afternoon, the 28th, at Brown's Ferry. The river was now open from Bridgeport to Kelley's Ferry, and the wagon road from that point to Chattanooga by way of Brown's Ferry, about eight miles in length, was in our possession. The success of the movement had been prompt and complete, and there was now established a good line of communication with our base. This changed condition of affairs had been accomplished within five days after General Grant's arrival at the front.

As soon as the enemy recovered from his surprise, he woke up to the importance of the achievement: Longstreet was despatched to retrieve, if possible, the lost ground. His troops reached Wauhatchie in the night of the 28th, and made an attack upon Geary's division of Hooker's forces. The fight raged for about three hours, but Geary succeeded in holding his ground against greatly superior numbers. During the fight Geary's teamsters had become scared, and had deserted their teams, and the mules, stampeded by the sound of battle raging about them, had broken loose from their wagons and run away. Fortunately for their reputation and the safety of the command, they started toward the enemy, and with heads down and tails up, with trace-chains rattling and whiffletrees snapping over the stumps of trees they rushed pell-mell upon Longstreet's bewildered men. Believing it to be an impetuous charge of cavalry, his line broke and fled. The quartermaster in charge of the animals, not willing to see such distinguished services go unrewarded, sent in the following communication: "I respectfully request that the mules, for their gallantry in this action, may have conferred upon them the brevet rank of horses." Brevets in the army were being bestowed pretty freely at the time, and when this recommendation was reported to General Grant he laughed heartily at the humor of the suggestion. Our loss in the battle, including killed, wounded, and missing, was only 422 men. The enemy never made a further attempt to interrupt our communications.

The much-needed supplies, which had been hurried forward to Bridgeport in anticipation of this movement, soon reached the army, and the rejoicing among the troops manifested itself in lively demonstrations of delight. Every man now felt that he was no

longer to remain on the defensive, but was being supplied and equipped for a forward movement against his old foe, whom he had driven from the Ohio to the Cumberland, and from the Cumberland to the Tennessee.

GRANT SALUTED BY THE ENEMY.

AS soon as communication had been opened with our base of supplies, General Grant manifested an eagerness to acquaint himself minutely with the position of the enemy, with a view to taking the offensive. One morning he started toward our right, with several staff-officers, to make a personal examination of that portion of the line. When he came in sight of Chattanooga Creek, which separated our pickets from those of the enemy, he directed those who had accompanied him to halt and remain out of sight while he advanced alone, which he supposed he could do without attracting much attention. The pickets were within hailing distance of one another on opposite banks of the creek. They had established a temporary truce on their own responsibility, and the men of each army were allowed to get water from the same stream without being fired upon by those on the other side. A sentinel of our picket-guard recognized General Grant as he approached, and gave the customary cry, "Turn out the guard—commanding general!" The enemy on the opposite side of the creek evidently heard the words, and one of his sentinels cried out, "Turn out the guard—General Grant!" The confederate guard took up the joke, and promptly formed, facing our line, and presented arms. The general returned the salute by lifting his hat, the guard was then dismissed, and he continued his ride toward our left. We knew that we were engaged in a civil war, but such civility largely exceeded our expectations.

In company with General Thomas and other members of his staff, I was brought into almost daily contact with General Grant, and became intensely interested in the progress of the plans he was maturing for dealing with the enemy at all points of the theater of war lying within his command. Early in November instructions came from the Secretary of War calling me to Washington, and in accordance therewith General Thomas issued an order relieving me from duty with his army.¹

Captain Horace Porter from duty at these headquarters, is announced as chief of ordnance for this army, and will at once enter upon the discharge of his duties.

The general commanding takes this occasion to express his appreciation of the valuable service rendered

¹ HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND, CHATTANOOGA, TENN., November 5, 1863.

General Orders, No. 261.

1. Captain Thomas G. Baylor, ordnance corps, having, pursuant to orders from the Secretary of War, relieved

I had heard through personal letters that the Secretary wished to reorganize the Ordnance Bureau at Washington, and wished my services in that connection on account of my long experience in that department in the field. The order was interpreted as a compliment, but was distasteful to me for many reasons, although I understood that the assignment was to be only temporary, and it was at a season when active operations in

Thomas," as we all loved to call him, was more of a father than a commander to the younger officers who served under his immediate command, and he possessed their warmest affections. He and his corps commanders now made a written appeal to General Grant, requesting him to intercede and endeavor to retain me in the command. In the evening of the 5th of November I was sent for by General Grant to come to his



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

1. HEADQUARTERS OF GENERALS THOMAS AND ROSECRANS, CHATTANOOGA; 2. GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT GERMANIA FORD (AFTER A PICTURE IN "REDEEMING THE REPUBLIC," PUBLISHED BY HARPER AND BROTHERS); 3, 4. GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS AT CHATTANOOGA—INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR.

the field were usually suspended. It was a subject of much regret to leave General Thomas, for I had become greatly attached to him, and had acquired that respect and admiration for the character of this distinguished soldier which was felt by all who had ever come in contact with him. «Old Pap

by Captain Porter during his connection with this army. His thorough knowledge of the duties of his position, his good judgment and untiring industry, have increased the efficiency of the army, and entitle him to the thanks

headquarters. On my arrival, he requested me to be seated at the opposite side of the table at which he sat smoking, offered me a cigar, and said: «I was sorry to see the order of the Secretary of War calling you to Washington. I have had some other views in mind regarding your services, and I still hope that

of the general commanding. . . . By command of Major-general George H. Thomas.

C. GODDARD, Assistant Adjutant-general.

—EDITOR.

I may be able to secure the recall of the order, and to have you assigned to duty with me, if that would be agreeable to you." I replied eagerly, "Nothing could possibly be more agreeable, and I should feel most highly honored by such an assignment." He went on to say, "With this step in view, I have just written a letter to the general-in-chief," which he then handed me to read.¹

Hardly allowing me to finish my expressions of surprise and gratification, he continued: "Of course, you will have to obey your present orders and proceed to Washington. I want you to take this letter with you, and see that it is put into the hands of General Halleck; perhaps you will soon be able to rejoin me here. My requests are not always complied with at headquarters, but I have written pretty strongly in this case, and I hope favorable action may be taken." I replied that I would make my preparations at once to start East, and then withdrew. The next day I called to bid the general good-by, and, after taking leave of General Thomas and my comrades on the staff, set out for the capital by way of the new line of communication which had just been opened.

GRANT'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

A DESCRIPTION of General Grant's personal appearance at this important period of his career may not be out of place here, particularly as up to that time the public had received such erroneous impressions of him. There were then few correct portraits of him in circulation. Some of the earliest pictures purporting to be photographs of him had been manufactured when he was at the distant front, never stopping in one place long enough to be "focused." Nothing daunted, the practisers of that art which is the chief solace of the vain had photographed a burly beef-contractor, and spread the pictures broadcast as representing the determined, but rather robust, features of the coming hero, and it was some time before the real photographs which followed were believed to be genuine. False impressions of him were derived, too, from the fact that he had come forth from a country leather store, and was famous chiefly for striking sledge-hammer blows in the field, and conducting relentless pursuits of his foes through the swamps of the Southwest. He was pictured in the popular mind as striding about in the most approved swashbuckler style of melodrama. Many of us were not a little surprised to find

in him a man of slim figure, slightly stooped, five feet eight inches in height, weighing only a hundred and thirty-five pounds, and of a modesty of mien and gentleness of manner which seemed to fit him more for the court than for the camp. His eyes were dark-gray, and were the most expressive of his features. Like nearly all men who speak little, he was a good listener; but his face gave little indication of his thoughts, and it was the expression of his eyes which furnished about the only response to the speaker who conversed with him. When he was about to say anything amusing, there was always a perceptible twinkle in his eyes before he began to speak, and he often laughed heartily at a witty remark or a humorous incident. His mouth, like Washington's, was of the letter-box shape, the contact of the lips forming a nearly horizontal line. This feature was of a pattern in striking contrast with that of Napoleon, who had a bowmouth, which looked as if it had been modeled after a front view of his cocked hat. The firmness with which the general's square-shaped jaws were set when his features were in repose was highly expressive of his force of character and the strength of his will-power. His hair and beard were of a chestnut-brown color. The beard was worn full, no part of the face being shaved, but, like the hair, was always kept closely and neatly trimmed. Like Cromwell, Lincoln, and several other great men in history, he had a wart on his cheek. In his case it was small, and located on the right side just above the line of the beard. His face was not perfectly symmetrical, the left eye being a very little lower than the right. His brow was high, broad, and rather square, and was creased with several horizontal wrinkles, which helped to emphasize the serious and somewhat careworn look which was never absent from his countenance. This expression, however, was in no wise an indication of his nature, which was always buoyant, cheerful, and hopeful. His voice was exceedingly musical, and one of the clearest in sound and most distinct in utterance that I have ever heard. It had a singular power of penetration, and sentences spoken by him in an ordinary tone in camp could be heard at a distance which was surprising. His gait in walking might have been called decidedly unmilitary. He never carried his body erect, and having no ear for music or rhythm, he never kept step to the airs played by the bands, no matter how vigorously the bass drums emphasized the accent. When walking in company there was no attempt to keep

¹ For the letter, see page 17.—EDITOR.

step with others. In conversing he usually employed only two gestures; one was the stroking of his chin beard with his left hand; the other was the raising and lowering of his right hand, and resting it at intervals upon his knee or a table, the hand being held with the fingers close together and the knuckles bent, so that the back of the hand and fingers formed a right angle. When not pressed by any matter of importance he was often slow in his movements, but when roused to activity he was quick in every motion, and worked with marvelous rapidity. He was civil to all who came in contact with him, and never attempted to snub any one, or treat anybody with less consideration on account of his inferiority in rank. With him there was none of the puppyism so often bred by power, and none of the dogmatism which Samuel Johnson characterized as puppyism grown to maturity.

A HIGHER GRADE CREATED FOR GRANT.

WHEN I reached Washington I went at once to headquarters, and endeavored to see the commander-in-chief for the purpose of presenting General Grant's letter, but found, after two or three attempts, that it would be impossible to secure an interview. I therefore gave the letter to Colonel Kelton, his adjutant-general, who placed it in General Halleck's hands. Not only was there no action taken in regard to the request which the letter contained, but its receipt was not even acknowledged. This circumstance, with others of its kind, made it plain that General Grant would never be free to make his selection of officers, and organize his forces as he desired, until he should be made general-in-chief. Elihu B. Washburne, the member of Congress from the Galena district in Illinois, General Grant's old home, soon introduced a bill creating the grade of lieutenant-general, and it was passed by both houses of Congress, with the implied understanding that General Grant was to fill the position. The highest grade in the army theretofore created during the war had been that of major-general. The act became a law on February 26, 1864, and the nomination of General Grant was sent to the Senate by Mr. Lincoln on the 1st of March, and confirmed on the 2d. On the 3d the general was ordered to Washington. I had set to work upon my duties in the Ordnance Bureau, and in the mean time had received several very kind messages from the general regarding the chances of my returning to the field.

GRANT'S FIRST MEETING WITH LINCOLN.

ON the evening of March 8 the President and Mrs. Lincoln gave a public reception at the White House, which I attended. The President stood in the usual reception-room, known as the «Blue Room,» with several cabinet officers near him, and shook hands cordially with everybody, as the vast procession of men and women passed in front of him. He was in evening dress, and wore a turned-down collar a size too large. The necktie was rather broad and awkwardly tied. He was more of a Hercules than an Adonis. His height of six feet four inches enabled him to look over the heads of most of his visitors. His form was ungainly, and the movements of his long, angular arms and legs bordered at times upon the grotesque. His eyes were gray and disproportionately small. His face wore a general expression of sadness, the deep lines indicating the sense of responsibility which weighed upon him; but at times his features lighted up with a broad smile, and there was a merry twinkle in his eyes as he greeted an old acquaintance and exchanged a few words with him in a tone of familiarity. He had sprung from the common people to become one of the most uncommon of men. Mrs. Lincoln occupied a position on his right. For a time she stood on a line with him and took part in the reception, but afterward stepped back and conversed with some of the wives of the cabinet officers and other personal acquaintances who were in the room. At about half-past nine o'clock a sudden commotion near the entrance to the room attracted general attention, and, upon looking in that direction, I was surprised to see General Grant walking along modestly with the rest of the crowd toward Mr. Lincoln. He had arrived from the West that evening, and had come to the White House to pay his respects to the President. He had been in Washington but once before, when he visited it for a day soon after he had left West Point. Although these two historical characters had never met before, Mr. Lincoln recognized the general at once from the pictures he had seen of him. With a face radiant with delight, he advanced rapidly two or three steps toward his distinguished visitor, and cried out: «Why, here is General Grant! Well, this is a great pleasure, I assure you,» at the same time seizing him by the hand, and shaking it for several minutes with a vigor which showed the extreme cordiality of the welcome.

The scene now presented was deeply impressive. Standing face to face for the first

time were the two illustrious men whose names will always be inseparably associated in connection with the war of the rebellion. Grant's right hand grasped the lapel of his coat; his head was bent slightly forward, and his eyes upturned toward Lincoln's face. The President, who was eight inches taller, looked down with beaming countenance upon his guest. Although their appearance, their training, and their characteristics, were in striking contrast, yet the two men had many traits in common, and there were numerous points of resemblance in their remarkable careers. Each was of humble origin, and had been compelled to learn the first lessons of life in the severe school of adversity. Each had risen from the people, possessed an abiding confidence in them, and always retained a deep hold upon their affections. Each might have said to those who were inclined to sneer at his plain origin what a marshal of France, who had risen from the ranks to a dukedom, said to the hereditary nobles who attempted to snub him in Vienna: «I am an ancestor; you are only descendants.» In a great crisis of their country's history both had entered the public service from the same State. Both were conspicuous for the possession of that most uncommon of all virtues, common sense. Both despised the arts of the demagogue, and shrank from posing for effect, or indulging in mock heroics. Even when their characteristics differed, they only served to supplement each other, and to add a still greater strength to the cause for which they strove. With hearts too great for rivalry, with souls untouched by jealousy, they lived to teach the world that it is time to abandon the path of ambition when it becomes so narrow that two cannot walk it abreast.

The statesman and the soldier conversed for a few minutes, and then the President presented his distinguished guest to Mr. Seward. The Secretary of State was very demonstrative in his welcome, and after exchanging a few words, led the general to where Mrs. Lincoln was standing, and presented him to her. Mrs. Lincoln expressed much surprise and pleasure at the meeting, and she and the general chatted together very pleasantly for some minutes. The visitors had by this time become so curious to catch a sight of the general that their eagerness knew no bounds, and they became altogether unmanageable. Mr. Seward's consummate knowledge of the wiles of diplomacy now came to the rescue and saved the situation. He succeeded in struggling through the crowd with the general until they reached

the large East Room where the people could circulate more freely. This, however, was only a temporary relief. The people by this time had worked themselves up to a state of uncontrollable excitement. The vast throng surged and swayed and crowded until alarm was felt for the safety of the ladies. Cries now arose of «Grant! Grant! Grant!» Then came cheer after cheer. Seward, after some persuasion, induced the general to stand upon a sofa, thinking the visitors would be satisfied with a view of him, and retire; but as soon as they caught sight of him their shouts were renewed, and a rush was made to shake his hand. The President sent word that he and the Secretary of War would await the general's return in one of the small drawing-rooms, but it was fully an hour before he was able to make his way there, and then only with the aid of several officers and ushers.

The story has been circulated that at the conference which then took place, or at the interview the next day, the President and the Secretary of War urged General Grant to make his campaign toward Richmond by the overland route, and finally persuaded him to do so, although he had set forth the superior advantages of the water route. There is not the slightest foundation for this rumor. General Grant some time after repeated to members of his staff just what had taken place, and no reference whatever was made to the choice of these two routes.

IN COMMAND OF ALL THE ARMIES.

THE next day, March 9, the general went to the White House, by invitation of Mr. Lincoln, for the purpose of receiving his commission from the hands of the President. Upon his return to Willard's Hotel, I called to pay my respects. Curiosity led me to look at the hotel register, and the modesty of the entry upon the book, in the general's handwriting, made an impression upon me. It read simply, «U. S. Grant and son, Galena, Ill.» His eldest boy, Fred, accompanied him.

The act which created the grade of lieutenant-general authorized a personal staff, to consist of a chief of staff with the rank of brigadier-general, four aides-de-camp, and two military secretaries, each with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In our conversation the general referred to this circumstance, and offered me one of the positions of aide-de-camp, which I said I would accept very gladly.

The next day, the 10th, he paid a visit by rail to the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, near Brandy Station, in Virginia, about

seventy miles from Washington. He returned the day after, and started the same night for Nashville, to meet Sherman and turn over to him the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi. While in Washington General Grant had been so much an object of curiosity, and had been so continually surrounded by admiring crowds when he appeared in the streets, and even in his hotel, that it had become very irksome to him. With his simplicity and total lack of personal vanity, he did not seem able to understand why he should attract so much attention. The President had given him a cordial invitation to dine that evening at the White House, but he begged to be excused for the reason that he would lose a whole day, which he could not afford at that critical period. «Besides,» he added, «I have become very tired of this show business.»

On the 12th the official order was issued placing General Grant in command of all the armies of the United States.

INTERVIEW WITH STANTON.

I SOON learned that the Secretary of War, in spite of General Grant's request to have me assigned to his staff, wanted to insist upon my continuing my duties in the department at Washington, and I resolved to have an interview with him, and to protest against such action. The Secretary had a wide reputation for extreme brusqueness in his intercourse even with his friends, and seemed determined, as an officer once expressed it, to administer discipline totally regardless of previous acquaintance. A Frenchman once said that during the Revolution, while the guillotine was at work, he never heard the name of Robespierre that he did not take off his hat to see whether his head was still on his shoulders; some of our officers were similarly inclined when they heard the name of Stanton. However, I found the Secretary quite civil, and even patient, and, to all appearances, disposed to allow my head to continue to occupy the place where I was in the habit of wearing it. Nevertheless, the interview ended without his having yielded. I certainly received a very cold bath at his hands, and to this day I never see the impress of his unrelenting features upon a one-dollar treasury note without feeling a chill run down my back.

General Grant returned to the capital on March 23. I went to Willard's to call upon him that evening, and encountered him on the stairs leading up to the first floor. He

stopped, shook hands, and greeted me with the words, «How do you do, colonel?» I replied: «I had hoped to be colonel by this time, owing to your interposition, but what I feared has been realized. Much against my wishes, the Secretary of War seems to have made up his mind to keep me here.» «I will see him to-morrow, and urge the matter in person,» answered the general. He then invited me to accompany him to his room, and in the course of a conversation which followed said that he had had Sheridan ordered east to take command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac.

Sheridan arrived in Washington on April 4. He had been worn down almost to a shadow by hard work and exposure in the field; he weighed only a hundred and fifteen pounds, and as his height was but five feet six inches, he looked anything but formidable as a candidate for a cavalry leader. He had met the President and the officials at the War Department that day for the first time, and it was his appearance on this occasion which gave rise to a remark made to General Grant the next time he visited the department: «The officer you brought on from the West is rather a little fellow to handle your cavalry.» To which Grant replied, «You will find him big enough for the purpose before we get through with him.»

General Grant had started for the field on the 26th of March, and established his headquarters in the little town of Culpeper Court-house in Virginia, twelve miles north of the Rapidan. He visited Washington about once a week to confer with the President and the Secretary of War.

I continued my duties in the department at Washington till my fate should be decided, and on the 27th of April I found that the request of the general-in-chief had prevailed, and my appointment was officially announced as an aide-de-camp on his personal staff.

The afternoon of April 29 I arrived at Culpeper, and reported to him for duty. A plain brick house near the railway station had been taken for headquarters, and a number of tents had been pitched in the yard to furnish additional accommodations.

GRANT IN A COMMUNICATIVE MOOD.

THE next morning the general called for his horse, to ride over to General Meade's headquarters, near Brandy Station, about six miles distant. He selected me as the officer who was to accompany him, and we set out together on the trip, followed by two orderlies.

He was mounted upon his large bay horse, Cincinnati, which afterward became so well known throughout the army. The animal was not called after the family of the ancient warrior who beat his sword into a plowshare, but after our modern city of that name. He was a half-brother to Asteroid and Kentucky, the famous racers, and was consequently of excellent blood. Noticing the agility with which the general flung himself into the saddle, I remarked, «I am very glad to see that your injured leg no longer disables you.» «No,» he replied; «it gives me scarcely any trouble now, although sometimes it feels a little numb.» As we rode along he began to speak of his new command, and said: «I have watched the progress of the Army of the Potomac ever since it was organized, and have been greatly interested in reading the accounts of the splendid fighting it has done. I always thought the territory covered by its operations would be the principal battleground of the war. When I was at Cairo, in 1861, the height of my ambition was to command a brigade of cavalry in this army. I suppose it was my fondness for horses that made me feel that I should be more at home in command of cavalry, and I thought that the Army of the Potomac would present the best field of operations for a brigade commander in that arm of the service.»

He then changed the subject to Chattanooga, and in speaking of that battle interjected into his descriptions brief criticisms upon the services and characteristics of several of the officers who had taken part in the engagement. He continued by saying: «The difficulty is in finding commanding officers possessed of sufficient breadth of view and administrative ability to confine their attention to perfecting their organizations, and giving a general supervision to their commands, instead of wasting their time upon details. For instance, there is General G——. He is a very gallant officer, but at a critical period of the battle of Chattanooga he neglected to give the necessary directions to his troops, and concentrated all his efforts upon aiming and firing some heavy guns, a service which could have been better performed by any lieutenant of artillery. I had to order him peremptorily to leave the battery and give his attention to his troops.»

He then spoke of his experiences with Mr. Lincoln, and the very favorable impression the President had made upon him. He said: «In the first interview I had with the President, when no others were present, and he could talk freely, he told me that he did not

pretend to know anything about the handling of troops, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he ever interfered with the movements of army commanders; but he had common sense enough to know that celerity was absolutely necessary; that while armies were sitting down waiting for opportunities to turn up which might, perhaps, be more favorable from a strictly military point of view, the government was spending millions of dollars every day; that there was a limit to the sinews of war, and a time might be reached when the spirits and resources of the people would become exhausted. He had always contended that these considerations should be taken into account, as well as purely military questions, and that he adopted the plan of issuing his (executive orders) principally for the purpose of hurrying the movements of commanding generals; but that he believed I knew the value of minutes, and that he was not going to interfere with my operations. He said, further, that he did not want to know my plans; that it was, perhaps, better that he should not know them, for everybody he met was trying to find out from him something about the contemplated movements, and there was always a temptation (to leak.) I have not communicated my plans to him or to the Secretary of War. The only suggestion the President made—and it was merely a suggestion, not a definite plan—was entirely impracticable, and it was not again referred to in our conversations. He told me in our first private interview a most amusing anecdote regarding a delegation of (cross-roads wiseacres,) as he called them, who came to see him one day to criticize my conduct in paroling Pemberton's army after the surrender at Vicksburg, who insisted that the men would violate their paroles, and in less than a month confront me anew in the field, and have to be whipped all over again. Said Mr. Lincoln: «I thought the best way to get rid of them was to tell them the story of Sykes's dog. «Have you ever heard about Sykes's yellow dog?» said I to the spokesman of the delegation. He said he had n't. «Well, I must tell you about him,» said I. «Sykes had a yellow dog he set great store by, but there were a lot of small boys around the village, and that's always a bad thing for dogs, you know. These boys did n't share Sykes's views, and they were not disposed to let the dog have a fair show. Even Sykes had to admit that the dog was getting unpopular; in fact, it was soon seen that a prejudice was growing up against that dog that threatened to wreck all his future prospects in life. The

boys, after meditating how they could get the best of him, finally fixed up a cartridge with a long fuse, put the cartridge in a piece of meat, dropped the meat in the road in front of Sykes's door, and then perched themselves on a fence a good distance off, holding the end of the fuse in their hands. Then they whistled for the dog. When he came out he scented the bait, and bolted the meat, cartridge and all. The boys touched off the fuse with a cigar, and in about a second a report came from that dog that sounded like a clap of thunder. Sykes came bouncing out of the house, and yelled, 'What's up! Anything busted?' There was no reply, except a snicker from the small boys roosting on the fence; but as Sykes looked up he saw the whole air filled with pieces of yellow dog. He picked up the biggest piece he could find, a portion of the back with a part of the tail still hanging to it, and after turning it round and looking it all over, he said, 'Well, I guess he'll never be much account again—as a dog.' And I guess Pemberton's forces will never be much account again—as an army.' The delegation began looking around for their hats before I had quite got to the end of the story, and I was never bothered any more after that about superseding the commander of the Army of the Tennessee.'

The general related this anecdote with more animation than he usually displayed, and with the manifestation of a keen sense of the humorous, and remarked afterward, 'But no one who does not possess the President's unequalled powers of mimicry can pretend to convey an idea of the amusing manner in which he told the story.'

This characteristic illustration employed by the President was used afterward in a garbled form by writers, in an attempt to apply it to other events. I give the original version.

AT GENERAL MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS.

WHEN we reached General Meade's camp, that officer, who was sitting in his quarters, came out and greeted the general-in-chief warmly, shaking hands with him before he dismounted. General Meade was then forty-nine years of age, of rather a spare figure, and graceful in his movements. He had a full beard, which, like his hair, was brown, slightly tinged with gray. He wore a slouched felt hat with a conical crown and a turned-down rim, which gave him a sort of Tyrolean appearance. The two commanders entered Meade's quarters, sat down, lighted their

cigars, and held a long interview regarding the approaching campaign. I now learned that, two days before, the time had been definitely named at which the opening campaign was to begin, and that on the next Wednesday, May 4, the armies were to move. Meade, in speaking of his troops, always referred to them as 'my people.' During this visit I had an opportunity to meet a number of old acquaintances whom I had not seen since I served with the Army of the Potomac on General McClellan's staff two years before. After the interview had ended I returned with the general to headquarters, riding at a brisk trot. His conversation now turned upon the commander of the Army of the Potomac, in the course of which he remarked: 'I had never met General Meade since the Mexican war until I visited his headquarters when I came East last month. In my first interview with him he talked in a manner which led me to form a very high opinion of him. He referred to the changes which were taking place, and said it had occurred to him that I might want to make a change in the commander of the Army of the Potomac, and to put in his place Sherman or some other officer who had served with me in the West, and urged me not to hesitate on his account if I desired to make such an assignment. He added that the success of the cause was much more important than any consideration for the feelings of an individual. He spoke so patriotically and unselfishly that even if I had had any intention of relieving him, I should have been inclined to change my mind after the manly attitude he assumed in this frank interview.'

This was the first long personal talk I had with the general-in-chief, as our intercourse heretofore had been only of an official character, and the exhibition of the remarkable power he possessed as a conversationalist was a revelation. I began to learn that his reputed reticence did not extend to his private intercourse, and that he had the ability to impart a peculiar charm to almost any topic.

That evening a large correspondence was conducted in relation to the final preparations for the coming movements.

GRANT'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM CAPTURE.

A FEW days before, an occurrence had happened which came very near depriving the armies of the services of General Grant in the Virginia campaign. On his return to headquarters after his last visit to the President in Washington, when his special train

reached Warrenton Junction he saw a large cloud of dust to the east of the road. Upon making inquiries of the station master as to its cause, he learned that Colonel Mosby, who commanded a partizan Confederate force, called by his own people Mosby's «conglomerates,» and who had become famous for his cavalry raids, had just passed, driving a detachment of our cavalry before him. If the train had been a few minutes earlier, Mosby, like Christopher Columbus upon his voyage to this country, would have discovered something which he was not looking for. As the train carried no guard, it would not have been possible to make any defense. In such case the Union commander would have reached Richmond a year sooner than he finally arrived there, but not at the head of an army.

HIS ENORMOUS RESPONSIBILITY.

GENERAL GRANT now held a command the magnitude of which has seldom been equaled in history. His troops consisted of twenty-one army-corps, and the territory covered by the field of operations embraced eighteen military departments, besides the region held by the Army of the Potomac, which had never been organized into a department. The total number of troops under his command, «present for duty, equipped,» was 533,000. In all purely military questions his will was at this time almost supreme, and his authority was usually unquestioned. He occupied the most conspicuous position in the nation, not excepting that of the President himself, and the eyes of all the loyal people in the land were turned to him appealingly as the one man upon whom their hopes were centered and in whom their chief faith reposed. The responsibilities imposed were commensurate with the magnitude of the undertaking which had been confided to him. While commanding all the armies of the nation, he had wisely decided to establish his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, and give his immediate supervision to the operations of that force and the troops which were intended to coöperate with it in the State of Virginia. Telegraphic communication was then open with nearly all the armies.

GRANT'S PERSONAL STAFF.

THE staff consisted of twelve officers only, and was not larger than that of some division commanders. The chief of staff was Brigadier-general John A. Rawlins. When the war broke out he was a practising lawyer in

Galena, Illinois, and had gained some prominence in politics as a Democrat. After the firing upon Fort Sumter a public meeting was held in Galena, and Captain Grant being an ex-army officer, was called upon to preside. Rawlins attended the meeting, and made a stirring and effective speech, declaring it to be the duty of all good citizens to sink their political predilections, and urging them to pledge themselves to the support of the Union and the enforcement of the laws. General Grant was much impressed with the vigor and logic of the address, and when he was afterward assigned to the command of a brigade, he appointed Rawlins on his staff. He was at first aide-de-camp, afterward assistant adjutant-general, and finally chief of staff. The general had a high regard for him officially, and was warmly attached to him personally. Rawlins in his youth had worked on a farm, and assisted his father in burning charcoal, obtaining what education he could acquire at odd times in the district school and at a neighboring seminary. He was frank, honest, and resolute, and loyally devoted to his chief. He always had the courage of his convictions, and was capable of stating them with great force. He was plain and simple in manner, of a genial disposition, and popular with all the other members of the staff. He had never served in a military organization, nor made a study of the art of war; but he possessed natural executive ability of a high order, and developed qualities which made him exceedingly useful to his chief and to the service.

The rest of the staff consisted of the following officers:

Lieutenant-colonel C. B. Comstock, aide-de-camp, an officer of the United States corps of engineers, with a well-deserved reputation for scientific attainments, who had shown great efficiency while serving with General Grant in the Vicksburg campaign.

Lieutenant-colonel Horace Porter, aide-de-camp.

Lieutenant-colonel O. E. Babcock, aide-de-camp, an accomplished officer of engineers, who had gained an excellent reputation in several campaigns, in which he had been conspicuous for his good judgment and great personal courage.

Lieutenant-colonel F. T. Dent, aide-de-camp, a classmate of General Grant, and brother of Mrs. Grant. He had served with credit in the Mexican war, and in Scott's advance upon the city of Mexico had been severely wounded, and was twice promoted for gallant and meritorious conduct in battle.

The four officers just named were of the regular army, and were graduates of the West Point Military Academy.

Lieutenant-colonel Adam Badeau, military secretary, who had first gone to the field as a newspaper correspondent, and was afterward made an aide-de-camp to General W. T. Sherman. He was badly wounded in the foot at Port Hudson, and when convalescent was assigned to the staff of General Grant. He had had a good training in literature, and was an accomplished writer and scholar.

Lieutenant-colonel William R. Rowley, military secretary, was also from Galena. He entered an Illinois regiment as a lieutenant, and after the battle of Donelson was made a captain and aide-de-camp to General Grant. His gallant conduct at Shiloh, where he greatly distinguished himself, commended him still more highly to his commander. He resigned August 30, 1864, and was succeeded by Captain Parker.

Lieutenant-colonel T. S. Bowers, assistant adjutant-general, was a young editor of a country newspaper in Illinois when hostilities began. He raised a company of volunteers for the Forty-eighth Illinois Infantry, but declined the captaincy, and fought in the ranks. He was detailed as a clerical assistant at General Grant's headquarters in the Donelson campaign, and was soon made a lieutenant, and afterward a captain and aide-de-camp.

His services in all the subsequent campaigns were highly appreciated by his chief.

Lieutenant-colonel W. L. Duff had been for a time acting chief of artillery under General Grant in the West, and was now assigned to duty as assistant inspector-general.

Captain Ely S. Parker, assistant adjutant-general, who was a full-blooded Indian, a grand nephew of the famous Red Jacket, and reigning chief of the tribes known as the Six Nations. His Indian name was Donehogawa. Colonel Parker had received a good education, and was a civil engineer employed upon the United States government building in Galena at the breaking out of the war. He commended himself to General Grant by his conduct in the Vicksburg campaign, and was there placed on his staff, and served in the adjutant-general's department.

Captain Peter T. Hudson, a volunteer officer from the State of Iowa, had served with the general in the West, and was retained as an aide-de-camp.

Lieutenant William McKee Dunn, jr., a beardless boy of nineteen, was assigned as an acting aide-de-camp to General Rawlins, but performed general staff duty at headquarters, and under many trying circumstances proved himself as cool and gallant as the most experienced veteran.

All the members of the staff had had abundant experience in the field, and were young, active, and ready for any kind of hard work.

(To be continued.)

Horace Porter.

SANTO DOMINGO.

AFTER long days of angry sea and sky,
 The magic isle rose up from out the blue
 Like a mirage, vague, dimly seen at first,
 At first seen dimly through the mist; and then—
 Groves of acacia; slender, leaning stems
 Of palm-trees weighted with their starry fronds;
 Airs that, at dawn, had from their slumber risen
 In bowers of spices; between shelving banks,
 A river through whose limpid crystal gleamed,
 Four fathoms down, the silvery, rippled sand;
 Upon the bluff a square red tower, and roofs
 Of cocoa fiber lost among the boughs;
 Hard by, a fort with crumbled parapet.
 These took the fancy captive ere we reached
 The longed-for shores; then swiftly in our thought
 We left behind us the New World, and trod
 The Old, and in a sudden vision saw
 Columbus wandering from court to court,
 A mendicant, with kingdoms in his hands.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

WHY THE CONFEDERACY FAILED.

THE EXCESSIVE ISSUE OF PAPER MONEY—THE POLICY OF DISPERSION—
THE NEGLECT OF THE CAVALRY.

BY THE SON OF A CONFEDERATE OFFICER.



If a person be asked the question, « Why did the seceding States fail to win independence in the war of 1861-65? » the chances are that he will give one of two answers. It is likely that he will say that it was never *intended* that they should win; that America was designed by almighty Providence for one great nation; that it is not divided by interior seas and other natural boundaries, but is essentially *one* country; and that any effort to divide it, not being a good cause, must fail. If he does not give such an answer as this, it is probable that he will say—especially if he is a Southerner—that the South was overpowered by the superior numbers and resources of the North.

Now, the first of these answers is not satisfying. Whatever happens is intended to happen. If the Southern States had succeeded in their effort to separate from the North and to set up a government for themselves, it could have been said with equal truth that it was intended to be so. As to the *oneness* of the country, Canada and Mexico are also a part of this one country; for hundreds of miles they are separated from it by imaginary lines only.

As to the other answer, all history teaches that in a war for independence superiority in numbers does not count. For instance, the little republic of Switzerland, surrounded by kingdoms and empires in arms, won its independence upward of six hundred years ago, and is independent to-day, yet it has, and has always had, only an army of militia. The little principality of Montenegro has been fighting the Turks since the fall of Constantinople, even before the discovery of America. The Dutch republic, and Scotland under Wallace and Bruce, and Prussia under Frederick II in the Seven Years' War, and America in the Revolution, all succeeded with greater odds of numbers against them than were opposed to the seceding States. And to-day Cuba, with only a million and a half of population, seems to be successfully fighting Spain with nearly twenty millions. No; in a war for independence numbers do not count, and it has not often happened in the history of the world that a people who have fought with

such desperate valor as the Confederates displayed have failed to win independence.

As to material resources, there is no region under the sun more blessed in natural resources for waging war than the territory formed by the eleven seceding States. Within their own borders was to be found everything necessary for arming, equipping, feeding, and clothing their armies. The history of the industrial development of the South during the war has never yet been written. It is even more wonderful than that of its armies in the field, and is the most striking proof of that versatility and ingenuity which are peculiar to the American people. Before the war it was purely an agricultural people; there were no shipyards, dockyards, factories, or machine-shops to speak of. Within a few months after hostilities began these farmers and planters were building ironclads, marine boilers and engines, and torpedoes and torpedo-boats, and founding cannon and shells, and manufacturing muskets and rifles. When Sumter was fired upon there was not a powder factory in all the land. Soon almost every village had its piles of refuse for making saltpeter, and before the war ended the factories in Georgia and North Carolina could have supplied all the armies in the field with gunpowder. Cotton factories had also been built, and were all at work making cloth for the soldiers; and there was plenty of food in the South, though the soldiers failed to get their share of it, for corn had taken the place of cotton in the fields, and there was an abundance of cattle and hogs. In the last year of the war Sherman's army marched through the South, not starving, like Lee's men in the trenches before Petersburg, but living upon the fat of the land. No; there was no lack of men and warlike resources in the South; the causes of failure must be looked for elsewhere.

A few have intimated that the cause of failure was that the hearts of the Southern people were not really in the war, and therefore they did not persevere and support the government as they otherwise would have done. There was never a greater slander cast

upon a brave people. It was the people's war. The party for the Union disappeared when the conflict began. The people proved that their hearts were in the struggle by their sacrifices and sufferings. And if further proof were necessary, their conduct toward the survivors of the Confederate army, and the dead of the lost cause, would be sufficient.

Then, if the South had the men and the warlike resources, and they were in earnest, how came it to pass that, unlike other brave peoples, they failed to win independence? How came their efforts to be so misdirected?

Three principal causes contributed to the fall of the Confederacy: (1) the excessive issue of paper money, (2) the policy of dispersion, and (3) the neglect of the cavalry.

1. The Confederate government was smothered and strangled to death with its own irredeemable paper money.

It has been proved beyond shadow of doubt and cavil that war cannot be waged with paper money. Our forefathers proved it in the war of the Revolution, and had not the French and the Dutch come to their rescue with real money, the American government, with its continental bills, would have been strangled like the Confederacy, and would likewise have «died a-borning.» However well or ill paper bills may answer for money in time of peace, in time of war they will not do. The «sinews of war» mean specie, and nothing but specie. And to get specie, and those things which specie will buy, there must be taxes, taxes, and taxes. A people who are unwilling to be taxed have no business to engage in war. The Southern people knew that war meant taxes, and they were willing to be taxed to carry on the war. The sacrifices they made, the eagerness with which they loaned their money to the government, bought its bonds, and took its paper money, showed that they were willing to be taxed.

But the Southern people were not fighting for independence only; they were contending as well for a certain theory of government. In order to be consistent with this theory, it was necessary for their leaders, in framing a constitution, to render it unlawful for the government to tax the lands and goods of the people except under conditions which made all taxation of property by the general government impossible. According to this theory, a government might lawfully order a man to shoulder his gun and march to the front to be shot at with cannon and rifle, but could not levy a tax upon his property to feed and clothe him while fighting for his country. The ports of the Confederacy were all blockaded,

so there was really nothing that the government could do to raise money except issue bonds and paper bills. Of these, before the war ended, between one and two thousand millions of dollars—nominal value—had been emitted, the paper bills amounting to nearly one billion, or over one half of the whole. Nor does this include the millions of paper bills issued by state authority and by banks, of which it would be hard to give even an approximate estimate. During the same time, to the end of 1864, there was raised by taxation the pitiful sum of *forty-eight millions of dollars*, and that all paper money. It too might just as well have been printed, for the cost of collection would then have been saved. What more need be said to show why the Confederacy failed?

Ah, those beautiful paper bills, so nice and clean and pretty, but every one as deadly a foe to the South as an armed enemy! And how the people ran to get them! And how those printing-presses rumbled, all printing paper money! They shook the earth, and almost drowned the noise of the cannon wheels rolling to the front. A Southerner should hate the sight of one of those paper bills. Every one of them represents blood fruitlessly spilled, treasure wasted, and hopes blasted.

But in the beginning of the struggle no one seemed to suspect an enemy in that beautiful money. The government, at least, acted upon the theory that all it had to do to raise money was to print it. They did not seem to realize that, being the largest purchaser in the market, it was necessary for the government to keep down prices as much as possible; that every issue of bills must inevitably raise prices and render a new issue necessary; that every rise in prices must be followed by a new issue, until the bubble must collapse of its own expansion and redundancy.

At last the lesson was learned that a printing-press cannot take the place of a tax-collector in providing the sinews of war, but it was then too late; the giant was already prostrate and helpless. When it had come to pass that the armies were starving and freezing in camps and trenches, the government having not the means to buy them food and clothing or pay for their transportation, when it had come to pass that the War Department was compelled to pay a thousand of its paper dollars for a pair of army boots, when it had come to pass that a month's pay of a soldier would not buy him a single ration of bread and meat, the lesson was then learned; but it was too late. In the last gasp

of the struggle the government attempted to abandon and throw off its make-believe money; but it was already buried, smothering and strangling under an avalanche, a mountain, of paper dollars.

2. The policy of dispersion.

The frontiers of the Confederacy extended over many thousands of miles. The policy which the government adopted in the beginning of the war, and upheld to the end, was that every foot of that frontier must be defended. To this end, the whole Confederacy was divided into military districts, and to each general there was given «a definite geographical command,» as the President of the Confederacy himself stated it. So the defense of the Confederacy was made purely a question of geography. Each general of a district was expected to drive back all enemies crossing his frontier, without much regard to what was going on in the other districts.

The better to carry out this idea, the capital itself was removed from Montgomery in the interior to Richmond near the frontier, «where it was expected that most of the fighting would take place.» And the defense of the shallow North Carolina sounds in the rear of Richmond was deemed of more importance than that of the passes of the Appalachians.

A policy more fatal to success could not have been adopted. The armies of the Confederacy were wrecked and wasted in the vain effort to defend its capital and the extended, indefensible frontier. Every great pitched battle of the war, unless Chickamauga be an exception, was fought within a day's march of the frontier, or of navigable water, which was in effect the frontier, because the Federals with their gunboats held all the navigable waters. Wherever the Federals chose to throw down the gauntlet of battle, the Confederates immediately picked it up. The fighting was glorious, magnificent: there has never been any better fighting in all the history of the world. But the Federals were always well fed and clothed, and never lacked for ammunition and army supplies, because the Confederates were willing to do the fighting almost within gunshot of the Federal gunboats and transports.

And so the great advantage which the Confederates could have had in the contest—that of «fighting from a center»—was deliberately thrown away. It never seemed to occur to those in authority that the battles for the Confederacy should be fought not upon the tidal waters of Virginia or upon the banks of the Mississippi—«that great inland

sea»—and its navigable tributaries, but with concentrated armies on the flanks of the Appalachians.

When Bragg was sent through Cumberland Gap to occupy eastern Kentucky, the purpose was not to change the seat of war, but to make a «diversion,» to «relieve the pressure on the Mississippi.» But what could poor Bragg do, invading the rich and powerful North with his little army of thirty thousand men? And yet he has been blamed because he did not capture Cincinnati. He did very well, considering his opportunities. Even while Bragg was making his «diversion,» twice as many men as he had in all his army were scattered in garrisons along the Gulf coast, absolutely doing nothing. But the frontiers must be defended, and the capital too, if it took the last drop of Confederate blood! Such was the policy of dispersion.

A lesson might have been learned from the war of the Revolution; for in that war the capital of the country was changed no fewer than nine times, and the British armies marched from one end of the thirteen colonies to the other; yet America was not conquered: or from that greatest defensive war of ancient or modern times, wherein Frederick II of Prussia maintained the independence of his country against combined continental Europe. With the Austrian armies in his front, the French on his flanks, and the Russians and the Swedes pillaging his capital in his rear, not a battalion of his army would he risk merely to hold territory. For six of these seven bloody years he did not even see his capital. «Let the frontiers and the capital take care of themselves. The heart of Prussia is her army!» And so, attacking and retreating, marching and countermarching, delivering terrible blows whenever he could strike to advantage, always keeping his men together and preventing his enemies from concentrating, he fought on, furiously, desperately, until the fortune of war changed and the last foe was driven from his country. For himself he won the well-deserved title of «the Great.» Prussia he saved from the fate of Poland, and for all succeeding ages he showed how a defensive war against superior numbers ought to be fought. Such were the results of the policy of concentration.

It would have been better for the Confederacy if the government had thought that the «heart of the Confederacy was her army»: for territory may be abandoned and yet be recaptured, and a city may fall and yet be recaptured, but an army once lost is gone forever, a soldier once dead cannot be

brought back to life. According to the policy of dispersion, however, it was not the army that was to be protected, but the territory and capital of the Confederacy. And so fifteen thousand men were lost at Fort Donelson in the effort to defend the frontier of Tennessee; thirty-two thousand men were lost at Vicksburg in the effort to defend the frontier of Mississippi; and thousands of brave men, untold and unnumbered, were lost in those terrible battles to defend Richmond, which was of no more value to the Confederacy than Norfolk or any other city upon tide-water. If every city upon the seaboard had been evacuated at the beginning of the war, the Confederates would have been the stronger and the Federals the weaker just to the extent of the garrisons which were necessary to hold them. In the war of the Revolution the British occupied every seaport from Maine to the Florida line; the only effect of it was to relieve the Americans of the trouble and expense of defending them.

From first to last the armies of the Confederacy were never concentrated. Of the six hundred thousand men in arms, there were never got together on a single battlefield more than seventy thousand available men. The scattered armies wasted away, were destroyed and captured piecemeal, trying to defend the frontiers; so that when Sherman was ready to march into the interior through Georgia and the Carolinas, there was no army to oppose him, and there were no frontiers to defend. The cause of the Confederacy was already lost. Such were the results of the policy of dispersion.

3. The neglect of the cavalry.

It is a fact worthy of remembrance, that all the greatest generals of ancient and modern times have put their greatest faith in their cavalry. It was his superb cavalry, and not the Macedonian phalanx, with which Alexander charged the Persian center at Arbela, and won the crown of Asia. It was Hannibal's Numidian horse which slaughtered those eighty thousand Romans at Cannæ, and carried the war to the very gates of Rome. It was Napoleon's powerful cavalry reserve at Austerlitz that enabled him to finish off that great victory with the capture of forty-three thousand Russian and Austrian prisoners, and a hundred pieces of artillery. And it is undoubtedly true, as the great captain himself stated, that his success at Dresden did not avail to save his throne, because the horses with which he had conquered Europe had perished in the snows of the Russian steppes.

The Prussians are the greatest soldiers of modern times, and they have never made the mistake of underrating cavalry. It was Blücher's terrible cavalry which changed the drawn battle of Waterloo into that dreadful rout, and which all that awful night after Waterloo pursued the flying French until, when the next day broke, of all those with whom Napoleon marched out to fight there was not an organized body remaining, except Grouchy's detached command. And in her last war it was the Prussian uhlans that made Germany's great victories so effective, and made possible Sedan with its two hundred thousand prisoners.

And so it has come to be considered an axiom that, however authorities may differ as to the relative value of the different arms of the service in battle, no great, decisive victory can be won without sufficient cavalry to press the pursuit; that the fruits of victory cannot be gathered, the harvest cannot be reaped, without sufficient fresh men on horseback to pursue the retreating enemy.

It might be expected that, as the Southerners were natural-born horsemen, "cavaliers from the cradle," the mounted arm of the service would have been the strongest and the most valued and cherished; but strange as it seems, the contrary, the very contradictory, of that was true. From the beginning the cavalry was relatively the weakest, was underrated and neglected, and even ridiculed and derided. In jocular rewards were offered for "a dead man with spurs on," such a poor opinion had they of a soldier on horseback.

At the first great battle of the war, on the plateau of Manassas, the mounted men did not even fight as an organized body, but were divided, detailed, and attached two companies to each brigade, in imitation, perhaps, of the old Roman legion, a method of arranging cavalry in battle which was abandoned before the Christian era. And yet Johnston has been blamed because he did not capture the Federal army and the city of Washington too. And at all times after that the little band of horsemen never seemed to be considered as a constituent part of the fighting army. Nearly always they were separated from it on detached duty. At Gettysburg the Confederate cavalry was miles away when the battle began. They were not a factor in the great fight until the last day. If Lee had won, and had captured the heights of Gettysburg, it could not have been in effect more than a drawn battle, because he had not sufficient cavalry with which to press the pursuit.

And so, from the beginning to the end, either because the government could not learn the value of mounted troops, or was incapable of changing a policy once adopted, or for some inexplicable reason, the cavalry was underrated and neglected. The excuse cannot be offered that there were not sufficient horses in the Confederacy. A glance at the census of 1860 will show one that there were horses enough in Texas, or Georgia and North Carolina, to have mounted all the Confederate armies in the field, leaving enough to make the crops; and surely, if the government may lawfully "conscript" a man into the army, his horse or his neighbor's horse may also be conscripted. Almost at the very time when the general of the Army of Tennessee was begging for horses to draw his cannon, a Federal army was capturing nearly two thousand horses from the farmers in the valley of Virginia.

Nor can the excuse be made that "the country in which the armies generally operated was so densely wooded, broken, and difficult that cavalry could not be used to advantage"—by "cavalry" meaning not only those who usually fought on horseback, cavalry properly speaking, but all mounted troops. This was not true even in the war of the Revolution, when there were no roads at all, and nothing but grass to feed the horses. The little army with which Greene retreated so skilfully before Cornwallis along the Piedmont was nearly all cavalry, and Shelby's "back mountain men," some of them even from Tennessee beyond the Alleghanies, who rode over the Blue Ridge to fall upon Ferguson at King's Mountain, were all mounted men, and Ferguson's army was captured to the last man.

The splendid work which Forrest did in the West was sufficient to show what might have been done had the cavalry branch of the Confederate service been organized. But neither Forrest nor his services were valued at their worth. For a time he was even removed from his command, and at all times he was left to shift for himself, to provide horses, arms, and equipments for his men.

If the country was too difficult for cavalry operations, how came it that the very men whom Jackson, in 1862, led victorious and triumphant up and down the valley of the Shenandoah—how came it that these same men, in 1864, when once defeated, were to be seen throwing away their guns and haversacks, and fleeing for their lives to the woods and the mountains? It was not all Early's fault. It was "Sheridan's terrible cavalry"

that did it, as Early said. For the Federal government had at last learned what could be done with men on horseback. And so Sheridan was sent to join Grant, and Appomattox speedily followed.

Who can doubt, then, that if Lee had been provided with a reserve of twenty thousand fresh cavalry, under such a leader as Forrest, at Gaines's Mill, or the second Manassas, or Chancellorsville, the Army of the Potomac would not have survived to fight another battle? For, unless Sheridan be excepted, there was no cavalry general on either side in the war who could equal Forrest in the pursuit of a defeated army. Lord Wolseley has said, in his sketch of Forrest, that "Forrest's sixty-mile pursuit of Sturgis after their battle was a most remarkable achievement, and well worth attention by military students."

But no; it was not to be. Perhaps, as has been said, it was not "intended" to be. A fatality seemed to attend the cause. At these battles, yes, and at Shiloh, at Chickamauga, at Malvern Hill, and at Fredericksburg, which are claimed as great victories for the Confederacy, what was the gain? A Federal army destroyed or captured? No. One hundred pieces of artillery, with ammunition and equipments, taken? No. Then what? The field of battle! "The Confederates fought gloriously, and won the field of battle!" And that was all they ever won with all their fighting. Always, on the next day, or at least within a few days afterward, the Federal army which they had defeated so "gloriously" was to be found drawn up in line of battle, and all the fighting had to be done over again. And so it was even to the end. The Confederates won many bloody fields of battle, thickly strewn with the bodies of their own dead and wounded as well as with those of their enemies, but from first to last they never gained a great victory, and the reason was because they were weak in cavalry.

But it is asked, "What doth it profit us to inquire into this? Anybody can criticize. Hindsight is better than foresight. It is not so easy to do as to know what had been good to do. Wherefore, then, seek to know why the Confederacy failed?"

All of which is very true. The study of the past would be profitless if it were indulged in only for the pleasure of finding fault. But we must keep in mind that it is history only that can furnish us a guide to the future, and that it is only by the study of the mistakes and successes of others who have gone be-

fore us that we can know how we should act under like circumstances.

Is not, then, the first cause of the failure of the Confederacy brought immediately home to us when we remember that the provision of the Confederate constitution which made it impossible for that government to raise money by taxation of property *was copied word for word from the Constitution of the United States* under which we are living to-day? In case of a war with a great naval power the United States would be just as helpless to raise money necessary to wage war, except by issuing bonds and paper bills, as was the Confederacy when its ports were blockaded from Norfolk to Galveston. For it is very certain that the sinews of war cannot be raised by a tax upon whisky, tobacco, and oleomargarine. It is property that must bear the brunt of war, and that is the first lesson that we may learn from the failure of the Confederacy.

No doubt the United States are strong enough to defend themselves, even though our generals should adopt a "policy of dispersion," but surely we can learn another lesson from the failure of the Confederacy.

The Confederate leaders were educated at West Point. Was it not at West Point that they learned to depreciate the cavalry? Is it not the tradition, the fashion to-day, at West Point to underrate the cavalry? Are not the "honor men," the "distinguished men of the class," assigned to the engineers and artillery, while the dullards go to the cavalry?

Discussing the possibilities of a war with England, and the strength of the United States militia or national guard, some of our newspapers lately boasted that an army of a hundred thousand men could be thrown into Canada within a few weeks. How many of these men would be mounted on horseback? It is a very pertinent inquiry, for it requires from three to six months' training to make a cavalryman, and some of the States which furnish large contingents to the national guard have not a single troop of horse. If there is any lesson that the failure of the Confederacy can teach us, it is this: that an invasion of Canada—and I do not mean that such a thing is in the least probable or desirable—made without sufficient cavalry would be as barren of permanent results as it would be if made with an army of crossbowmen.

Duncan Rose.

THE HEROIC AGE.

HE speaks not well who doth his time deplore,
 Naming it new and little and obscure,
 Ignoble, and unfit for lofty deeds.
 All times were modern in the time of them,
 And this no more than others. Do thy part
 Here in the living day, as did the great
 Who made old days immortal! So shall men,
 Far-gazing back to this receding hour,
 Say: "Then the time when men were truly men:
 Though wars grew less, their spirits met the test
 Of new conditions: conquering civic wrong;
 Saving the state anew by virtuous lives;
 Defying leaguèd fraud with single truth,
 Not fearing loss, and daring to be pure.
 When error through the land raged like a pest,
 They calmed the madness caught from mind to mind,
 By wisdom drawn from eld, and counsel sane;
 And as the martyrs of the ancient world
 Gave Death for man, so nobly gave they Life:
 Those the great days, and that the heroic age."

G.



THE OLYMPIC GAMES OF 1896.

BY THEIR FOUNDER, BARON PIERRE DE COUBERTIN, NOW PRESIDENT OF
THE INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE Olympic games which recently took place at Athens were modern in character, not alone because of their programs, which substituted bicycle for chariot races, and fencing for the brutalities of pugilism, but because in their origin and regulations they were international and universal, and consequently adapted to the conditions in which athletics have developed at the present day. The ancient games had an exclusively Hellenic character; they were always held in the same place, and Greek blood was a necessary condition of admission to them. It is true that strangers were in time tolerated; but their presence at Olympia was rather a tribute paid to the superiority of Greek civilization than a right exercised in the name of racial equality. With the modern games it is quite otherwise. Their creation is the work of «barbarians.» It is due to the delegates of the athletic associations of all countries assembled in congress at Paris in 1894. It was there agreed that every country should celebrate the Olympic games in turn. The first place belonged by right to Greece; it was accorded by unanimous vote; and in order to emphasize the permanence of the institution, its wide bearings, and its essentially cosmopolitan character, an international committee was appointed, the members of which were to represent the various nations, European and American, with whom athletics are held in honor. The presidency of this committee falls to the

country in which the next games are to be held. A Greek, M. Bikelas, has presided for the last two years. A Frenchman now presides, and will continue to do so until 1900, since the next games are to take place at Paris during the Exposition. Where will those of 1904 take place? Perhaps at New York, perhaps at Berlin, or at Stockholm. The question is soon to be decided.

It was in virtue of these resolutions passed during the Paris Congress that the recent festivals were organized. Their successful issue is largely owing to the active and energetic coöperation of the Greek crown prince Constantine. When they realized all that was expected of them, the Athenians lost courage. They felt that the city's resources were not equal to the demands that would be made upon them; nor would the government (M. Tricoupis being then prime minister) consent to increase facilities. M. Tricoupis did not believe in the success of the games. He argued that the Athenians knew nothing about athletics; that they had neither the adequate grounds for the contests, nor athletes of their own to bring into line; and that, moreover, the financial situation of Greece forbade her inviting the world to an event preparations for which would entail such large expenditures. There was reason in these objections; but on the one hand, the prime minister greatly exaggerated the importance of the expenditures, and on

the other, it was not necessary that the government should bear the burden of them directly. Modern Athens, which recalls in so many ways the Athens of ancient days, has inherited from her the privilege of being beautified and enriched by her children. The public treasury was not always very well filled in those times any more than in the present, but wealthy citizens who had made fortunes at a distance liked to crown their commercial career by some act of liberality to the mother-country. They endowed the land with superb edifices of general utility—theaters, gymnasia, temples. The modern city is likewise full of monuments which she owes to such generosity. It was easy to obtain from private individuals what the state could not give. The Olympic games had burned with so bright a luster in the past of the Greeks that they could not but have their revival at heart. And furthermore, the moral benefits would compensate largely for all pecuniary sacrifice.

This the crown prince apprehended at once, and it decided him to lend his authority to the organizing of the first Olympic games. He appointed a commission, with headquarters in his own palace; made M. Philemon, ex-mayor of Athens and a man of much zeal and enthusiasm, secretary-general; and appealed to the nation to subscribe the necessary funds. Subscriptions began to come in from Greece, but particularly from London, Marseilles, and Constantinople, where there are wealthy and influential Greek colonies. The chief gift came from Alexandria. It was this gift which made it possible to restore the Stadion to its condition in the time of Atticus Herodes. The intention had been from the first to hold the contests in this justly celebrated spot. No one, however, had dreamed that it might be possible to restore to their former splendor the marble seats which, it is said, could accommodate forty thousand persons. The great inclosure would have been utilized, and provisional wooden seats placed on the grassy slopes which surround it. Thanks to the generosity of M. Averoff, Greece is now the richer by a monument unique of its kind, and its visitors have seen a spectacle which they can never forget.

Two years ago the Stadion resembled a deep gash, made by some fabled giant, in the side of the hill which rises abruptly by the Ilissus, and opposite Lycabettus and the Acropolis, in a retired, picturesque quarter of Athens. All that was visible of it then were the two high earth embankments which

faced each other on opposite sides of the long, narrow race-course. They met at the end in an imposing hemicycle. Grass grew between the cobblestones. For centuries the spectators of ancient days had sat on the ground on these embankments. Then, one day, an army of workmen, taking possession of the Stadion, had covered it with stone and marble. This is the work that has now been repeated. The first covering served as a quarry during the Turkish domination; not a trace of it was left. With its innumerable rows of seats, and the flights of steps which divide it into sections and lead to the upper tiers, the Stadion no longer has the look of being cut out of the hill. It is the hill which seems to have been placed there by the hand of man to support this enormous pile of masonry. One detail only is modern. One does not notice it at first. The dusty track is now a cinder-path, prepared according to the latest rules of modern athletics by an expert brought over from London for the purpose. In the center a sort of esplanade has been erected for the gymnastic exhibitions. At the end, on each side of the turning, antiquity is represented by two large boundary-stones, forming two human figures, and excavated while the foundations were being dug. These were the only finds; they add but little to archaeological data. Work on the Stadion is far from being completed, eighteen months having been quite insufficient for the undertaking. Where marble could not be placed, painted wood was hastily made to do duty. That clever architect M. Metaxas cherishes the hope, however, of seeing all the antique decorations restored—statues, columns, bronze quadrigæ, and, at the entrance, majestic propylæa.

When this shall be done, Athens will in truth possess the temple of athletic sports. Yet it is doubtful whether such a sanctuary be the one best suited to the worship of human vigor and beauty in these modern days. The Anglo-Saxons, to whom we owe the revival of athletics, frame their contests delightfully in grass and verdure. Nothing could differ more from the Athenian Stadion than Travers Island, the summer home of the New York Athletic Club, where the championship games are decided. In this green inclosure, where nature is left to have her way, the spectators sit under the trees on the sloping declivities, a few feet away from the Sound, which murmurs against the rocks. One finds something of the same idea at Paris, and at San Francisco, under those Californian skies which so recall the skies



ON THE WAY TO THE STADION.

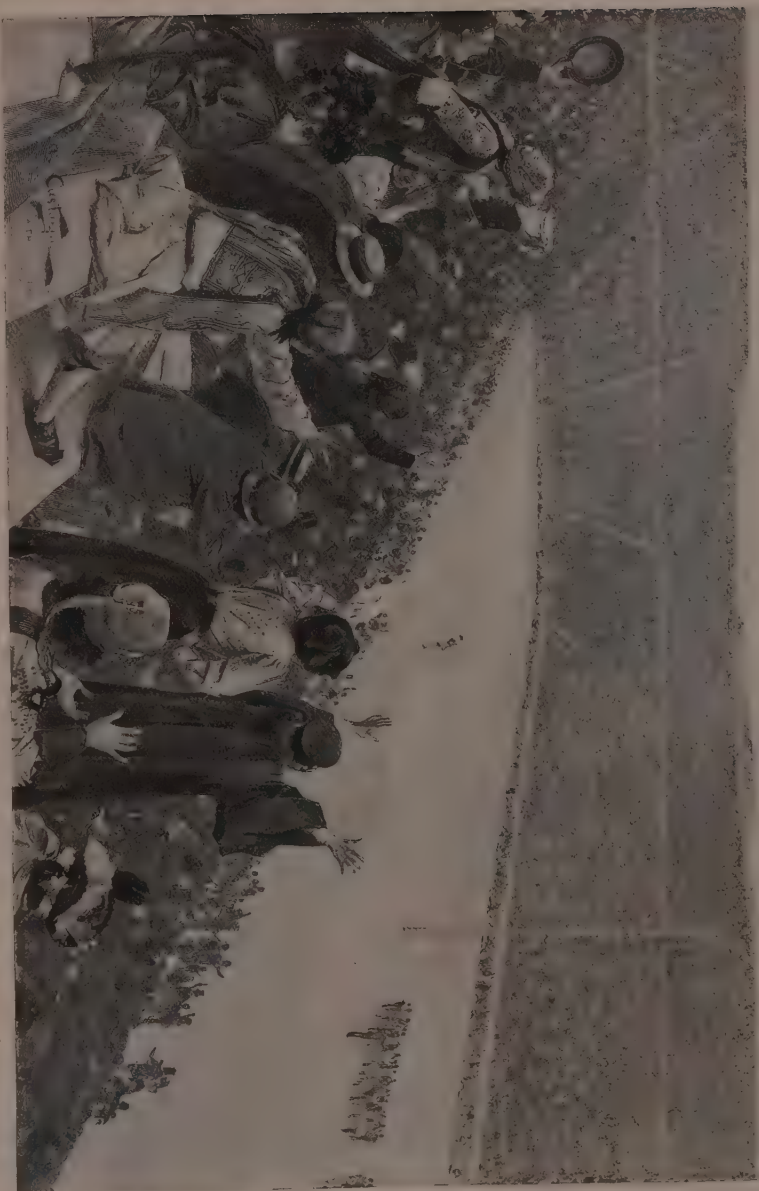
of Greece, at the foot of those mountains which have the pure outlines and the iridescent reflections of Hymettus. If the ancient amphitheater was more grandiose and more solemn, the modern picture is more *in-time* and pleasing. The music floating under the trees makes a softer accompaniment to the exercises; the spectators move about at friendly ease, whereas the ancients, packed together in rigid lines on their marble benches, sat broiling in the sun or chilled in the shade.

The Stadion is not the only enduring token that will remain to Athens of her inauguration of the new Olympiads: she has also a velodrome and a shooting-stand. The former is in the plain of the modern Phalerum, along the railway which connects Athens with the Piræus. It is copied after the model of that at Copenhagen, where the crown prince of Greece and his brothers had an opportunity of appreciating its advantages during a visit to the King of Denmark, their grandfather. The bicyclists, it is true, have complained that the track is not long enough, and that the turnings are too abrupt; but when were bicyclists ever content? The tennis-courts are in the center of the velodrome. The shooting-stand makes a goodly appearance, with its manor-like medieval crenelations. The contestants are comfortably situated under monumental arches. Then there are large pavilions for the rowers, built of wood, but prettily decorated, with boat-houses and dressing-rooms.

WHILE the Hellenic Committee thus labored over the scenic requirements, the international committee and the national committees were occupied in recruiting competitors. The matter was not as easy as one might think. Not only had indifference and distrust to be overcome, but the revival of the Olympic games had aroused a certain hostility. Although the Paris Congress had been careful to decree that every form of physical exercise practised in the world should have its place on the program, the gymnasts took offense. They considered that they had not been given sufficient prominence. The greater part of the gymnastic associations of Germany, France, and Belgium are animated by a rigorously exclusive spirit; they are not inclined to tolerate the presence of those forms of athletics which they themselves do not practise; what they disdainfully designate as «English sports» have become, because of their popularity, especially odious to them. These associations were not satisfied with declining the invitation sent them

to repair to Athens. The Belgian federation wrote to the other federations, suggesting a concerted stand against the work of the Paris Congress. These incidents confirmed the opinions of the pessimists who had been foretelling the failure of the fêtes, or their probable postponement. Athens is far away, the journey is expensive, and the Easter vacations are short. The contestants were not willing to undertake the voyage unless they could be sure that the occasion would be worth the effort. The different associations were not willing to send representatives unless they could be informed of the amount of interest which the contests would create. An unfortunate occurrence took place almost at the last moment. The German press, commenting on an article which had appeared in a Paris newspaper, declared that it was an exclusively Franco-Greek affair; that attempts were being made to shut out other nations; and furthermore, that the German associations had been intentionally kept aloof from the Paris Congress of 1894. The assertion was acknowledged to be incorrect, and was powerless to check the efforts of the German committee under Dr. Gebhardt. M. Kémény in Hungary, Major Balck in Sweden, General de Boutonski in Russia, Professor W. M. Sloane in the United States, Lord Amphil in England, Dr. Jiri Guth in Bohemia, were, meantime, doing their best to awaken interest in the event, and to reassure the doubting. They did not always succeed. Many people took a sarcastic view, and the newspapers indulged in much pleasantry on the subject of the Olympic games.

EASTER MONDAY, April 6, the streets of Athens wore a look of extraordinary animation. All the public buildings were draped in bunting; multicolored streamers floated in the wind; green wreaths decked the house-fronts. Everywhere were the two letters «O. A.», the Greek initials of the Olympic games, and the two dates, B. C. 776, A. D. 1896, indicating their ancient past and their present renaissance. At two o'clock in the afternoon the crowd began to throng the Stadion and to take possession of the seats. It was a joyous and motley concourse. The skirts and braided jackets of the *palikars* contrasted with the somber and ugly European habiliments. The women used large paper fans to shield them from the sun, parasols, which would have obstructed the view, being prohibited. The king and the queen drove up a little before three o'clock, followed by Princess Marie, their daughter, and her fiancé, Grand



DRAWN BY A. CASPARIUS.

ARRIVAL OF THE WINNER OF THE MARATHON RACE.

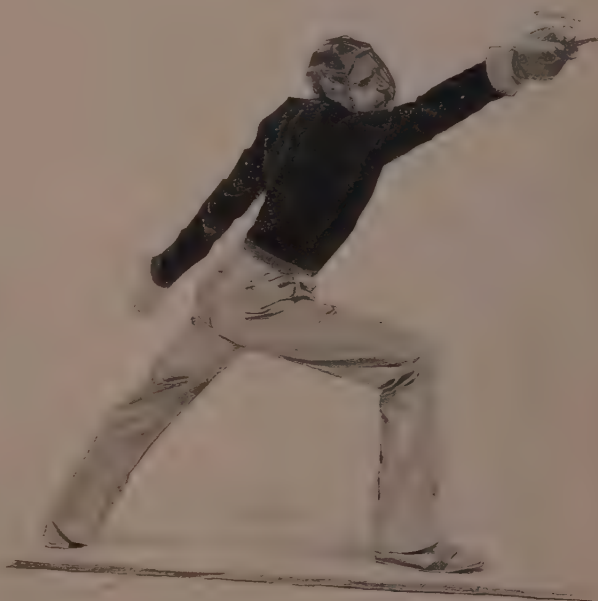
Duke George of Russia. They were received by the crown prince and his brothers, by M. Delyannis, president of the Council of Ministers, and by the members of the Hellenic Committee and the international committee. Flowers were presented to the queen and

princess, and the cortège made its way into the hemicycle to the strains of the Greek national hymn and the cheers of the crowd. Within, the court ladies and functionaries, the diplomatic corps, and the deputies awaited the sovereigns, for whom two marble arm-chairs were in readiness.

The crown prince, taking his stand in the arena, facing the king, then made a short speech, in which he touched upon the origin of the enterprise, and the obstacles surmounted in bringing it to fruition. Addressing the king, he asked him to proclaim the opening of the Olympic games, and the king, rising, declared them opened. It was a thrilling moment. Fifteen hundred and two years before, the Emperor Theodosius had suppressed the Olympic games, thinking, no doubt, that in abolishing this hated

survival of paganism he was furthering the cause of progress; and here was a Christian monarch, amid the applause of an assemblage composed almost exclusively of Christians, announcing the formal annulment of the imperial decree; while a few feet away stood the archbishop of Athens, and Père Didon, the celebrated Dominican preacher, who, in his Easter sermon in the Catholic cathedral the day before, had paid an eloquent tribute to

pagan Greece. When the king had resumed his seat, the Olympic ode, written for the occasion by the Greek composer Samara, was sung by a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices. Once before music had been associated with the revival of the Olympic games.



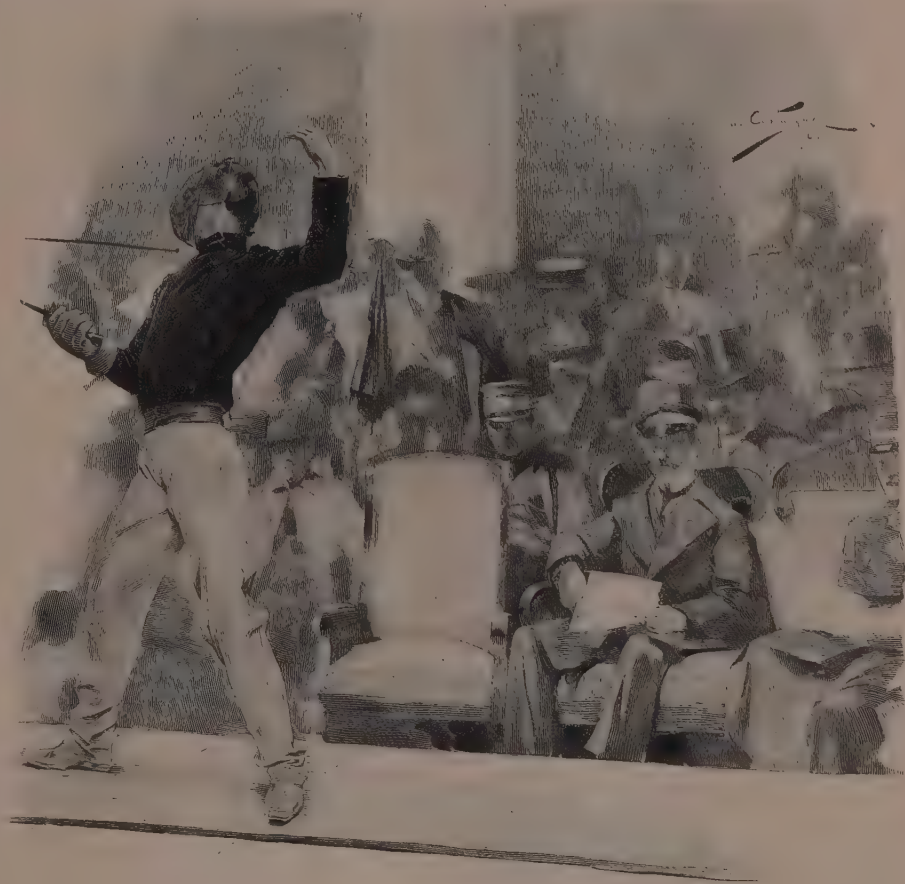
DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

FENCING BEFORE THE

The first session of the Paris Congress had been held June 16, 1894, in the great amphitheater of the Sorbonne, decorated by Puvis de Chavannes; and after the address of the president of the congress, Baron de Coubertin, the large audience had listened to that fragment of the music of antiquity, the hymn to Apollo, discovered in the ruins of Delphi. But this time the connection between art and athletics was more direct. The games began

with the sounding of the last chords of the Olympic ode. That first day established the success of the games beyond a doubt. The ensuing days confirmed the fact in spite of the bad weather. The royal family was assiduous in its attendance. In the shooting-

discus. His victory was unexpected. He had asked me the day before if I did not think that it would be ridiculous should he enter for an event for which he had trained so little! The stars and stripes seemed destined to carry off all the laurels. When they ran up the «vic-



KING OF GREECE.

contest the queen fired the first shot with a flower-wreathed rifle. The fencing-matches were held in the marble rotunda of the Exposition Palace, given by the Messrs. Zappas, and known as the Zappeion. Then the crowd made its way back to the Stadion for the foot-races, weight-putting, discus-throwing, high and long jumps, pole-vaulting, and gymnastic exhibitions. A Princeton student, Robert Garrett, scored highest in throwing the

tor's mast,» the sailors of the *San Francisco*, who stood in a group at the top of the Stadion, waved their caps, and the members of the Boston Athletic Association below broke out frantically, «B. A. A.! rah! rah! rah!» These cries greatly amused the Greeks. They applauded the triumph of the Americans, between whom and themselves there is a warm feeling of good-will.

The Greeks are novices in the matter of

athletic sports, and had not looked for much success for their own country. One event only seemed likely to be theirs from its very nature—the long-distance run from Marathon, a prize for which has been newly founded by M. Michel Bréal, a member of the French Institute, in commemoration of that soldier of antiquity who ran all the way to Athens to tell his fellow-citizens of the happy issue of the battle. The distance from Marathon to Athens is 42 kilometers. The road is rough and stony. The Greeks had trained for this run for a year past. Even in the remote districts of Thessaly young peasants prepared to enter as contestants. In three cases it is said that the enthusiasm and the inexperience of these young fellows cost them their lives, so exaggerated were their pre-

paratory efforts. As the great day approached, women offered up prayers and votive tapers in the churches, that the victor might be a Greek!

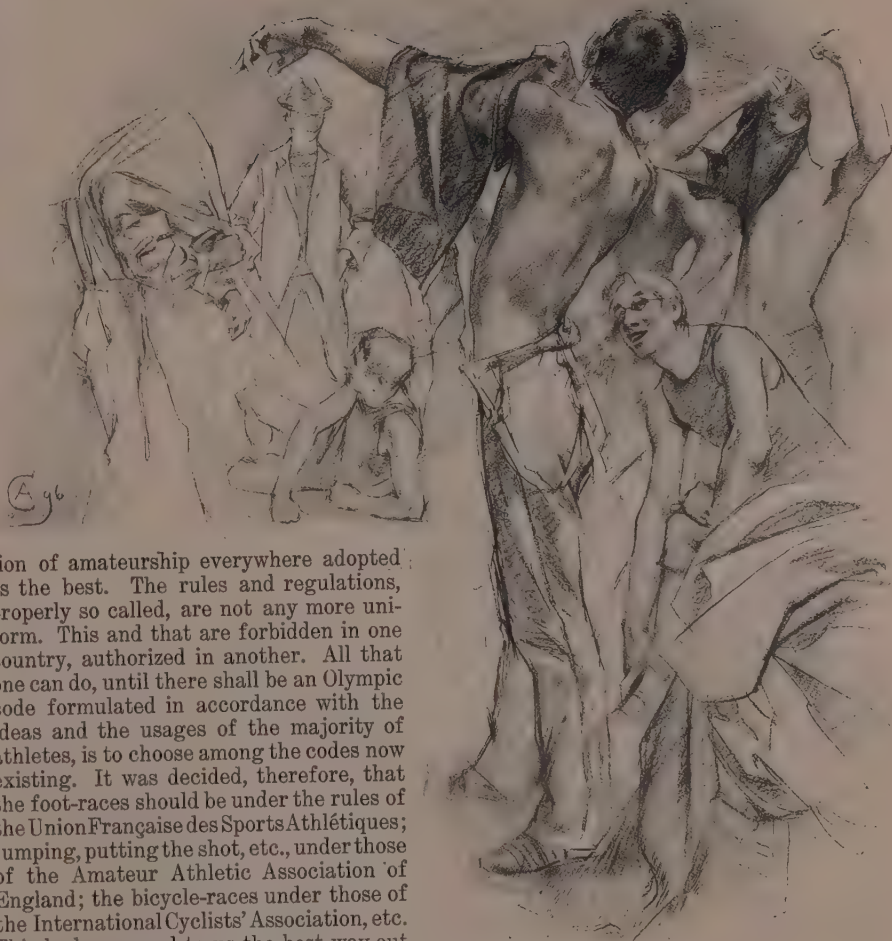
The wish was fulfilled. A young peasant named Louës, from the village of Marousi, was the winner in two hours and fifty-five minutes. He reached the goal fresh and in fine form. He was followed by two other Greeks. The excellent Australian sprinter Flack, and the Frenchman Lermusiaux, who had been in the lead the first 35 kilometers, had fallen out by the way. When Louës came into the Stadion, the crowd, which numbered sixty thousand persons, rose to its feet like one man, swayed by extraordinary excitement. The King of Servia, who was present, will probably not forget the sight he saw that day. A flight of white pigeons was let loose, women waved fans and handkerchiefs, and some of the spectators who were nearest to Louës left their seats, and tried to reach him and carry him in triumph. He would have been suffocated if the crown prince and Prince George had not bodily led him away. A lady who stood next to me unfastened her watch, a gold one set with pearls, and sent it to him; an innkeeper presented him with an order good for three hundred and sixty-five free meals; and a wealthy citizen had to be dissuaded from signing a check for ten thousand francs to his credit. Louës himself, however, when he was told of this generous offer, refused it. The sense of honor, which is very strong in the Greek peasant, thus saved the non-professional spirit from a very great danger.

Needless to say that the various contests were held under amateur regulations. An exception was made for the fencing-matches, since in several countries professors of military fencing hold the rank of officers. For them a special contest was arranged. To all other branches of the athletic sports only amateurs were admitted. It is impossible to conceive the Olympic games with money prizes. But these rules, which seem simple enough, are a good deal complicated in their practical application by the fact that definitions of what constitutes an amateur differ from one country to another, sometimes even from one club to another. Several definitions are current in England; the Italians and the Dutch admit one which appears too rigid at one point, too loose at another. How conciliate these divergent or contradictory utterances? The Paris Congress made an attempt in that direction, but its decisions are not accepted everywhere as law, nor is its defini-



DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

CLIMBING THE SMOOTH ROPE.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

MAKING READY.

tion of amateurship everywhere adopted as the best. The rules and regulations, properly so called, are not any more uniform. This and that are forbidden in one country, authorized in another. All that one can do, until there shall be an Olympic code formulated in accordance with the ideas and the usages of the majority of athletes, is to choose among the codes now existing. It was decided, therefore, that the foot-races should be under the rules of the Union Française des Sports Athlétiques; jumping, putting the shot, etc., under those of the Amateur Athletic Association of England; the bicycle-races under those of the International Cyclists' Association, etc. This had appeared to us the best way out of the difficulty; but we should have had many disputes if the judges (to whom had been given the Greek name of ephors) had not been headed by Prince George, who acted as final referee. His presence gave weight and authority to the decisions of the ephors, among whom there were, naturally, representatives of different countries. The prince took his duties seriously, and fulfilled them conscientiously. He was always on the track, personally supervising every detail, an easily recognizable figure, owing to his height and athletic build. It will be remembered that Prince George, while traveling in Japan with his cousin, the czarévitch

(now Emperor Nicholas II), felled with his fist the ruffian who had tried to assassinate the latter. During the weight-lifting in the Stadion, Prince George lifted with ease an enormous dumb-bell, and tossed it out of the way. The audience broke into applause, as if it would have liked to make him the victor in the event.

Every night while the games were in progress the streets of Athens were illuminated. There were torch-light processions, bands played the different national hymns, and the

students of the university got up ovations under the windows of the foreign athletic crews, and harangued them in the noble tongue of Demosthenes. Perhaps this tongue was somewhat abused. That Americans might not be compelled to understand French, nor Hungarians forced to speak German, the daily programs of the games, and even invitations to luncheon, were written in Greek. On receipt of these cards, covered with mysterious formulæ, where even the date was not



DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNONE.

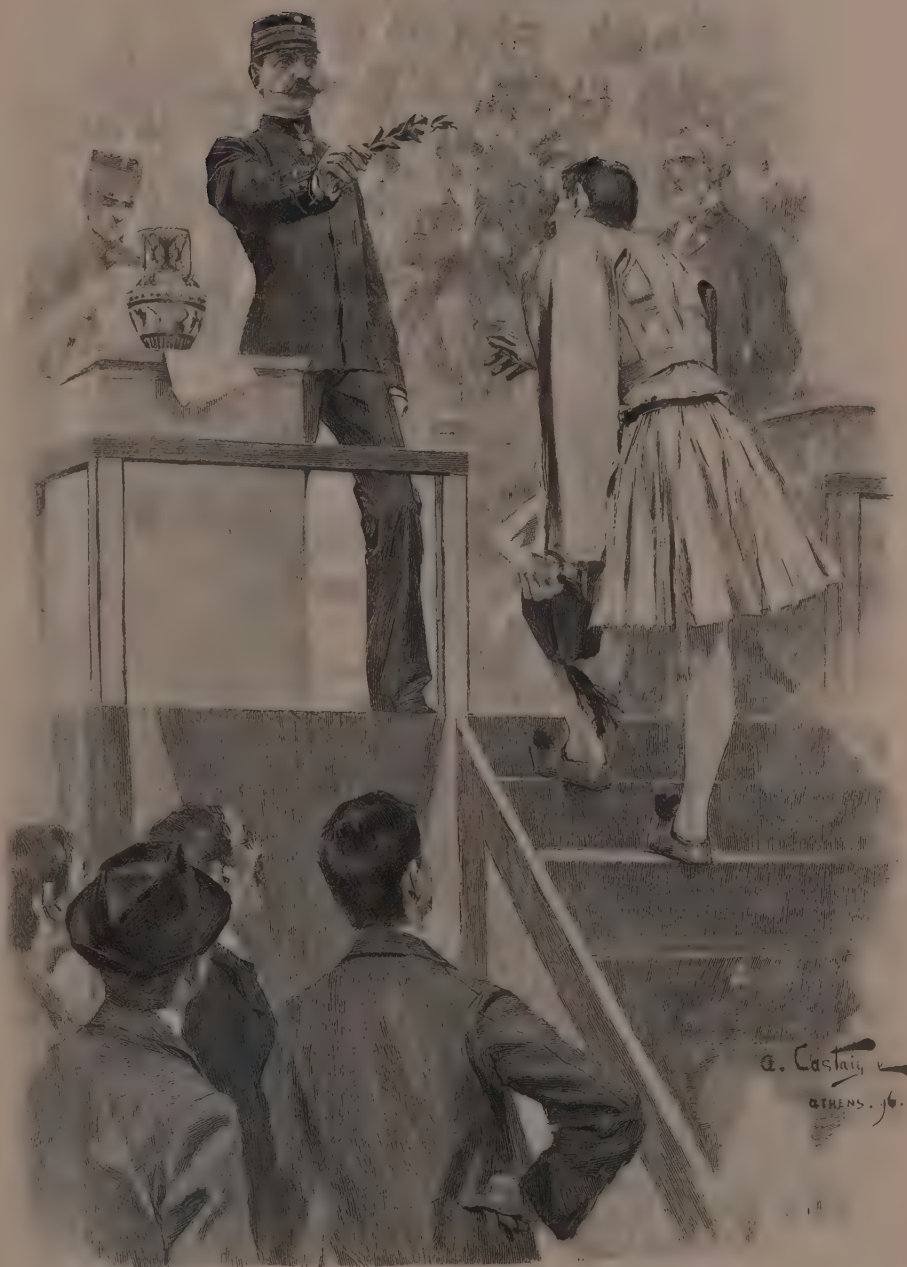
ONE OF OUR BOYS.

clear (the Greek calendar is twelve days behind ours), every man carried them to his hotel porter for elucidation.

Many banquets were given. The mayor of Athens gave one at Cephissia, a little shaded village at the foot of Pentelicus. M. Bikelas, the retiring president of the international committee, gave another at Phalerum. The king himself entertained all the competitors, and the members of the committees, three hundred guests in all, at luncheon in the ball-room of the palace. The outside of this edifice, which was built by King Otho, is heavy and graceless; but the center of the interior is occupied by a suite of large rooms with very high ceilings, opening one into another through colonnades.

The decorations are simple and imposing. The tables were set in the largest of these rooms. At the table of honor sat the king, the princes, and the ministers, and here also were the members of the committees. The competitors were seated at the other tables according to their nationality. The king, at dessert, thanked and congratulated his guests, first in French, afterward in Greek. The Americans cried «Hurrah!» the Germans, «Hoch!» the Hungarians, «Eljen!» the Greeks, «Zito!» the French, «Vive le Roi!» After the repast the king and his sons chatted long and amiably with the athletes. It was a really charming scene, the republican simplicity of which was a matter of wonderment particularly to the Austrians and the Russians, little used as they are to the spectacle of monarchy thus meeting democracy on an equal footing.

Then there were nocturnal festivities on the Acropolis, where the Parthenon was illuminated with colored lights, and at the Piræus, where the vessels were hung with Japanese lanterns. Unluckily, the weather changed, and the sea was so high on the day appointed for the boat-races, which were to have taken place in the roadstead of Phalerum, that the project was abandoned. The distribution of prizes was likewise postponed for twenty-four hours. It came off with much solemnity, on the morning of April 15, in the Stadion. The sun shone again, and sparkled on the officers' uniforms. When the roll of the victors was called, it became evident, after all, that the international character of the institution was well guarded by the results of the contests. America had won nine prizes for athletic sports alone (flat races for 100 and 400 meters; 110-meter hurdle-race; high jump; broad jump; pole-vault; hop, step, and jump; putting the shot; throwing the discus), and two prizes for shooting (revolver, 25 and 30 meters); but France had the prizes for foil-fencing and for four bicycle-races; England scored highest in the one-handed weight-lifting contest, and in single lawn-tennis; Greece won the run from Marathon, two gymnastic contests (rings, climbing the smooth rope), three prizes for shooting (carbine, 200 and 300 meters; pistol, 25 meters), a prize for fencing with sabers, and a bicycle-race; Germany won in wrestling, in gymnastics (parallel bars, fixed bar, horse-leaping), and in double lawn-tennis; Australia, the 800-meter and 1500-meter foot-races on the flat; Hungary, swimming-matches of 100 and 1200 meters; Austria, the 500-meter swimming-match and the 12-hour bicycle-



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

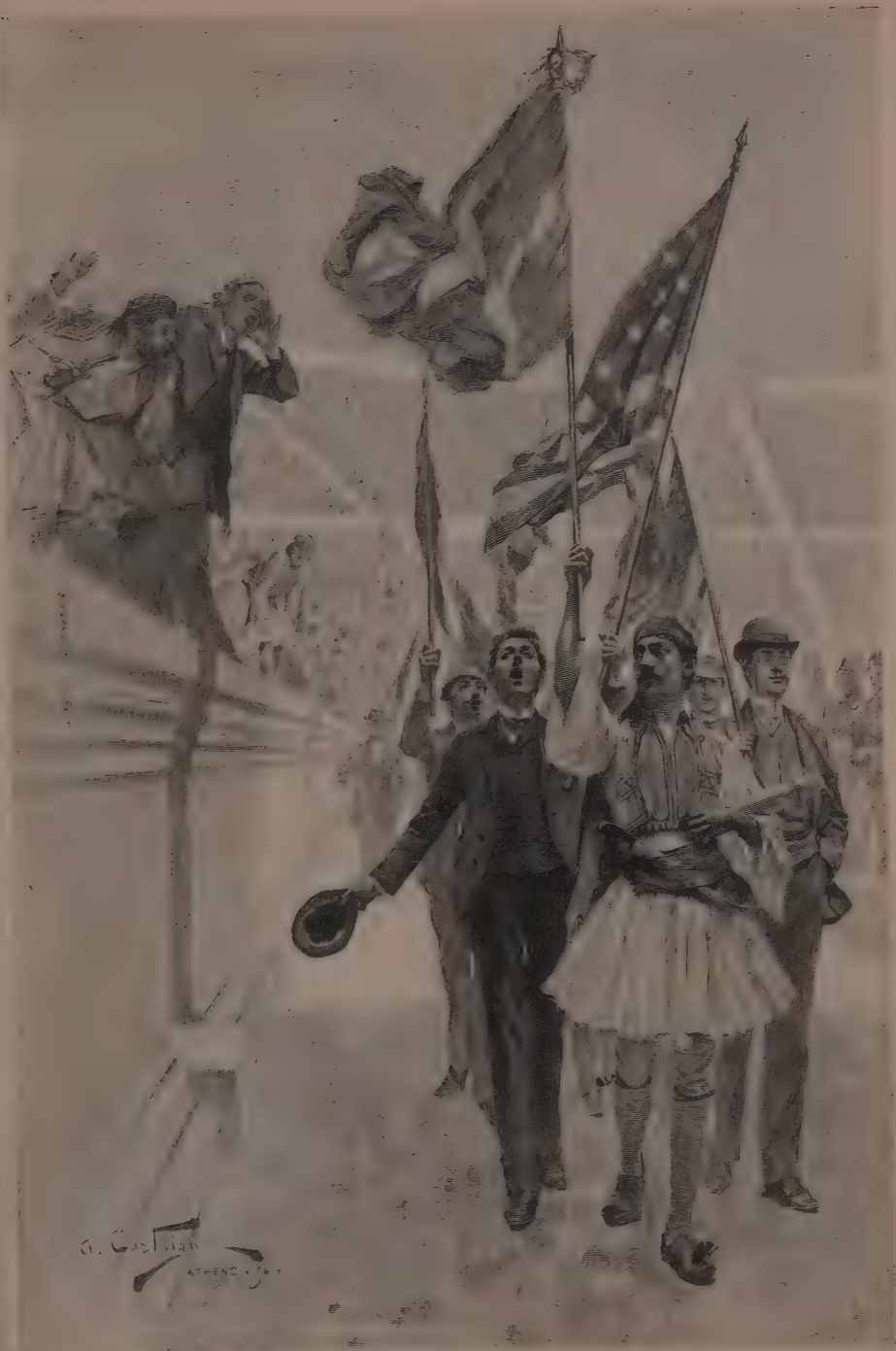
THE KING PRESENTING THE REWARDS.

race; Switzerland, a gymnastic prize; Denmark, the two-handed weight-lifting contest.

The prizes were an olive-branch from the very spot, at Olympia, where stood the ancient Altis, a diploma drawn by a Greek artist, and a silver medal chiseled by the celebrated French engraver Chaplain. On one side of the medal is the Acropolis, with the Parthenon and the Propylæa; on the other a colossal head of the Olympian Zeus, after the type created by Phidias. The head of the god is blurred, as if by distance and the lapse of centuries, while in the foreground, in clear relief, is the Victory which Zeus holds on his hand. It is a striking and original conception. After the distribution of the prizes, the athletes formed for the traditional procession around the Stadion. Louës, the victor of Marathon, came first, bearing the Greek flag; then the Americans, the Hungarians, the French, the Germans. The ceremony, moreover, was made more memorable by a charming incident. One of the contestants, Mr. Robertson, an Oxford student, recited an ode which he had composed, in ancient Greek and in the Pindaric mode, in honor of the games. Music had opened them, and Poetry was present at their close; and thus was the bond once more renewed which in the past united the Muses with feats of physical strength, the mind with the well-trained body. The king announced that the first Olympiad was at an end, and left the Stadion, the band playing the Greek national hymn, and the crowd cheering. A few days later Athens was emptied of its guests. Torn wreaths littered the public squares; the banners which had floated merrily in the streets disappeared; the sun and the wind held sole possession of the marble sidewalks of Stadion street.

It is interesting to ask oneself what are likely to be the results of the Olympic games of 1896, as regards both Greece and the rest of the world. In the case of Greece, the games will be found to have had a double effect, one athletic, the other political. It is a well-known fact that the Greeks had lost completely, during their centuries of oppression, the taste for physical sports. There were good walkers among the mountaineers, and good swimmers in the scattered villages along the coast. It was a matter of pride with the young *palikar* to wrestle and to dance well, but that was because bravery and a gallant bearing were admired by those about him. Greek dances are far from athletic, and the wrestling-matches of peasants have none of the characteristics of true sports. The men

of the towns had come to know no diversion beyond reading the newspapers, and violently discussing politics about the tables of the cafés. The Greek race, however, is free from the natural indolence of the Oriental, and it was manifest that the athletic habit would, if the opportunity offered, easily take root again among its men. Indeed, several gymnastic associations had been formed in recent years at Athens and Patras, and a rowing-club at Piræus, and the public was showing a growing interest in their feats. It was therefore a favorable moment to speak the words, "Olympic games." No sooner had it been made clear that Athens was to aid in the revival of the Olympiads than a perfect fever of muscular activity broke out all over the kingdom. And this was nothing to what followed the games. I have seen, in little villages far from the capital, small boys, scarcely out of long clothes, throwing big stones, or jumping improvised hurdles, and two urchins never met in the streets of Athens without running races. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the victors in the contests were received, on their return to their native towns, by their fellow-citizens. They were met by the mayor and municipal authorities, and cheered by a crowd bearing branches of wild olive and laurel. In ancient times the victor entered the city through a breach made expressly in its walls. The Greek cities are no longer walled in, but one may say that athletics have made a breach in the heart of the nation. When one realizes the influence that the practice of physical exercises may have on the future of a country, and on the force of a whole race, one is tempted to wonder whether Greece is not likely to date a new era from the year 1896. It would be curious indeed if athletics were to become one of the factors in the Eastern question! Who can tell whether, by bringing a notable increase of vigor to the inhabitants of the country, it may not hasten the solution of this thorny problem? These are hypotheses, and circumstances make light of such calculations at long range. But a local and immediate consequence of the games may already be found in the internal politics of Greece. I have spoken of the active part taken by the crown prince and his brothers, Prince George and Prince Nicholas, in the labors of the organizing committee. It was the first time that the heir apparent had had an opportunity of thus coming into contact with his future subjects. They knew him to be patriotic and high-minded, but they did not know his other admirable and solid qualities. Prince



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE PARADE OF THE WINNERS.

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LIBRARY



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE NIGHT FESTIVAL AT THE PIRÆUS.

Constantine inherits his fine blue eyes and fair coloring from his Danish ancestors, and his frank, open manner, his self-poise, and his mental lucidity come from the same source; but Greece has given him enthusiasm and ardor, and this happy combination of prudence and high spirit makes him especially adapted to govern the Hellenes. The authority, mingled with perfect liberality, with which he managed the committee, his exactitude in detail, and more particularly his quiet perseverance when those about him were inclined to hesitate and to lose courage, make it clear that his reign will be one of fruitful labor, which can only strengthen and enrich his country. The Greek people have now a better idea of the worth of their future sovereign: they have seen him at work, and have gained respect for and confidence in him.

So much for Greece. On the world at large the Olympic games have, of course, exerted no influence as yet; but I am profoundly convinced that they will do so. May I be permitted to say that this was my reason for founding them? Modern athletics need to be *unified* and *purified*. Those who have followed the renaissance of physical sports in this century know that discord reigns supreme from one end of them to the other. Every country has its own rules; it is not possible even to come to an agreement as to who is an amateur, and who is not. All over the world there is one perpetual dispute, which is further fed by innumerable weekly, and even daily, newspapers. In this deplorable state of things professionalism tends to grow apace. Men give up their whole existence to one particular sport, grow rich by practising it, and thus deprive it of all nobility, and destroy the just equilibrium of man by making the muscles preponderate over the mind. It is my belief that no education, particularly in democratic times, can be good and complete without the aid of athletics; but athletics, in order to play their proper educational

rôle, must be based on perfect disinterestedness and the sentiment of honor.

If we are to guard them against these threatening evils, we must put an end to the quarrels of amateurs, that they may be united among themselves, and willing to measure their skill in frequent international encounters. But what country is to impose its rules and its habits on the others? The Swedes will not yield to the Germans, nor the French to the English. Nothing better than the international Olympic games could therefore be devised. Each country will take its turn in organizing them. When they come to meet every four years in these contests, further ennobled by the memories of the past, athletes all over the world will learn to know one another better, to make mutual concessions, and to seek no other reward in the competition than the honor of the victory. One may be filled with desire to see the colors of one's club or college triumph in a national meeting; but how much stronger is the feeling when the colors of one's country are at stake! I am well assured that the victors in the Stadion at Athens wished for no other recompense when they heard the people cheer the flag of their country in honor of their achievement.

It was with these thoughts in mind that I sought to revive the Olympic games. I have succeeded after many efforts. Should the institution prosper,—as I am persuaded, all civilized nations aiding, that it will,—it may be a potent, if indirect, factor in securing universal peace. Wars break out because nations misunderstand each other. We shall not have peace until the prejudices which now separate the different races shall have been outlived. To attain this end, what better means than to bring the youth of all countries periodically together for amicable trials of muscular strength and agility? The Olympic games, with the ancients, controlled athletics and promoted peace. It is not visionary to look to them for similar benefactions in the future.

Pierre de Coubertin.

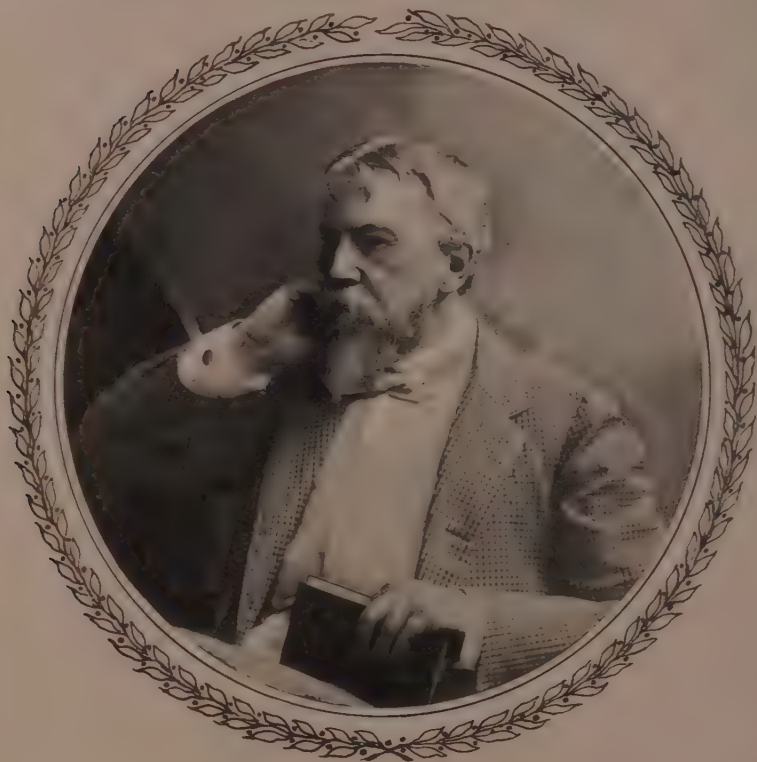


HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER:

SOMETIME BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ON THE
STAFF OF HIS EXCELLENCY GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of «In War Time,» «When all the Woods are Green,» etc.



Yours very truly
S. Weir Mitchell

PREFACE.

IT is now many years since I began these memoirs. I wrote fully a third of them, and then put them aside, having found increasing difficulties as I went on with my task. These arose out of the constant need to use the first person in a narrative of adventure and incidents which chiefly concern the writer, even though it involve also the fortunes of many in all ranks of life. Having no gift in the way of composition, I knew not how to supply

or set forth what was outside of my own knowledge, nor how to pretend to that marvelous insight as to motives and thoughts which they affect who write books of fiction. This has always seemed to me absurd, and so artificial that, with my fashion of mind, I have never been able to enjoy such works, nor agreeably to accept their claim to such privilege of insight. In a memoir meant for my descendants, it was fitting and desirable that I should at times speak of my own appearance, and, if possible, of how I seemed as child or man to others. This, I found, I did not incline to do, even when I myself knew what had been thought of me by friend or foe. And so, as I said, I set the task aside, with no desire to take it up again.

Some years later my friend John Warder died, leaving to my son, his namesake, an ample estate, and to me all his books, papers, plate, and wines. Locked in a desk I found a diary, begun when a lad, and kept with more or less care during several years of the great war. It contained, also, recollections of our youthful days, and was very full here and there of thoughts, comments, and descriptions concerning events of the time, and of people whom we both had known. It told of me much that I could not otherwise have willingly set down, even if the matter had appeared to me as it did to him, which was not always the case; also, my friend chanced to be present at scenes which deeply concerned me, but which, without his careful setting forth, would never have come to my knowledge.

A kindly notice, writ nine years before, bade me use his journal as seemed best to me. When I read this, and came to see how full and clear were his statements of much that I knew, and of some things which I did not, I felt ripely inclined to take up again the story I had left unfinished; and now I have done so, and have used my friend as the third person, whom I could permit to say what he thought of me from time to time, and to tell of incidents I did not see, or record impressions and emotions of his own. This latter privilege pleases me, because I shall, besides my own story, be able to let those dear to me gather from the confessions of his journal, and from my own statements, what manner of person was the true gentleman and gallant soldier to whom I owed so much.

I trust this tale of an arduous struggle by a new land against a great empire will make those of my own blood the more desirous to serve their country with honour and earnestness, and with an abiding belief in the great ruler of events.

In my title of this volume I have called myself a «Free Quaker.» The term has no meaning for most of the younger generation, and yet it should tell a story of many sad spiritual struggles, of much heart-searching distress, of brave decisions, and of battle and of camp.

These Free Quakers were they who, insisting that they were still of the same mind as Penn and Fox as to modes of worship and religious beliefs in general, were also of opinion that resistance to the oppression of the crown was a duty not to be avoided. They have left their mark on the history of a stormy time; and none better served their country and their God.

At Fifth and Arch streets, on an old gable, is this record:

BY GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION,
FOR THE FREE QUAKERS.
ERECTED A. D. 1783,
OF THE EMPIRE 8.

In the burying-ground across the street, and within and about the sacred walls of Christ Church, not far away, lie Benjamin Franklin, Francis Hopkinson, Peyton Randolph, Benjamin Rush, and many a gallant soldier and sailor of the war for freedom. Among them, at peace forever, rest the gentlefolks who stood for the king—the gay men and women who were neutral, or who cared little under which George they danced, or gambled, or drank their old Madeira. It is a neighborhood which should be forever full of interest to those who love the country of our birth.

Hugh Wynne.



DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

«DIDST THOU TELL THEM I TAUGHT THEE?»

(SEE PAGE 62.)

I.



CHILD'S early life is such as those who rule over him make it; but they can only modify what he is. Yet, as all know, after their influence has ceased, the man himself has to deal with the effects of blood and breed, and,

too, with the consequences of the mistakes of his elders in the way of education. For these reasons I am pleased to say something of myself in the season of my green youth.

The story of the childhood of the great is often of value, no matter from whom they are «ascended,» as my friend Warder used to say; but even in the lives of such lesser men as I, who have played the part of simple pawns in a mighty game, the change from childhood to manhood is not without interest.

I have often wished we could have the recorded truth of a child's life as it seemed to him day by day, but this can never be. The man it is who writes the life of the boy, and his recollection of it is perplexed by the siftings of memory, which let so much of thought and feeling escape, keeping little more than barren facts, or the remembrance of periods of trouble or of emotion, sometimes quite valueless, while more important moral events are altogether lost.

As these pages will show, I have found it agreeable, and at times useful, to try to understand, so far as in me lay, not only the men who were my captains or mates in war or in peace, but also myself. I have often been puzzled by that well-worn phrase as to the wisdom of knowing thyself; for with what manner of knowledge you know yourself is a grave question, and it is sometimes more valuable to know what is truly thought of you by your nearest friends than to be forever teasing yourself to determine whether what you have done in the course of your life was just what it should have been.

I may be wrong in the belief that my friend Warder saw others more clearly than he saw himself. He was of that opinion, and he says in one place that he is like a mirror, seeing all things sharply, except that he saw not himself. Whether he judged me justly or not, I must leave to others to decide. I should be glad to think that, in the great account, I shall be as kindly dealt with as in the worn and faded pages which tell brokenly of the days of our youth. I am not ashamed to say that my eyes have filled many times as I have lingered over these records of my friend, surely as sweet and true a gentleman as I

have ever known. Perhaps sometimes they have even overflowed at what they read. Why are we reluctant to confess a not ignoble weakness, such as is, after all, only the heart's confession of what is best in life? What becomes of the tears of age?

This is but a wearisome introduction, and yet necessary; for I desire to use freely my friend's journal, and this without perpetual mention of his name, save as one of the actors who played, as I did, a modest part in the tumult of the war in which my own fortunes and his were so deeply concerned. To tell of my own life without speaking freely of the course of a mighty story would be quite impossible. I look back, indeed, with honest comfort on a struggle which changed the history of three nations, but I am sure that the war did more for me than I for it. This I saw in others. Some who went into it unformed lads came out strong men. In others its temptations seemed to find and foster weaknesses of character, and to cultivate the hidden germs of evil. Of all the examples of this influence, none has seemed to me so tragical as that of General Arnold, because, being of reputable stock and sufficient means, generous, in every-day life kindly, and a free-handed friend, he was also, as men are now loath to believe, a most gallant and daring soldier, a tender father, and an attached husband. The thought of the fall of this man fetches back to me, as I write, the remembrance of my own lesser temptations, and with a thankful heart I turn aside to the uneventful story of my boyhood and its surroundings.

I was born in the great city Governor William Penn founded, in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Delaware, and my earliest memories are of the broad river, the ships, the creek before our door, and of brave gentlemen in straight-collared coats and broad-brimmed beaver hats.

I began life in a day of stern rule, and among a people who did not concern themselves greatly as to a child's having that inheritance of happiness with which we like to credit childhood. Who my people were had much to do with my own character, and what those people were, and had been, it is needless to say before I let my story run its natural and, I hope, not uninteresting course.

In my father's bedroom, over the fireplace, hung a pretty picture done in oils, by whom I know not. It is now in my library. It represents a pleasant park, and on a rise of land a gray Jacobean house with, at each side, low wings curved forward so as to embrace

a courtyard shut in by railings and gilded gates. There is also a terrace with urns and flowers. I used to think it was the king's palace until, one morning, when I was still a child, Friend Pemberton came to visit my father with James Logan and a very gay gentleman, Mr. John Penn, he who was sometime lieutenant-governor of the province, and of whom and of his brother Richard great hopes were conceived among Friends. I was encouraged by Mr. Penn to speak more than was thought fitting for children in those days, and because of his rank I escaped the reproof I should else have met with.

He said to my father, «The boy favors thy people.» Then he added, patting my head, «When thou art a man, my lad, thou shouldst go and see where thy people came from in Wales. I have been at Wyncote. It is a great house, with wings in the Italian manner, and a fine fountain in the court, and gates which were gilded when Charles II came to see the squire, and which are not to be set open again until another king comes thither.»

Then I knew this was the picture up-stairs, and, much pleased, I said eagerly:

«My father has it in his bedroom, and our arms below it, all painted most beautiful.»

«Thou art a clever lad,» said the young lieutenant-governor, «and I must have described it well. Let us have a look at it, Friend Wynne.»

But my mother, seeing that James Logan and Friend Pemberton were silent and grave, and that my father looked ill pleased, made haste to make excuse, because it was spring-time, and the annual house-cleaning was going on.

Mr. Penn cried out merrily: «I see that the elders are shocked at thee, Friend Wynne, because of these vanities of arms and pictures; but there is good heraldry on the tankard out of which I drank James Pemberton's beer yesterday. Fie, fie, Friend James!» Then he bowed to my mother very courteously, and said to my father, «I hope I have not got thy boy into difficulties because I reminded him that he is come of gentles.»

«No, no,» said my mother.

«I know the arms, madam, and well, too: quarterly, three eagles displayed in fesse, and—»

«Thou wilt pardon me, Friend Penn,» said my father, curtly. «These are the follies of a world which concerns not those of our society. The lad's aunt has put enough of such nonsense into his head already.»

«Let it pass, then,» returned the young lieutenant-governor, with good humor; «but

I hope, as I said, that I have made no trouble for this stout boy of thine.»

My father replied deliberately, «There is no harm done.» He was too proud to defend himself, but I heard long after that he was taken to task by Thomas Scattergood and another for these vanities of arms and pictures. He told them that he put the picture where none saw it but ourselves, and, when they persisted, reminded them sharply, as Mr. Penn had done, of the crests on their own silver, by which these Friends of Welsh descent set much store.

I remember that when the gay young lieutenant-governor had taken his leave, my father said to my mother, «Was it thou who didst tell the boy this foolishness of these being our arms, and the like, or was it my sister Gaior?»

Upon this my mother drew up her brows, and spread her palms out,—a French way she had,—and cried: «Are they not thy arms? Wherefore should we be ashamed to confess it?»

I suppose this puzzled him, for he merely added, «Too much may be made of such vanities.»

All of this I but dimly recall. It is one of the earliest recollections of my childhood, and being out of the common was, I suppose, for that reason better remembered.

I do not know how old I was when, at this time, Mr. Penn, in a neat wig with side rolls, and dressed very gaudy, aroused my curiosity as to these folk in Wales. It was long after, and only by degrees, that I learned the following facts, which were in time to have a great influence on my own life and its varied fortunes.

In or about the year 1671, and of course before Mr. Penn, the proprietary, came over, my grandfather had crossed the sea, and settled near Chester on lands belonging to the Swedes. The reason of his coming was this. About 1669 the Welsh of the English church, and the magistrates, were greatly stirred to wrath against the people called Quakers, because of their refusal to pay tithes. Among these offenders was no small number of the lesser gentry, especially they of Merionethshire.

My grandfather, Hugh Wynne, was the son and successor of Godfrey Wynne of Wyncote. How he chanced to be born among these hot-blooded Wynnes I do not comprehend. He is said to have been gay in his early days, but in young manhood to have become averse to the wild ways of his breed, and to have taken a serious and contemplative turn. Falling in

with preachers of the people called Quakers, he left the church of the establishment, gave up hunting, ate his game-cocks, and took to straight collars, plain clothes, and plain talk. When he refused to pay the tithes he was fined, and at last cast into prison in Shrewsbury Gate House, where he lay for a year, with no more mind to be taxed for a hireling ministry at the end of that time than at the beginning.

His next brother, William, a churchman as men go, seems to have loved him, although he was himself a rollicking fox-hunter; and seeing that Hugh would die if left in this duress, engaged him to go to America. Upon his agreeing to make over his estate to William, those in authority readily consented to his liberation, since William had no scruples as to the matter of tithes, and with him there would be no further trouble. Thus it came about that my grandfather Hugh left Wales. He had with him, I presume, enough of means to enable him to make a start in Pennsylvania. It could not have been much. He carried also, what no doubt he valued, a certificate of removal from the Quarterly Meeting held at Tyddyn y Garreg. I have this singular document. In it is said of him and of his wife Ellin ("for whom it may concern"), that "they are faithfull and beloved Friends, well known to be serviceable unto Friends and brethren, since they have become convinced; of a blameless and savory conversation. Also are P'sons Dearly beloved of all Souls. His testimony sweet and tender, reaching to the quickening seed of life; we cannot alsoe but bemoan the want of his company, for that in difficult occasion he was sted-fast—nor was one to be turned aside. He is now seasonable in intention for Pennsylvania, in order into finding his way clear, and freedom in the truth according to the measure manifested unto him," etc.

And so the strong-minded man is commended to Friends across the seas. In the records of the meetings for sufferings in England are certain of his letters from the jail. How his character descended to my sterner parent, and through another generation to me, and how the coming in of my mother's gentler blood helped in after days, and amid stir of war, to modify in me, this present writer, the ruder qualities of my race, I may hope to set forth.

William died suddenly in 1679, without children, and was succeeded by the third brother, Owen. This gentleman lived the life of his time, and dying in 1700 of much beer and many strong waters, left one son, Owen,

a minor. What with executors and other evils, the estate now went from ill to worse. Owen Wynne second was in no haste, and thus married as late as somewhere about 1740, and had issue, William, and later, in 1744, a second son, Arthur, and perhaps others; but of all this I heard naught until many years after, as I have already said.

It may seem a weak and careless thing for a man thus to cast away his father's lands, as my ancestor did; but what he gave up was a poor estate, embarrassed with mortgages and lessened by fines until the income was, I suspect, but small. Certain it is that the freedom to worship God as he pleased was more to him than wealth, and assuredly not to be set against a so meager estate, where he must have lived among enmities, or must have dined, drunk, and hunted with the rest of his kinsmen and neighbors.

I have a faint memory of my aunt Gainor Wynne as being fond of discussing the matter, and of how angry this used to make my father. She had a notion that my father knew more than he was willing to say, and that there had been something further agreed between the brothers, although what this was she knew not, nor ever did for many a day. She was given, however, to filling my young fancy with tales about the greatness of these Wynnes, and of how the old homestead, rebuilt in James I's reign, had been the nest of Wynnes past the memory of man. Be all this as it may, we had lost Wyncote for the love of a freer air, although this did not much concern me in the days of which I now write.

Under the mild and just rule of the proprietary, my grandfather Hugh prospered, and in turn his son John, my father, to a far greater extent. Their old home in Wales became to them, as time went on, less and less important. Their acres here in Merion and Bucks were more numerous and more fertile. I may add that the possession of many slaves in Maryland, and a few in Pennsylvania, gave them the feeling of authority and position which the colonial was apt to lose in the presence of his English rulers, who, being in those days principally gentlemen of the army, were given to assuming airs of superiority.

In a word, my grandfather, a man of excellent wits and of great importance, was of the council of William Penn, and, as one of his chosen advisers, much engaged in his difficulties with the Lord Baltimore as to the boundaries of the lands held of the crown. Finally, when, as Penn says, "I could not prevail with my wife to stay, and still less with Tishe," which was short for Lætitia, his daugh-

ter, an obstinate wench, it was to men like Markham, Logan, and my grandfather that he gave his full confidence, and delegated his authority; so that Hugh Wynne had become, long before his death, a person of so much greater condition than the small squires to whom he had given up his estate that he was like Joseph in this new land. What with the indifference come of large means, and the disgust for a land where he had been ill treated, he probably ceased to think of his forefathers' life in Wales as of a thing either desirable or in any way suited to his own creed.

Soon the letters, which at first were frequent, that is, coming twice a year, when the London packet arrived or departed, became rare; and if, on the death of my great-uncle William, they ceased, or if any passed later between us and the next holder of Wyncote, I never knew. The Welsh squires had our homestead, and we our better portion of wealth and freedom in the new land. And so ended my knowledge of this matter for many a year.

You will readily understand that the rude life of a fox-hunting squire, or the position of a strict Quaker on a but moderate estate in Merionethshire, would have had little to tempt my father. Yet one thing remained with him awhile as an unchanged inheritance, to which, so far as I remember, he only once alluded. Indeed, I should never have guessed that he gave the matter a thought but for that visit of Mr. John Penn, and the way it recurred to me in later days in connection with an incident concerning the picture and the blazoned arms.

I think he cared less and less as years went by. In earlier days he may still have liked to remember that he might have been Wynne of Wyncote; but this is a mere guess on my part. Pride spiritual is a master passion, and certain it is that the creed and ways of Fox and Penn became to him, as years created habits, of an importance far beyond the pride which values ancient blood or a stainless shield.

The old house, which was built much in the same fashion as the great mansion of my Lord Dysart on the Thames near to Richmond, but smaller, was, after all, his family home. The picture and the arms were hid away in deference to opinions by which, in general, he more and more sternly abided. Once, when I was older, I went into his bedroom, and was surprised to find him standing before the hearth, his hands crossed behind his back, looking earnestly at the brightly colored

shield beneath the picture of Wyncote. I knew too well to disturb him in these silent moods, but hearing my steps, he suddenly called me to him. I obeyed with the dread his sternness always caused me. To my astonishment, his face was flushed and his eyes were moist. He laid his hand on my shoulder, and clutched it hard as he spoke. He did not turn, but, still looking up at the arms, said in a voice which paused between the words, and sounded strange:

"I have been insulted to-day, Hugh, by the man Thomas Bradford. I thank God that the Spirit prevailed with me to answer him in Christian meekness. He came near to worse things than harsh words. Be warned, my son. It is a terrible setback from right living to come of a hot-blooded breed like these Wynnes."

I looked up at him as he spoke. He was smiling.

"But not all bad, Hugh, not all bad. Remember that it is something, in this nest of disloyal traders, to have come of gentle blood."

Then he left gazing on the arms and the old home of our people, and said severely, "Hast thou gotten thy tasks to-day?"

"Yes."

"It has not been so of late. I hope thou hast considered before speaking. If I hear no better of thee soon, thou wilt repent it. It is time thou shouldst take thy life more seriously. What I have said is for no ear but thine."

I went away with a vague feeling that I had suffered for Mr. Bradford, and on account of my father's refusal to join in resistance to the Stamp Act; for this was in November, 1765, and I was then fully twelve years of age.

My father's confession, and all he had said following it, made upon me one of those lasting impressions which are rare in youth, but which may have a great influence on the life of a man. Now all the boys were against the Stamp Act, and I had at the moment a sudden fear at being opposed to my father. I had, too, a feeling of personal shame because this strong man, whom I dreaded on account of his severity, should have been so overwhelmed by an insult. There was at this period, and later, much going on in my outer life to lessen the relentless influence of the creed of conduct which prevailed in our home for me, and for all of our house. I had even then begun to suspect at school that non-resistance did not add permanently to the comfort of life. I was sorry that my father had not resorted to stronger measures with Mr. Bradford, a

gentleman whom, in after years, I learned greatly to respect.

More than anything else, this exceptional experience as to my father left me with a great desire to know more of these Wynnes, and with a certain share of that pride of race which, to my surprise as I think it over now, was at that time in my father's esteem a possession of value. I am bound to add that I also felt some self-importance at being intrusted with this secret, for such indeed it was.

Before my grandfather left Wales, he had married a distant cousin, Ellin Owen, and on her death, childless, he took to wife, many years later, her younger sister, Gainor,¹ for these Owens, our kinsmen, had also become Friends, and had followed my grandfather's example in leaving their home in Merionethshire. To this second marriage, which occurred in 1713, were born my aunt, Gainor Wynne, and, two years later, my father, John Wynne. I have no remembrance of either grandparent. Both lie in the ground at Merion Meeting-house, under nameless, unmarked graves, after the manner of Friends. I like it not.

My father, being a stern and silent man, must needs be caught by his very opposite, and, according to this law of our nature, fell in love with Marie Beauvais, the orphan of a French gentleman who had become a Quaker, and was of that part of France called the Midi. Of this marriage I was the only surviving offspring, my sister Ellin dying when I was an infant. I was born in the city of Penn, on January 9, 1753, at 9 P. M.

II.

I HAVE but to close my eyes to see the house in which I lived in my youth. It stood in the city of Penn, back from the low bluff of Dock Creek, near to Walnut street. The garden stretched down to the water, and before the door were still left on either side two great hemlock-spruces, which must have been part of the noble woods under which the first settlers found shelter. Behind the house was a separate building, long and low, in which all the cooking was done, and up-stairs were the rooms where the slaves dwelt apart.

The great garden stretched westward as far as Third street, and was full of fine fruit-trees, and in the autumn of melons, first brought hither in one of my father's ships. Herbs and simples were not wanting, nor ber-

¹ Thus early we shed the English prejudice against marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

ries; for all good housewives in those days were expected to be able to treat colds and the lesser maladies with simples, as they were called, and to provide abundantly jams and conserves of divers kinds.

There were many flowers, too, and my mother loved to make a home here for the wildings she found in the governor's woods. I have heard her regret that the most delicious of all the growths of spring, the ground-sweet, which I think they now call *arbutus*, would not prosper out of its forest shelter.

The house was of black and red brick, and double; that is, with two windows on each side of a white Doric doorway, having something portly about it. I use the word as Dr. Johnson defines it—a house of port, with a look of sufficiency, and, too, of ready hospitality, which was due, I think, to the upper half of the door being open a good part of the year. I recall also the bull's-eye of thick glass in the upper half-door, and below it a great brass knocker. In the white shutters were cut crescent openings, which looked at night like half-shut eyes when there were lights within the rooms. In the hall were hung on pegs leathern buckets. They were painted green, and bore, in yellow letters, "Fire" and "J. W."

The day I went to school for the first time is very clear in my memory. I can see myself, a stout little fellow about eight years old, clad in gray homespun, with breeches, low shoes, and a low, flat beaver hat. I can hear my mother say, "Here are two big apples for thy master," it being the custom so to propitiate pedagogues. Often afterward I took eggs in a little basket, or flowers, and others did the like.

"Now run! run!" she cried, "and be a good boy; run, or thou wilt be late." And she clapped her hands as I sped away, now and then looking back over my shoulder.

I remember as well my return home to this solid house, this first day of my going to school. One is apt to associate events with persons, and my mother stood leaning on the half-door as I came running back. She was some little reassured to see me smiling, for, to tell the truth, I had been mightily scared at my new venture.

This sweet and most tender-hearted lady wore, as you may like to know, a gray gown, and a blue chintz apron fastened over the shoulders with wide bands. On her head was a very broad-brimmed white beaver hat, low in the crown, and tied by silk cords under her chin. She had a great quantity of brown hair, among which was one wide strand of

gray. This she had from youth, I have been told. It was all very silken, and so curly that it was ever in rebellion against the custom of Friends, which would have had it flat on the temples. Indeed, I never saw it so, for, whether at the back or at the front, it was wont to escape in large curls. Nor do I think she disliked this worldly wilfulness for which nature had provided an unanswerable excuse. She had serious blue eyes, very large and wide open, so that the clear white was seen all around the blue, and with a constant look as if of gentle surprise. And in middle life she was still pliant and well rounded, with a certain compliment of fresh prettiness in whatever gesture she addressed to friend or guest. Some said it was a French way, and, indeed, she made more use of her hands in speech than was common among people of British race.

Her goodness seems to me to have been instinctive, and to have needed neither thought nor effort. Her faults, as I think of her, were mostly such as arise from excess of loving and of noble moods. She would be lavish where she had better have been merely generous, or rash where some would have lacked even the commoner qualities of courage. Indeed, as to this, she feared no one, neither my grave father nor the grimmest of inquisitive committees of Friends.

As I came, she set those large, childlike eyes on me, and opening the lower half-door, cried out:

"I could scarce wait for thee! I wish I could have gone with thee, Hugh; and was it dreadful? Come, let us see thy little book. And did they praise thy reading? Didst thou tell them I taught thee? There are girls, I hear," and so on—a way she had of asking many questions without waiting for a reply.

As we chatted, we passed through the hall, where tall mahogany chairs stood dark against the whitewashed walls, such as were in all the rooms. Joyous at escape from school and its confinement of three long, weary hours, from eight to eleven, I dropped my mother's hand, and running a little, slid down the long entry over the thinly sanded floor, and then slipping, came down with a rueful countenance, as nature, foreseeing results, meant that a boy should descend when his legs fail him. My mother sat down on a settle, and spread out both palms toward me, laughing, and crying out:

"So near are joy and grief, my friends, in this world of sorrow."

This was said so exactly with the voice and manner of a famous preacher of our meeting

that even I, a lad then of only eight years, recognized the imitation. Indeed, she was wonderful at this trick of mimicry, a thing most odious among Friends. As I smiled, hearing her, I was aware of my father in the open doorway of the sitting-room, tall, strong, with much iron-gray hair. Within I saw several Friends, large, rosy men in drab, with horn buttons and straight collars, their stout legs clad in dark silk hose, without the paste or silver buckles then in use. All wore broad-brimmed, low beavers, and their gold-headed canes rested between their knees.

My father said to me, in his sharp way: "Take thy noise out into the orchard. The child disturbs us, wife. Thou shouldst know better. A committee of overseers is with me." He disliked the name Marie, and was never heard to use it, nor even its English equivalent.

Upon this, the dear lady murmured, "Let us fly, Hugh," and she ran on tiptoe along the hall with me, while my father closed the door. "Come," she added, "and see the floor. I am proud of it. We have friends to eat dinner with us at two."

The great room where we took our meals is still clear in my mind. The floor was two inches deep in white sand, in which were carefully traced zigzag lines, with odd figures in the corners. A bare table of well-rubbed mahogany stood in the middle, with a thin board or two laid on the sand, that the table might be set without disturbing the patterns. In the corners were glass-covered buffets full of silver and Delft ware, and a punch-bowl of Chelsea was on the broad window-ledge, with a silver-mounted cocoanut lade.

"The floor is pretty," she said, regarding it with pride; "and I would make flowers, too, but that thy father thinks it vain, and Friend Pemberton would set his bridge spectacles on his nose and look at me until I said naughty words, oh, very! Come out; I will find thee some ripe damsons, and save thee cake for thy supper if Friend Warder does not eat it all. He is a little man, and eats much. A solicitous man," and she became of a sudden the person she had in mind, looking somehow feeble and cautious and uneasy, with arms at length, and the palms turned forward, so that I knew it for Joseph Warder, a frequent caller, of whom more hereafter.

"What is so—solicitous?" I said.

"Oh, too fearful concerning what may be thought of him. Vanity, vanity! Come, let us run down the garden. Canst thou catch me, Hugh?" And with this she fled away, under

the back stoop and through the trees, light and active, her curls tumbling out, while I hurried after her, mindful of damsons, and wondering how much cake Friend Warder would leave for my comfort at evening.

Dear, ever dear lady, seen through the mist of years! None was like you, and none as dear, save one who had as brave a soul, but far other ways and charms.

And thus began my life at school, to which I went twice a day, my father not approving of the plan of three sessions a day, which was common, nor, for some reason, I know not what, of schools kept by Friends. So it was that I set out before eight, and went again from two to four. My master, David Dove, kept his school in Vidall's Alley, nigh to Chestnut street, above Second. There were many boys and girls, and of the former, John Warder, and Graydon, who wrote certain memoirs long after. His mother, a widow, kept boarders in the great Slate-roof House near by, for in those days this was a common resource of decayed gentlewomen, and by no means affected their social position. Here came many officers to stay, and their red coats used to please my eyes as I went by the porch, where at evening I saw them smoking long pipes, and saying not very nice things of the local gentry, or of the women as they passed by, and calling « *Mohair!* » after the gentlemen, a manner of army word of contempt for citizens. I liked well enough the freedom I now enjoyed, and found it to my fancy to wander a little on my way to school, although usually I followed the creek, and where Second street crossed it lingered on the bridge to watch the barges or galleys come up at full of tide to the back of the warehouses on the northeast bank.

I have observed that teachers are often eccentric, and surely David Dove was no exception, nor do I now know why so odd a person was chosen by many for the care of youth. I fancy my mother had to do with the choice in my case, and was influenced by the fact that Dove rarely used the birch, but had a queer fancy for setting culprits on a stool, with the birch switch stuck in the back of the jacket, so as to stand up behind the head. I hated this, and would rather have been birched *secundum artem* than to see the girls giggling at me. I changed my opinion later.

Thus my uneventful life ran on, while I learned to write, and acquired, with other simple knowledge, enough of Latin and Greek to fit me for entrance at the academy which Dr. Franklin had founded in 1750 in the hall on Fourth street built for Whitefield's preaching.

At this time I fell much into the company of John Warder, a lad of my own age, and a son of that Joseph who liked cake, and was, as my mother said, solicitous. Most of the games of boys were not esteemed fitting by Friends, and hence we were somewhat limited in our resources; but to fish in the creek we were free; also, to haunt the ships and hear sea-yarns, and to skate in winter, were not forbidden. Jack Warder I took to because he was full of stories, and would imagine what things might chance to my father's ships in the West Indies; but why, in those early days, he liked me, I do not know.

Our school life with Dove ended after four years in an odd fashion. I was then about twelve, and had become a vigorous, daring boy, with, as it now seems to me, something of the fortunate gaiety of my mother. Other lads thought it singular that in peril I became strangely vivacious; but underneath I had a share of the relentless firmness of my father, and of his vast dislike of failure, and of his love of truth. I have often thought that the father in me saved me from the consequences of so much of my mother's gentler nature as might have done me harm in the rude conflicts of life.

David Dove, among other odd ways, devised a plan for punishing the unpunctual which had considerable success. One day when I had far overstayed the hour of eight, by reason of having climbed into Friend Pemberton's gardens, where I was tempted by many green apples, I was met by four older boys. One had a lantern, which, with much laughter, he tied about my neck, and one, marching before, rang a bell. I had seen this queer punishment fall on others, and certainly the amusement shown by people in the streets would not have hurt me, compared with the advantage of pockets full of apples, had I not of a sudden seen my father, who usually breakfasted at six, and was at his warehouse by seven. He looked at me composedly, but went past us, saying nothing.

On my return about eleven he unluckily met me in the garden, for I had gone the back way in order to hide my apples. I had an unpleasant half-hour, despite my mother's tears, and was sent at once to confess to Friend James Pemberton. The good man said I was a naughty boy, but must come later when the apples were red ripe, and I should take all I wanted, and I might fetch with me another boy, or even two. I never forgot this, and did him some good turns in after years, and right gladly, too.

In my own mind I associated David Dove

with this painful interview with my father. I disliked him the more because, when the procession entered the school, a little girl for whom Warder and I had a boy friendship, in place of laughing, as did the rest, for some reason began to cry. This angered the master, who had the lack of self-control often seen in eccentric people. He asked why she cried, and on her sobbing out that it was because she was sorry for me, he bade her take off her stays. These being stiff, and worn outside the gown, would have made the punishment of the birch on the shoulders of trifling moment.

As it was usual to whip girls at school, the little maid said nothing, but did as she was bid, taking a sharp birching without a cry. Meanwhile I sat with my head in my hands, and my fingers in my ears, lest I should hear her weeping. After school that evening, when all but Warder and I had wandered home, I wrote on the outside wall of the school-house with chalk, «David Dove Is A Cruel Beast,» and went away somewhat better contented.

Now, with all his seeming dislike to use the rod, David had turns of severity, and then he was far more brutal than any man I have ever known. Therefore it did not surprise us next morning that the earlier scholars were looking with wonder and alarm at the sentence on the wall, when Dove, appearing behind us, ordered us to enter at once.

Going to his desk, he put on his spectacles, which then were worn astride of the nose. In a minute he set on below them a second pair, and this we knew to be a signal of coming violence. Then he stood up, and asked who had written the opprobrious epithet on the wall. As no one replied, he asked several in turn, but luckily chose the girls, thinking, perhaps, that they would weakly betray the sinner. Soon he lost patience, and cried out he would give a king's pound to know.

When he had said this over and over, I began to reflect that, if he had any real idea of doing as he promised, a pound was a great sum, and to consider what might be done with it in the way of marbles of Amsterdam, tops, and certain much-desired books; for now this last temptation was upon me, as it has been ever since. As I sat, and Dove thundered, I remembered how, when one Stacy, with an oath, assured my father that his word was as good as his bond, my parent said dryly that this equality left him free to choose, and he would prefer his bond. I saw no way to what was for me the mysterious security of a bond, but I did conceive of some need to stiffen the promise Dove had made before I faced the penalty.

Upon this I held up a hand, and the master cried, «What is it?»

I said, «Master, if a boy should tell thee, wouldst thou surely give a pound?»

At this a lad called «Shame!» thinking I was a telltale.

When Dove called silence, and renewed his pledge, I, overbold, said, «Master, I did it, and now wilt thou please to give me a pound—a king's pound?»

«I will give thee a pounding!» he roared; and upon this came down from his raised form, and gave me a beating so terrible and cruel that at last the girls cried aloud, and he let me drop on the floor sore and angry. I lay still awhile, and then went to my seat. As I bent over my desk, it was rather the sense that I had been wronged than the pain of the blows which troubled me.

After school, refusing speech to any, I walked home, and ministered to my poor little bruised body as I best could. Now, this being a Saturday, and therefore a half-holiday, I ate at two with my father and mother.

Presently my father, detecting my uneasy movements, said, «Hast thou been birched to-day, and for what badness?»

Upon this, my mother said softly: «What is it, my son? Have no fear.» And this gentleness being too much for me, I fell to tears, and blurted out all my little tragedy.

As I ended, my father rose, very angry, and cried out, «Come this way!» But my mother caught me, saying: «No! no! Look, John! See his poor neck and his wrist! What a brute! I tell thee, thou shalt not! It were a sin. Leave him to me,» and she thrust me behind her as if for safety.

To my surprise, he said, «As thou wilt,» and my mother hurried me away. We had a grave, sweet talk, and there it ended for a time. I learned that, after all, the woman's was the stronger will. I was put to bed, and declared to have a fever, and given sulphur and treacle, and kept out of the paternal paths for a mournful day of enforced rest.

On the Monday following I went to school as usual, but not without fear of Dove. When we were all busy, about ten o'clock, I was amazed to hear my father's voice. He stood before the desk, and addressed Master Dove in a loud voice, meaning, I suppose, to be heard by all of us.

«David Dove,» he said, «my son hath been guilty of disrespect to thee and to thy office. I do not say he has lied, for it is my belief that thou art truly an unjust and cruel beast. As for his sin, he has suffered enough [I felt

glad of this final opinion]; but a bargain was made. He, on his part, for a consideration of one pound sterling, was to tell thee who wrote certain words. He has paid thee, and thou hast taken interest out of his skin. Indeed, Friend Shylock, I think he weighs less by a pound. Thou wilt give him his pound, Master David.»

Upon this a little maid near by smiled at me, and Warder punched me in the ribs. Master Dove was silent a moment, and then answered that there was no law to make him pay, and that he had spoken lightly, as one might say, «I would give this or that to know.» But my father replied at once:

«The boy trusted thee, and was as good as his word. I advise thee to pay. As thou art master to punish boys, so will I, David, use thy birch on thee at need, and trust to the great Master to reckon with me if I am wrong.»

All this he said so fiercely that I trembled with joy, and hoped that Dove would deny him; but in place of this he muttered something about Meeting and Friends, and meanwhile searched his pockets, and brought out a guinea. This my father dropped into his breeches pocket, saying, «The shilling over will be for interest» (a guinea being a shilling over a king's pound). After this, turning to me, he said, «Come with me, Hugh,» and went out of the school-house, I following after, very well pleased, and thinking of my guinea. I dared not ask for it, and I think he forgot it. He went along homeward, with his head bent, and his hands behind his back. In common he walked with his head up and his chin set forward, as though he did a little look down on the world of other men; and this in truth he did, being at least six feet three inches in his stocking-feet, and with no lack of proportion in waist or chest.

Next day I asked my mother of my guinea; but she laughed gaily, and threw up her hands, and cried: «A bad debt—a bad debt, Hugh! Dost thou want more interest? My father used to say they had a proverb in the Midi, (If the devil owe thee money, it were best to lose it.) *Le diable!* Oh, what am I saying? *Mon fils*, forget thy debt. What did thy father say?» And I told it again, to her amusement; but she said at last very seriously:

«It has disturbed thy father as never before did anything since he would not join with Friend Bradford against the Stamp Act. I would I had seen him then, or this time. I like sometimes to see a strong man in just anger. Oh, *mon Dieu!* What did I say! I am but half a Quaker, I fear.» My mother never would turn away from the creed of her people,

but she did not altogether fancy the ways of Friends.

«*Oh, mon fils*, sometimes I say naughty words. Give me a sweet little pat on the cheek for my badness, and always come to me with all thy troubles.» Then I kissed her, and we went out to play hide-and-find in the orchard.

As to my father, even his grim, sarcastic humor left him as years went on, and he became as entirely serious as I ever knew a man to be. I think on this occasion his after-annoyance, which endured for days, was more because of having threatened Dove than for any other cause. He no doubt regarded me as the maker of the mischief which had tempted him for a moment to forget himself, and for many a day his unjust severity proved that he did not readily forgive. But so it was always. My mother never failed to understand me, which my father seemed rarely able to do. If I did ill, he used the strap with little mercy, but neither in these early years, nor in those which followed, did he ever give me a word of praise. Many years afterward I found a guinea in a folded paper laid away in my father's desk. On the outer cover he had written, «This belongs to Hugh. He were better without it.»

My mother scarce ever let slip her little French expletives or phrases in my father's hearing. He hated all French things, and declared the language did not ring true—that it was a slippery tongue, in which it was easy to lie. A proud, strong man he was in those days, of fixed beliefs, and of unchanging loyalty to the king. In his own house he was feared by his son, his clerks, and his servants; but not by my mother, who charmed him as she did all other men, and had in most things her desire.

Outside of his own walls few men cared to oppose him. He was rich and coldly despotic; a man exact and just in business, but well able, and as willing, to help with a free hand whatever cause was of interest to Friends. My aunt Gainor, a little his senior, was one of the few over whom he had no manner of control. She went her own way, and it was by no means his way, as I shall make more clear by and by.

Two days later I was taken to the academy, or the college, as some called it, which is now the university. My father wrote my name, as you may see it in the catalogue, and his own signature, with the date of June 4, 1765. Beneath it is the entry of John Warder and his father, Joseph; for Jack had also been removed from Dove's dominion because of what

my father said to Joseph, a man always pliable, and advised to do what larger men thought good. Thus it came about that my friend Jack and I were by good fortune kept in constant relation. Our schoolmate, the small maid so slight of limb, so dark and tearful, was soon sent away to live with an aunt in Bristol, on the Delaware, having become an orphan by the death of her mother. Thus it came about that Lurline Peniston passed out of my life for many years, having been, through the accident of her tenderness, the means for me of a complete and fortunate change.

III.

THE academy was, and still is, a plain brick building, set back from Fourth street, and having a large gravelled space in front and also at the back. The main school-room occupied its whole westward length, and upstairs was a vast room, with large joists above, in which, by virtue of the deed of gift, any Christian sect was free to worship if temporarily deprived of a home. Here the great Whitefield preached, and here generations of boys were taught. Behind the western playground was the graveyard of Christ Church. He was thought a brave lad who, after school at dusk in winter, dared to climb over, and search around the tombs of the silent dead for a lost ball or what not.

I was mightily afraid of the academy. The strict was used often and with severity, and, as I soon found, there was war between the boys and the town fellows who lived to north and east. I was also to discover other annoyances quite as little to the taste of Friends, such as stone fights or snowball skirmishes. But time passed, I should like well no longer hang over this school life. The college, as it was actually called, and a great reputation, and its early catalogues are rich with names of those who made an empire. This task I leave to other pens, and hasten to tell my own personal story.

In my friend Jack Warner's journal there is a kind page or two as to what manner of lad I was in his remembrance of me in after years. I like to think it was a true picture.

When Hugh Wynne and I went to school at the academy on Fourth street, south of Arch, I need no envy him his strength. At twelve he was as tall as are most lads at sixteen, but possessed of such activity and muscular power as are rarely seen, hiding fair to obtain, as he did later, the height and massive build of his father. He was a great lover of risk, and not, as I have always been, fear-

ful. When we took apples, after the fashion of all Adam's young descendants, he was as like as not to give them away. I think he went with us on these and some wilder errands chiefly because of his fondness for danger, a thing I could never comprehend. He still has his mother's great eyes of blue, and a fair, clear skin. God bless him! Had I never known him, I might perhaps have been, as to one thing, a happier man, but I had been less deserving of such good fortune as has come to me in life. For this is one of the uses of friends—that we consider how such and such a thing we are moved to do might appear to them. And this for one of my kind, who have had—nay, who have—many weaknesses, has been why Hugh Wynne counts for so much to me.

• We, with two other smaller boys, were at that time the only sons of Friends at the academy, and were, thanks to the true Dove, better grounded in the humanities than were some, although we were late in entering.

I leave this and other extracts as they were writ. A more upright gentleman than John Warner I know not, nor did ever know. What he meant by his weaknesses I cannot tell, and as to the meaning of one phrase, which he does not here explain, these pages shall perhaps discover.

Not long after our entrance at the academy, my father charged me one morning with a note to my aunt Gainer Wynne, which I was to deliver when the morning session was over. As this would make me late, in case her absence delayed a reply, I was to remain and eat my midday meal. My father was loath always to call upon his sister. She had early returned to the creed of her ancestors, and sat on Sundays in a great square pew at Christ Church, to listen to the Rev. Robert Jennings, D.D., in September of 1763, my aunt took me, to my father's indignation, to hear the great Mr. Whitefield preach.

Neither Aunt Gainer's creed, dress, house, nor society pleased her brother. She had early made clear, in her decisive way, that I was to be her heir, and she was, I may add, a woman of large estate. I was allowed to visit her as I pleased. Indeed, I did so often. I liked no one better, always excepting my mother. Why, with my father's knowledge of her views, I was thus left free, I cannot say. He was the last of men to sacrifice his beliefs to motives of gain.

When I knocked at the door of her house on Arch street, opposite the Friends' Meeting-house, a black boy dressed as a page let me in. He was clad in gray armozine, a sort

of corded stuff, with red buttons, and he wore a red turban. As my aunt was gone to drive, on a visit to that Madam Penn who was once Miss Allen, I was in no hurry, and was glad to look about me. The parlor, a great room with three windows on the street, afforded a strange contrast to my sober home. There were Smyrna rugs on a polished floor, a thing almost unheard of. Indeed, people came to see them. The furniture was all of red walnut, and carved in shells and flower reliefs. Of tables there were so many, little and larger, with claw-feet or spindle-legs, that one had to be careful not to overturn their loads of Chinese dragons, ivory carvings, grotesque Delft beasts, and fans French, or Spanish, or of the Orient. There was also a spinet, and a corner closet of books, of which every packet brought her a variety. Up-stairs was a fair room full of volumes, big and little, as I found to my joy rather later, and these were of all kinds—some good, and some of them queer or naughty. Over the wide, white fireplace was a portrait of herself by the elder Peale, but I prefer the one now in my library. This latter hung, at the time I speak of, between the windows. It was significant of my aunt's idea of her own importance that she should have wished to possess two portraits of herself. The latter was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds when she was in England in 1750, and represents her as a fine, large woman, with features which were too big for loveliness in youth, but in after years went well with her abundant gray hair and unusual stature; for, like the rest of us, she was tall, of vigorous and wholesome build and color, with large, well-shaped hands, and the strength of a man—I might add, too, with the independence of a man. She went her own way, conducted the business of her estate, which was ample, with skill and ability, and asked advice from no one. Like my father, she had a liking to control those about her, was restlessly busy, and was never so pleased as when engaged in arranging other people's lives, or meddling with the making of matches.

To this ample and luxurious house came the better class of British officers, and ombre and quadrille were often, I fear, played late into the long nights of winter. Single women, after a certain or uncertain age, were given a brevet title of «Mistress.» Mistress Gainor Wynne lost or won with the coolness of an old gambler, and this habit, perhaps more than aught beside, troubled my father. Sincere and consistent in his views, I can hardly think that my father was, after all, unable to

resist the worldly advantages which my aunt declared should be mine. It was, in fact, difficult to keep me out of the obvious risks this house and company provided for a young person like myself. He must have trusted to the influence of my home to keep me in the ways of Friends. It is also to be remembered, as regards my father's motives, that my aunt Gainor was my only relative, since of the Owens none were left.

My mother was a prime favorite with this masterful lady. She loved nothing better than to give her fine silk petticoats or a pearl-colored satin gown; and if this should nowadays amaze Friends, let them but look in the «Observer» and see what manner of finery was advertised in 1778 as stole from our friend Sarah Fisher, sometime Sarah Logan, a much-respected member of Meeting. In this, as in all else, my mother had her way, and, like some of the upper class of Quakers, wore at times such raiment as fifty years later would have surely brought about a visit from a committee of overseers.

Waiting for Aunt Gainor, I fell upon an open parcel of books just come by the late spring packet. Among these turned up a new and fine edition of «Captain Gulliver's Travels» by Mr. Dean Swift. I lit first, among these famous adventures, on an extraordinary passage, so wonderful, indeed, and so amusing, that I heard not the entrance of my father, who at the door had met my aunt, and with her some fine ladies of the governor's set. There were Mrs. Ferguson, too well known in the politics of later years, but now only a beautiful and gay woman; Madam Allen; and Madam Chew, the wife of the attorney-general.

They were eagerly discussing, and laughingly inquiring of my father what color of masks for the street was to be preferred. He was in no wise embarrassed by these fine dames, and never, to my thinking, was seen to better advantage than among what he called «world's people.» He seemed to me more really at home than among Friends, and as he towered, tall, and gravely courteous in manner, I thought him a grand gentleman.

As I looked up, the young Miss Chew, who afterward married Colonel Eager Howard, was saying saucily: «Does not Madam Wynne wear a mask for her skin? It is worth keeping, Mr. Wynne.»

«Let me recommend to you a vizard with silver buttons to hold in the mouth, or, better, a riding-mask,» cried Aunt Gainor, pleased at this gentle badgering, «like this, John. See, a flat silver plate to hold between the teeth. It is the last thing.»

«White silk would suit her best,» cried Mrs. Ferguson, «or green, with a chin-curtain—a loo-mask. Which would you have, sir?»

«Indeed,» he said quietly, «her skin is good enough. I know no way to better it.»

Then they all laughed, pelting the big man with many questions, until he could not help but laugh as he declared he was overwhelmed and would come on his business another day. But on this the women would not stay, and took themselves and their high bonnets and many petticoats out of the room, each dropping a courtesy at the door, and he bowing low, like Mr. John Penn, as never before I had seen him do.

No sooner were they gone than he desired me to give him the note he had written to his sister, since now it was not needed, and then he inquired what book I was reading. Aunt Gainor glanced at it, and replied for me: «A book of travels, John; very improving, too. Take it home, Hugh, and read it. If you find in it no improprieties, it may be recommended to your father.» She loved nothing better than to tease him.

«I see not what harm there could be in travels,» he returned. «Thou hast my leave. Gainor, what is this I hear? Thou wouldst have had me sell thee for a venture three-score hogsheads of tobacco from Annapolis. I like not to trade with my sister, nor that she should trade at all; and now, when I have let them go to another, I hear that it is thou who art the real buyer. I came hither to warn thee that other cargoes are to arrive. Thou wilt lose.»

Aunt Gainor said nothing for a moment, but let loose the linen safeguard petticoat she wore against mud or dust when riding, and appeared in a rich brocade of gray silken stuff, and a striped under-gown. When she had put off her loose camlet over-jacket, she said: «Will you have a glass of Madeira, or shall it be Hollands, John? Ring the bell, Hugh.»

«Hollands,» said my father.

«What will you give me for your tobacco to-day, John?»

«Why dost thou trifle?» he returned.

«I sold it again, John. I am the better by an hundred pounds. Two tobacco-ships are wrecked on Hinlopen. An express is come. Have you not heard?»

«Farewell,» he said, rising. He made no comment on her news. I had an idea that he would not have been unhappy had she lost on her venture.

Joseph Warder was her agent then and

afterward. She rarely lost on her purchases. Although generous, and even lavish, she dearly loved a good bargain, and, I believe, liked the game far more than she cared for success in the playing of it.

«Come, Hugh,» she said, «let us eat and drink. Take the book home, and put it away for your own reading. Here is sixpence out of my gains. I hope you will never need to trade, and, indeed, why should you, whether I live or die? How would the king's service suit you, and a pair of colors?»

I said I should like it.

«There is a pretty tale, Hugh, of the French gentlemen who, being poor, have to make money in commerce. They leave their swords with a magistrate, and when they are become rich enough take them back again. There is some pleasing ceremony, but I forget. The Wynnes have been long enough in drab and trade. It is time we took back our swords, and quitted bow-thumping and bow-thieving.»

I said I did not understand.

«Oh, you will,» said Aunt Gainor, giving me a great apple-dumpling. «Take some molasses. Oh, as much as you please. I shall look away, as I do when the gentlemen take their rum.»

You may be sure I obeyed her. As to much that she said, I was shocked; but I never could resist a laugh, and so we made merry like children, as was usual: for, as she used to say, «To learn when to laugh and when not to laugh is an education.»

When my meal was over, and my stomach and my pockets all full, Aunt Gainor bade me sit on her knees, and began to tell me about what fine gentlemen were the Wynnes, and how foolish my grandfather had been to turn Quaker, and give up fox-hunting and the old place. I was told, too, how much she had lost to Mr. Penn last night, and more that was neither well for me to hear nor wise for her to tell: but as to this she cared little, and she sent me away then, as far too many times afterward, full of my own importance, and of desire to escape some day from the threatened life of the ledger and the day-book.

At last she said, «You are getting too heavy, Hugh. Handsome Mrs. Ferguson says you are too big to be kissed, and not old enough to kiss,» and so she bade me go forth to the afternoon session of the academy.

After two weeks at the academy I got my first lesson in the faculty of non-resistance, so that all the lessons of my life in favor of this doctrine were of a sudden rendered vain. We were going home in the afternoon,

gay and happy, Jack Warder to take supper with me, and to use a boat my aunt had given me.

Near to High street was a vacant lot full of bushes and briars. Here the elder lads paused, and one said, «Wynne, you are to fight.»

I replied: «Why should I fight? I will not.»

«But it is to get your standing in the school, and Tom Alloway is to fight you.»

«This was a famous occasion in our lives,» writes my friend Jack; «for, consider, I, who was a girl for timidity, was sure to have my turn next, and here were we two little fellows, who had heard every First-day, and ever and ever at home, that all things were to be suffered of all men—and of boys, too, I presume. I was troubled for Hugh, but I noticed that while he said he would not fight he was buttoning up his jacket and turning back the cuff of one sleeve. Also he smiled as he said, «No, I cannot»; and many times since I have seen him merry in danger.

«For, of a truth, never later did he or I feel the sense of a great peril as we did that day, with the bigger boys hustling us, and Alloway crying «Coward!» I looked about for some man who would help us, but there was no one; only a cow hobbled near by. She looked up, and then went on chewing her cud. I, standing behind Hugh, said, «Run! run!»

«The counsel seemed good to me who gave it. As I think on it now, I was in great perplexity of soul, and had a horrible fear as to bodily hurt. I turned, followed by Hugh, and ran fleetly across the open ground and through the bushes. About midway I looked back. Two lads were near upon us, when I saw Hugh drop upon his hands and knees. Both fellows rolled over him, and he called out, as they fell to beating him, «Run, Jack!»

«But I was no longer so minded. I kicked one boy, and struck another, and even now recall how a strange joy captured me when I struck the first blow.»

There was a fine scrimmage, for no quarter was asked or given, and I saw my poor Jack's girl-face bloody. This was the last I remember clearly, for the lust of battle was on me, and I can recall no more of what chanced for a little than I could in later years of the wild melley on the main street of Germantown, or of the struggle in the redoubt at Yorktown.

Presently we were cast to right and left by a strong hand, and, looking up as I stood fierce and panting, I saw Friend Rupert Forest, and was overwhelmed with fear; for often on First-day I had heard him preach solemnly, and always it was as to turning the

other cheek, and on the wickedness of profane language. Just now he seemed pleased rather than angered, and said, smiling:

«This is a big war, boys. What is it about?»

I said, «I must fight for my standing, and I will not.»

«I think thou wert scarcely of that mind just now. There will be bad blood until it is over.»

To this I replied, «It is Alloway I am to fight.»

To my surprise, he went on to say, «Then take off thy jacket, and stand up, and no kicking.»

I asked nothing better, and began to laugh. At this my foe, who was bigger and older than I, cried out that I would laugh on the other side of my mouth—a queer boy phrase of which I could never discover the meaning.

«And now, fair play,» said Friend Forest. «Keep cool, Hugh, and watch his eyes.»

I felt glad that he was on my side, and we fell to with no more words. I was no match for the practised fists of my antagonist; but I was the stronger, and I kept my wits better than might have been expected. At last I got his head under my arm, with a grip on his gullet, and so mauled him with my right fist that Friend Forest pulled me away, and my man staggered back, bloody, and white too, while I was held like a dog in leash.

«He hath enough, I think. Ask him.»

I cried out, «No! Damn him!» It was my first oath.

«Hush!» cried Forest. «No profane language!»

«I will not speak to him,» said I; «and—and—he is a beast of the pit.» Now this fine statement I had come upon in a book of Mr. William Penn's my father owned, wherein the governor had denounced one Mr. Muggleton.

Friend Forest laughed merrily. «Thou hast thy standing, lad.» For Alloway walked sullenly away, not man enough to take more or to confess defeat. Jack, who was still white, said:

«It is my turn now, and which shall it be?»

«Shade of Fox!» cried Friend Forest. «The war is over. Come, boys, I must see you well out of this.» And so reassuring us, he went down Fourth street, and to my home.

My father was in the sitting-room, taking his long-stemmed reed pipe at his ease. He rose as we followed Friend Forest into the room.

«Well,» he said, «what coil is this?» For we were bloody, and hot with fight and wrath, and, as to our garments, in very sad disorder.

Friend Forest very quietly related our

story, and made much of his own share in the renewal of our battle. To my surprise, my father smiled.

«It seems plain,» he said, «that the lads were not to blame. But how wilt thou answer to the Meeting, Rupert Forest?»

«To it, to thee, to any man,» said the Quaker.

«It is but a month ago that thy case was before Friends because of thy having beaten Friend Waln's man. It will go ill with thee—ill, I fear.»

«And who is to spread it abroad?»

«Not I,» said my father.

«I knew that,» returned the Friend, simply. «I am but a jack-in-the-box Quaker, John. I am in and out in a moment, and then I go back and repent.»

«Let us hope so. Go to thy mother, Hugh; and as to thee, John Warder, wait until I send with thee a note to thy father. There are liquors on the table, Friend Forest.»

(To be continued.)

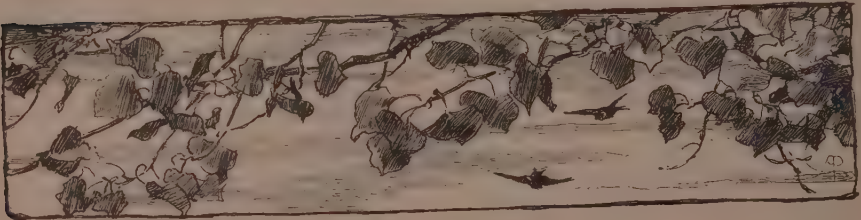
My mother set us in order, and cried a little, and said:

«I am glad he was well beaten. Thou shouldst never fight, my son; but if thou must, let it be so that thy adversary repent of it. *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! j'en ai peur*; the wild Welsh blood of these Wynnes! And thy poor little nose—how 't is swelled!»

Not understanding her exclamations, Jack said as much; but she answered:

«Oh, it is a fashion of speech we French have. I shall never be cured of it, I fear. This wild blood—what will come of it?» And she seemed—as Jack writes long after, being more observing than I—as if she were looking away into the distance of time, thinking of what might come to pass. She had, indeed, strange insight, and even then, as I knew later, had her fears and unspoken anxieties. And so, with a plentiful supper, ended a matter which was, I may say, a critical point in my life.

S. Weir Mitchell.



THE BREATH OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

THE wind of Hampstead Heath still burns my cheek
 As, home returned, I muse, and see arise
 Those rounded hills beneath the low, gray skies,
 With gleams of haze-lapped cities far to seek.
 These can I picture, but how fitly speak
 Of what might not be seen with searching eyes,
 And all beyond the listening ear that lies,
 Best known to bards and seers in times antique?
 The winds that of the spirit rise and blow
 Kindle my thought, and shall for many a day,
 Recalling what blithe presence filled the place
 Of one who oftentimes passed up that way,
 By garden close and lane where boughs bend low,
 Until the breath of Hampstead touched his face.

Edith M. Thomas.

AN OBJECT-LESSON IN MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

SHOWING HOW PUBLIC AFFAIRS ARE CONDUCTED IN THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.



IT would be interesting, even to American readers, to develop with some fullness the personal side of a story so interesting as the redemption of a great community from the hands of incompetent men; but space will not permit more than the attempt to develop results, leaving out these most interesting details.

Joseph Chamberlain became mayor of Birmingham, England, November 10, 1873. On January 13, 1874, he proposed that the manufacture, supply, and sale, of gas should be taken under the control of the corporation.

GAS- AND WATER-WORKS.

A bill authorizing the purchase and amalgamation of the gas-works was submitted to the ratepayers, carried through Parliament, and the city obtained possession of the property September 1, 1875, the entire cost amounting to £2,000,931. A Gas Committee was appointed, efficient men were employed as managers, and the manufacture of gas began. Almost the first thing the committee did was to reduce the price 3*d.* per thousand, making the new charge ranging from 2*s.* 9*d.* to 3*s.* 3*d.*

The conditions make the district of supply very large. For lighting purposes, districts more than ten miles from the town hall are dependent upon the corporation, and for many miles beyond the corporate limits the streets of the smallest villages and the main country roads are lighted. The price of gas varies according to quantity consumed, the highest charge being 2*s.* 10*d.* per thousand, and the lowest 2*s.* 6*d.* for consumers of more than 50,000 feet per quarter, the average price being just under 2*s.* 7*d.* Bills are subject to a discount of five per cent. if settled within thirty days. The price charged to the city—the gas committee merely supplying the gas to the Public Works Committee, which erects its own street-lamps, which it lights, extinguishes, and repairs—is slightly less than 1*s.* 3*d.* per thousand. Outlying towns or local authorities have the advantage of

the reduction, while private consumers pay at the same rate, whether in or out of the city.

In order to facilitate lighting in courts, the corporation undertakes to treat such lamps as public, on the principle that a light is almost as valuable as a policeman. In 1880 the number of court-lamps was 4, consuming 60,000 cubic feet of gas, at an annual cost of £10; in 1894 the number of lamps had increased to 1784, burning more than 25,000,000 cubic feet, and the cost to £1,866 per annum. Of the 160,000 houses in the district of supply, only 60,000 have meters, and of these not more than three fourths are dwelling-houses. In England gas-fixtures are individual property, furnished by the tenant, and removable when he goes into another house, the landlord supplying only the connection with the street mains. The department now encourages landlords to connect their houses, to supply tenants with fixtures, and to put in prepayment, or penny-in-the-slot, meters, like those in the artisans' houses belonging to the corporation, all to be covered by the gross cost of the gas furnished at a rate of 3*s.* 4*d.* per thousand.

The success of the consolidated gas scheme has been much greater than was predicted. The total profits appropriated to public purposes during the twenty years ending in 1894 have been £532,298; the reserve fund for maintenance and extension of plant amounts to £100,000; and the sinking fund for the redemption of debt to £415,606; while the large expenditure for betterment does not appear in the capital account, but is found in annual expenditure.

One of the most difficult problems Birmingham had to solve was its water-supply. It occupies the unique position of a great city far from any considerable body of water, salt or fresh. Owing to its situation, there is no river of respectable volume within many miles; lying so near the source of streams, they have no opportunity to acquire volume or force. When the town had grown to such size as to render necessary a public water-supply, it was drawn from the river Tame.

When it was necessary, an enlarged supply was drawn from some small streams, and from a series of deep wells, the water from both being pumped to the heights necessary to secure distribution by gravitation. Even so late as 1872, two fifths of the people were dependent upon shallow wells, which had become so foul as greatly to increase the death-rate.

Attempts to obtain authority to buy the undertaking were futile, but public sentiment was irresponsible until, in December, 1874, Mr. Chamberlain moved a resolution for the purchase of the water company's property and rights. This was carried without opposition, as it was also at the resulting town-hall meeting of the ratepayers. Mr. Chamberlain, while the bill authorizing the purchase was passing through Parliament, laid down the proposition, since accepted as a principle by most of the municipalities of England, that "all regulated monopolies sustained by the state, in the interest of the inhabitants generally, should be controlled by the representatives of the people, and not left in the hands of private speculators." Progress was rapid, and the bill received the royal assent within eight months after its introduction, and January 1, 1876, the city had possession of the water-supply.

The health authorities then began the wholesome policy, since followed, of condemning the wells which had done so much to increase the death-rate from its then normal 22 in the thousand to 28 or 29. So effective has this been that the rents, the supply, and the number of consumers, have all nearly doubled since 1876, while the price has been three times reduced and only once increased. The works have been extended, and the old plant has been replaced by new, so that the property would bring in the market far more than its original cost, about £1,350,000, since swelled to £2,443,903 by extensions and by the new water scheme. The use of private baths and water-closets is slight compared with cities in the United States.

In spite of the increased demand and constant efforts to meet it, the water committee reached the conclusion some years ago that it was dangerous to trust existing resources. As early as 1871 it was proposed that the supply should be drawn from the valleys of the Eilan and the Claerwen, in mid-Wales, eighty miles due west. The elevation of the lowest proposed reservoir is about 800 feet above the sea, some 200 feet greater than the highest point in Birmingham, so that

water may be brought by gravitation over mountains and hills, under or over rivers, and deposited in reservoirs without pumping—now one of the most expensive processes. The corporation now distributes water to an area of 83,192 acres, and for its future supply has already acquired in the Welsh mountains areas amounting to over 45,000 acres.

The cost of the first section, to be in operation in 1902, will be about £4,000,000, and it is estimated that this will meet all demands for twenty-five years, after which, when needed, pipes will be added, the whole sum authorized to be expended by the act of Parliament being £6,600,000. The water is said to be the best in the kingdom, pure and soft, a curious incidental feature being the claim that the substitution of soft water for the hard now in use will result in a saving of from £35,000 to £60,000 a year in the cost of soap.

No opportunity is afforded for jobbery or corruption, because the work is done under the immediate personal supervision of the Water Committee, composed of eight of the best business men in the Council, serving without a penny of remuneration. During the last four years the chairman of the committee, Alderman Lawley Parker, has devoted an average of three days a week to the work in hand, and during the next six years will give nearly the whole of his time to its completion. It is not surprising that few mistakes are made, or that no intimation of jobbery or waste is heard.

DWELLING-HOUSES AND HEALTH SCHEMES.

ONE of the first things the reform element did, when it obtained control, was to get accurate knowledge of the districts containing slums or insanitary areas. Immediately after his first election as mayor, Mr. Chamberlain suggested a special inspection of every part of the town. In order to do this, each member of the Health Committee—busy men engaged in their own affairs—undertook the work in two wards. During the following two years each member gave such time as he could to this work, going into every part of the district assigned him, including dark, noisome courts and narrow passages, and among a population to which he was unaccustomed. The slums were found to be almost as bad as could be, considering the conditions. It was an overcrowded population in small houses, not in tenements. Houses were then built in courts, many of them back to back. In the most congested



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

THE OLD MARKET.

districts they were very small. The English workingman wants to have his home as nearly next door to his work as possible, one of the difficult problems being to get this class distributed into suburbs; so workshops had held their own in the heart of the town, and the work-people had remained with them. The worst district was within a stone's throw of the principal business street, its center no more than 300 yards from the town hall, and almost midway between the two great railway stations.

In 1875, during the second year of Mr. Chamberlain's mayoralty, Parliament passed the Artisans' Dwellings Act, providing that in any town of more than 25,000 population the medical officer of health, either on his own motion or upon complaint, should make an official representation that an unhealthy area existed. It also provided that the local authorities should remedy the condition of the area thus reported; that the local government board, after inquiry, could approve the scheme devised, and make a provisional order embodying it; and when confirmed by Parliament, the condemned property might be purchased by agreement or arbitration, without paying an extra price for compulsory sale. After making the necessary improvements, the surplus land might be sold, but the city could not, without special authority from the local government board, enter upon the building of houses.

Birmingham was the first corporation to take advantage of this act. The medical officer of health, in accordance with law, made a report declaring the crowded central district insanitary. The new committee presented a scheme condemning over 90 acres of land, covered with 3744 houses, with a total population of 16,596. Of these, 3054 were artisans' houses, in which the number of inhabitants was 13,538. The key to the proposed improvement was the making of a new street, 22 yards wide and 851 yards long, through the condemned area, the widening of other streets, the destruction of many of the houses, the building of artisans' houses cutting a very small figure in the original estimates and plans. The gross cost was estimated at £1,308,221, and the net cost, deducting the value of the land not used for making new streets or widening old ones, £461,958. Work upon this scheme was begun in 1876, and continued until about 1882. The character of the central part of the city was entirely changed; but the example, united with the vigilant action of the Health Committee in enforcing the law, brought about

an amelioration of conditions in every crowded quarter of the city.

For some years the corporation made no effort to build or to procure the building of artisans' houses on the surplus land. Sixty-two houses and twenty shops were built on one part by private capital; but the high price of land, and the stringent rules as to the kind of houses, made it difficult to get builders to take it up. The corporation had altered and repaired the existing houses where this was possible. It took down some of them, put in windows, enlarged and paved the courts, perfected the sanitary arrangements, and they have since been rented with success. In 1889 application was made for leave, under the act, to erect a block of artisans' dwellings, and during the next year twenty-two cottages were completed, at a cost of £4000, or an average of £181 each. These were at once let, care being taken that they should be occupied by the artisan classes, for whom they were intended, at inclusive rents—that is, all rates paid—of from 5s. to 7s. 6d. per week. In 1891 eighty-one additional dwellings were erected from different and perfected designs, at a cost of £14,000—an average of nearly £173 each. In general, these houses consist of a front living-room, 13 feet by 12 feet 6 inches, and a kitchen, 12 feet by 9 feet 6 inches, on the first floor, with bedrooms of the same size on the second floor, and an attic room 13 feet square—five in all. Each is furnished with ranges in the ground-floor rooms, and grates in the bedrooms, and has a separate water-closet and coal-bin, but no cellar. They are furnished with penny-in-the-slot machines supplying 25 cubic feet of gas, enough to keep one burner going four hours.

In carrying out the improvement scheme, there has been expended as capital £1,676,465, and for maintenance £354,607, a total of £2,031,072. For this the city has 45 acres of land, mostly let on leases for seventy-five years, many of them having only sixty years to run. The land, being centrally located, commands the highest rentals, and is occupied with the best business buildings of the town. These must be kept in perfect repair until the expiration of the leases, when they will become corporation property. The best estimates of the present actual sale value of the property included in the scheme are £2,250,000.

The effect upon the health-rate in the area covered by the scheme was immediate. For the three years, 1873-75, the average annual death-rate in nine of the worst streets in-



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

WORKINGMEN'S COTTAGES NEAR THE GAS-WORKS.

cluded in it was 53.2 per thousand of population. For the three years, 1879-81, the average death-rate in the same streets was only 21.3 per thousand.

When the work of regeneration was taken up, one of the pressing problems was the general sanitary condition. Fortunately, in

1872 Parliament passed a general act consolidating sanitary authorities, and greatly increasing their powers. Immediate advantage was taken of its provisions, and Dr. Alfred Hill, who had been borough analyst since 1859, was appointed medical officer of health, which place he still holds. In 1875

the report, based upon personal inspection by the members of the Sanitary Committee, was made to the Council. The conditions disclosed as existing in crowded districts were about as bad as could be. More than half of the buildings inspected had no back door, being built back to back, and the inhabitants of two fifths of them were dependent for their scanty supply of water upon wells liable to corruption from surface sources. The number of inspectors was found to be utterly inadequate. The report emphasized the fact that the public health had been declining for several years, and that sewerage and drainage, the paving of streets and foot-paths, and a thorough system of scavenging, were absolutely necessary. The work of doing all these was undertaken and carried out with such success that the death-rate of 26.8 in the thousand in 1874, and 26.3 in 1875, declined to 22.4 in 1876. This continued, with slight variations owing to local or temporary conditions, until, in 1888, the average had fallen to 18.2, since which time it has slightly increased, owing mainly to epidemics of influenza (the grippé), smallpox, and, during the last few years, of diarrheal affections among children. An average reduction of about 4 per thousand, or nearly 2000 per year, in the death-rate tells the story of hard and intelligent work.

One of the worst features under the old management was the disposal of the sewage. By way of remedy two systems have found adoption. Under one the Health Committee collects the offal of houses, and either destroys it or turns it into fertilizers. This is more offensive and less successful than it might be made, but is apparently a necessity until the pan system has been abandoned. A sewage-farm of nearly 1300 acres has been developed several miles from the city, some 400 feet lower in elevation. The sewage, first mixed with lime to prevent too rapid decomposition and to assist in the precipitation of the solid matter, is passed through a series of depositing tanks, during which process the mud is removed. The remainder is dug into the land, one third of which is dealt with each year, the effluent being discharged in a harmless state into the river Tame. Upon the other two thirds are grown early vegetables, and grain and hay for cows kept for milk and market. The net annual cost to the city is about £24,000.

STREETS, PARKS, AND TRAMWAYS.

BIRMINGHAM has emphasized its ownership of the streets. Early in the present régime

the policy was adopted of requiring new streets to be put into permanent condition, graded and macadamized, before acceptance. Most of the 257 miles of streets are paved with macadam varying from 6 to 18 inches in depth. It is well adapted for the less crowded residence districts, although somewhat costly to maintain. In the business quarter stone blocks are used, their average life being twenty-five years. This is done by the Public Works Committee, with laborers working by the day or week. Other streets in the same quarter are paved with wood blocks, insuring greater freedom from noise and more cleanliness. This is laid by contract, and is supposed to have an average life of fourteen years. Whatever material is used, the streets are kept in the best repair. Street-cleaning gangs meet in the business quarter at five o'clock each morning, sweep up and cart away the accumulated dirt, and water the streets before and after the operation, until those laid with wood look as if they had been carefully scrubbed. They are also kept clear of litter during the day. In residence districts they are swept once, twice, or three times a week, as required. As a result, they are everywhere kept so clean as to cause surprise. It cannot, however, be said that the foot-paths are so well kept, the practice of every man sweeping before his own door not being common, except for the removal of snow.

More to assert and maintain its control of the streets than for profit, the Council in 1871 assumed the building of tramway lines. These are constructed by the Public Works Committee, and let on leases to run twenty-one years, the lessee maintaining the pavement. Thus far they are a burden rather than a profit. When the property, including rolling-stock, engine-houses, storage-battery motors, and all fixtures, falls in, it is thought it will pay expenses. As the use of trams increases, —which it does slowly, and not by leaps and bounds as in American cities, —the property will doubtless become remunerative.

In 1871, though there were nominally three parks, containing a total area of 90 acres, there was really but one, —Aston Park, with its 49 acres, and Aston Hall (one of the best remaining examples of a Jacobean mansion, and to which Washington Irving has given a new lease of immortality by making it the model for those delightful studies of old-time life which radiate from «Bracebridge Hall»), —the others being little more than bare pieces of land, with no attractiveness, natural or artificial.



DRAWN BY LOUIS JOEB

ASTON HALL PLAYGROUND.

In the face of many difficulties, something has been done to supply the lack of open spaces. Now there are seven parks, five recreation-grounds, and two gardens, fourteen in all, well distributed in the town and suburbs, with a total area of 350 acres. Two

One feature rather surprising to an American is that every park is made for use. There is no fear lest the grass may be injured, but in every ground adapted for them are cricket-and football-fields, picnic-grounds, croquet-lawns, tennis-courts, bowling-greens,



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEY.

THE LIBRARY—NEWSPAPERS.

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

of these were the gift of a public-spirited woman, the late Miss Ryland, who refused even so much as to permit either of them to bear her name. These are highly creditable, containing pools, out-door swimming-baths, flower-beds, and the accessories of modern parks. Most of the others are play and recreation-grounds, well adapted for their purposes, and useful to the crowded population about them.

the use of which is permitted for a merely nominal payment.¹ Every park, large or small, has one or more concerts each week during the summer, paid for by a neighborhood subscription. Less need exists for large parks than in American cities of the same size, because the better class of houses all have ample gardens.

¹ It is easier to keep grass in good condition in the moist atmosphere of England.—EDITOR.

FREE LIBRARIES, ART GALLERY AND SCHOOL,
AND TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

LIBRARIES, free and subscription, have long had a place in Birmingham, and an attempt was made to take prompt advantage of the act permitting corporations to support free libraries. But public sentiment was lax in 1853, when, economy ruling the day, the proposition was defeated by failure to command the support of the requisite two thirds. This decision was not reversed until 1860, when the experiment was entered upon with success, with the result that a slow and steady growth followed until about 1872, when the forward sweep of public sentiment gave it a decided impetus. From the beginning the Council admitted outsiders into a share of its work, on the ground that it was technical, and to insure success needed men instructed in its mysteries. Samuel Timmins and J. Thackray Bunce have been on the committee from the beginning, though never members of the Council, and their services to the free libraries, covering more than thirty-four years of hard work, cannot be measured or exaggerated. With the librarian, Mr. J. D. Mullins, they have bought the books, organized and maintained the staff, enlarged the scheme as it became necessary, created the public sentiment which made expansion possible, and given ungrudging, unpaid attention to the task. The Central Lending Library was first developed, and the policy of starting branches, of which there are now seven, was entered upon. A reference library, opened in 1866 in a modest way, has grown until it is one of the best in the Old World, special attention being paid to the technical books relating to the trades of the district. As in providing for mental as well as for physical wants, the interests of the working-people have always been in mind, and, in return, this element has been the main reliance for support. In 1879, when the Central libraries were burned, the town arose as a man, and assisted in the raising of money to rebuild and to buy books, the working-people making collections in their shops. These subscriptions were so liberal that their success was greater than ever before. The growth from 1871 to 1894 has more than kept pace with the progress of the town. The number of volumes has risen from 57,857 to 187,443, and the annual issues from 436,445 to 1,126,830, the greater ratio of increase being shown in the reference library. Nowhere in the kingdom is there a more complete Shaksperian collection, and it attracts special students from far

and wide. There are also special collections devoted to Byron, Cervantes, and Milton,—proof that bibliographical interest may be maintained even in an institution dependent on popular favor.

A school of art, with reference to the industries of the district, has been in existence since 1821. It was supported by private subscriptions until, by the liberality of three donors, steps were taken in 1881 which led to its transfer to the corporation, which assumed responsibility for its maintenance. It is housed in a building designed for the purpose,—the last work of John Henry Chamberlain,—and is fully equipped with a corps of well-qualified teachers. Since its transfer to the corporation it has been managed with conspicuous success. In addition to the central school, fourteen branches have been opened in School Board buildings, close relations having been established and maintained between the art schools and the elementary schools. The number of students during 1894 was 3536, and the training is based on industrial and decorative uses, upon the principle that if art can be applied to the ordinary affairs of life, it will naturally lead to development on higher and broader lines. Of the entire cost of £56,000, nearly three fifths have come by gifts from liberal citizens.

Closely related to the art school is the museum and art gallery, toward which a beginning was made as early as 1867, with about a dozen pictures, which had been presented from time to time. With these as a nucleus, the work was earnestly taken up when the forward movement began, but it was not until 1880 that substantial progress was made. In that year Mr. Richard (now Sir Richard) Tangye, one of the men whose benefactions to the libraries, art school, and art gallery are among the glories of the town, on behalf of himself and his brother, tendered £10,000 for the purchase of pictures and art objects. This was supplemented by other donors, until, when a fund of £17,000 had become available, it was intrusted to an Art Gallery Purchase Committee, composed of members of the Council, and eight representatives of donors and art organizations. The money thus raised has now been spent, and collections of pictures and objects of art, to the value of about £50,000, have been presented to the gallery and museum. Many of the great English artists of this century are represented by excellent examples; but more attention has been paid to the museum, wherein is gathered a notable collection of things for use, interest, and instruction. These are



BERMINGHAM MUNICIPAL TECHNICAL SCHOOL.—SUFFOLK STREET ELEVATION.
 ESSEX, NICOL & GOODMAN, ARCHTENTS.

housed in appropriate galleries built over the offices of the Gas Department, and out of the profits of that investment. All collections are open two hours for visitors on Sunday, and the average number for that day is about 2000. Admission is free at all times. The attendance, which rose to nearly 1,200,000 in 1886, declined to an average of about 900,000 during the last four years. Successful attention has been paid to cataloguing, so that the issues, at the price of a penny, are a wonder to the managers of other galleries. No attempt has been made to acquire the last picture by the artist who has just become the rage, the policy of making a representative collection having been followed. A collection has thus been made which gives a better idea of industrial and decorative art, and has more representative pictures than any other in England, outside of London.

Technical education was an important element in a district which was one of the busi-

est workshops in the world, and this was supplied for many years by the Midland Institute. But in 1890 Parliament passed a law making contributions, from local taxes collected by the imperial government, for the promotion of trade education. The Council, taking immediate advantage of the act, took over the Technical School, placing the management in the hands of a new committee. There was at once a marked increase in the number of students, and 80 classes were organized. In order not to exclude even the humblest, the fees were reduced to ten shillings, free scholarships were offered in connection with the board schools, and the facilities for study and experiment were improved. The courses were made progressive, so that the student might go from one branch to another. Prizes in the various branches taught were offered by employers, and close relations were established, and have been maintained, with the labor organizations.

The number of classes has increased in three years from 80 to 119, and the individual students from 794 to 1528, representing 120 occupations. This rapid growth has made necessary a new building, at a cost of about £80,000 for building and grounds. The fees have been so reduced that, while only £457 were collected from this source, £1094 were paid for chemicals, apparatus, and diagrams for the use of students. Thus another institution has been added to the educational facilities of the town, in which young mechanics may learn at night everything about the trades they pursue during the day. The Technical School Committee admits outside persons as members, an experiment which has already been tried successfully with the committees on free libraries and museum and art gallery, and also artisans, or their representatives.

THE FINANCES.

PERHAPS the most difficult part of the work has been the management of the finances. Such vast sums have been necessary that many men have been forced to study ways and means. The resources at the beginning were small, the expenditure meager, and the debt insignificant, so that even the boldest might have been appalled at the prospect. The indebtedness in 1871, less sinking-fund and cash on hand, was only £546,393, and the average rate of interest something over four and a quarter per cent. The three great schemes entered upon in 1874 and 1875 alone increased this tenfold, while expenditure has gone forward steadily until the debt, aside from sinking-funds and money on hand, is £7,861,615, nearly fifteen times the amount due twenty-three years before, and the average rate of interest—unnaturally high because of the issue of perpetual irredeemable four-per-cent. annuities in payment for the gas and water schemes—is now about three and a half per cent. For capital expenditure, corporation stock to run sixty years is issued; that at three and a half per cent. is now worth 116, while the current issue at three per cent. is quoted at 105. A sinking-fund is provided for each item of indebtedness, arranged to pay both interest and principal in from ten years to a hundred.

The present capital account is represented by the net debt, and £1,825,726, the amount of sinking-funds provided from income, for debt redemption.

No rigid limit of indebtedness is fixed by law, but when it is desired to make a new loan, application is made to the local govern-

ment board in London, which sends an inspector to report upon the necessity for the proposed improvement. If this is favorable, the borrowing powers are granted. If the city asks Parliament for a bill giving special authority to do anything, the mayor submits the matter to a meeting of ratepayers in the town hall, at which a poll may be demanded; i.e., a vote "yes" or "no" by ballot. Each ratepayer under £50 annual value has then one vote, and an additional vote for each £50 up to £250, six in all. If he is owner as well as occupier, his votes are doubled for each qualification, until he may have twelve in all. This modified referendum has been resorted to five or six times since 1871, and in no case has a proposal to increase indebtedness failed to carry.

Money is raised by a borough rate and an improvement rate, both collected under arrangement by the poor-law overseers, and paid into the city treasury. The imperial authorities collect licenses from publicans, game, tobacco, and plate-dealers, appraisers, auctioneers, house-agents, pawnbrokers, and for armorial bearings, dogs, male servants, and for leave to kill game or carry guns, a proportion of the proceeds being returned to local authorities under the name of "exchequer contributions," from which certain specified charges must be paid, the balance being turned into the city treasury. For 1893 the amount allotted to Birmingham was £91,569, the net amount carried to the relief of rates being £29,713. The receipts from the Gas Department were £595,709, from the Waterworks, £178,621, the income of the other committees, £234,812, leaving £460,920 for collection under the borough and improvement rates.

All accounts are examined by independent auditors, chartered accountants appointed by the Council or its committees, who must examine and certify to their correctness.

The average rates of all kinds, which were 14s. per head of population in 1871, have risen to 23s. 6d. in 1894, the profits from the gas and water schemes doing their full part in carrying on great improvements.

As work and responsibility have increased, the salaries of the principal officials have also grown. They are now: Town Clerk, £2200; City Surveyor, £1400; secretary of the Gas Department, £1250; chief engineer of the Water Department, £1200; City Treasurer, £1050; one engineer of the Gas Department, £1200; and the second, £1050; Medical Officer of Health, £1000; Chief of Police, £920; and the secretary of the Water Department, £600.



• LOUIS LOEB • 1897 •

DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

LOOKING UP NEW STREET.

THE CITY COUNCIL.

THE governing body, executive as well as legislative, is the City Council. The eighteen wards are each represented by four members, one having the title of alderman, and three that of councilor, all meeting in a single body. One is elected annually for each ward, so that two thirds of the councilors, and all the aldermen, have had experience. They are chosen by burgesses, who are male or female occupiers of any dwelling-house, shop, or manufactory, or of any land or tenement of the annual value of £10. The difference between burgesses and parliamentary electors is that women are admitted to the former. The parliamentary electors number 81,097, and burgesses and School Board electors 92,709, the difference representing with fair accuracy women voters. Members of Parliament are elected by districts, councilors from wards, and the School Board on a general ticket. No two classes are voted for at the same election, though practically the same machinery is employed. The expenditure permitted to municipal candidates is about £60 each. Vacancies in the Council are filled by special election. One alderman from each ward is elected by the Council for six years, half the terms ending every three years. As a rule they are reelected indefinitely, party or factional considerations having little influence.

The Council is reorganized on the 9th of November of each year, when the General Purposes Committee, comprised of the mayor as chairman, and the chairman of each of the working committees,¹ nominates the committees for the ensuing year. Outside persons are appointed as additional members of the Museum and School of Art, Free Libraries, and Technical Schools Committees, who in practice control the technical work, the Council members retaining financial management.

Each member of a committee proposed is voted for separately. The wishes of individuals are rarely consulted until their names are presented, when they may decline and be excused. None may serve on more than two committees, nor be chairman of more than one. Every effort is made to secure the very best results. No precedents require the ap-

pointment of old members even to important committees, and a new member known to be capable and interested in some special work has no difficulty in obtaining an assignment that may enable him to do his best. But in practice the experienced men are reappointed without question. Each committee selects its own chairman.

The Council is a thoroughly representative body. Of the seventy-two members of the present Council, twenty-three are manufacturers, six are classified as gentlemen (men retired from business), six are provision merchants, five are brass and iron founders, solicitors, jewelers, and medical men respectively, three are merchants, there are two each of auctioneers, chemists, and drapers, while printers, teachers, butchers, bakers, glass-workers, tin-plate-workers, and newspaper managers each have one. So far as I can find out, but one publican has ever been in the Council, although this class had much influence prior to 1871.

No member has any privileges on a railway or public conveyance of any sort, even on the tramways belonging to the city, or admission to a theater or entertainment, and none is permitted to vote on a question when he has a personal interest. He is subject to a fine of £50, with loss of office, if he enters into any contract with the city, or sells an article of even the smallest value to the Council, or to any of its subsidiary or associated committees or departments. So strictly is this observed that a member of a committee, suspected of a desire to sell eligible property to the city, was forced to retire from public life.

When the work of a committee is to be discussed, it presents a report of all it has done since its affairs were last before the Council, setting out what it proposes. This report or agenda must be printed and sent to each councilor three full days before the meeting. In some cases, especially when a new scheme is proposed, each member is requested to make a personal investigation of the conditions with which it is proposed to deal.

Of the members of the Council in 1894, twenty-two had served for eleven years and more. One entered in 1852; another in 1855; one each in 1866 and 1867 respectively; two in 1870; one each in 1871, 1872, and 1873; two in 1874; one each in 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, and 1880; and two each in 1881, 1882, and 1883. Of the prominent members who have either retired or died during the last twenty years, one, the late Thomas Avery, served continuously from 1862 to 1892; the late Sir

¹ The committees are as follows: Baths and Parks, Estates (custody of city property), Finance, General Purposes, Markets and Fairs, Health, Public Works, Watch (police and fire), Lunatic Asylums, Industrial School (reform school), Gas, Water, Improvement, Free Libraries, Museum and School of Art, Art Gallery Purchase, and Technical School.

Thomas Martineau from 1876 until his death in 1893; J. Powell Williams from 1877 to 1890; Joseph Chamberlain from 1869 to 1880; Jesse Collings from 1868 to 1886; and Richard Chamberlain, formerly M. P., from 1874 to 1886.

The time required of the principal members, chairmen of the leading committees, is from two to four business days per week, and of ordinary members from one to two days. A return sent me by the town clerk, showing the terms of service as chairman on some of the principal committees, is interesting. Alderman J. Powell Williams gave five and a half years to the chairmanship of the Finance Committee, and Alderman Clayton has devoted seven years to the same work. Alderman Cook has been chairman of the Health Committee, devoting himself unflinchingly and unflinchingly to a most important and disagreeable work, for twenty years. Alderman Lawley Parker was nine years chairman of the Public Works Committee, and two years chairman of the Water Committee. Alderman Pollock has been chairman of the Gas Committee thirteen years, and the late Alderman Avery saw the same period of service as chairman of the Water Committee. Alderman Richard Chamberlain was five years chairman of the Improvement Committee, and Alderman George Baker has served eight years.

THE MAYOR.

At the annual meeting on the 9th of November, the first business is the election of a mayor for the next year. He may be chosen from the body of citizens, but this has been done only once. As municipal work becomes intricate, it is more and more difficult for any man to be mayor without a Council training. In most cases, though not in all, the mayor has reached the title of alderman. If only a councilor, courtesy demands that he shall be elected to fill the first aldermanic vacancy. This may not occur during his mayoralty, but come when it may, he has a right to expect that he will be chosen. The choice of a mayor is made about the middle of July before his service is to begin. This is not done in public, but by a private meeting of all the members. The man himself is generally consulted, and given an opportunity to accept or decline, but a known seeker for the place is seldom selected. Just before the annual meeting, a requisition signed by a majority—and in some cases by all—is presented to the candidate, so that there has only once been a contest.

Immediately after his formal election, the

mayor takes his place as president of the Council, and the appointment of the committees is proceeded with. A man may reach the mayoralty in from four to ten years, Joseph Chamberlain's case being an illustration of the shorter period. As a rule he is not thought of for mayor until his fitness for the place has been proved. Without exception, during the recent years the mayors have been men of good standing in business, none of large wealth, and none really poor.

There is no prescribed scale of expenditure for a mayor. He fixes his own standard of entertainment. He need invite nobody to his house, nor hold even an annual reception; but every mayor gives an annual entertainment or reception in the Council House, attended by from three to five thousand people. The cost of a year's service as mayor, under accepted conditions, is not less than £1000, nor more than £2000. The latter expenditure will be necessary only when a number of important official functions are held.

He has no staff except a private secretary, who is a permanent official, and has been in office many years. He cannot appoint or remove an official, however humble. His only new power is as president of the Council and in his membership of every committee. During his term he can give little attention to business or profession, his whole time being required for official work. As showing the work expected of the mayor, and actually done, the following return for the last four years may interest American readers. During the year 1890 the mayor was summoned to 416 meetings, either of the City Council or its committees, and attended 358; in 1891 he was summoned to 450, and attended 338; in 1892 he was summoned to 375, and attended 322; and in 1893 he was summoned to 387, and attended 342. The total number of meetings of the Council committees, sub-committees, and of public bodies in which the Council is represented, was from 1155 to 1201 during different years of this period.

At the end of his term the mayor returns by courtesy to the chairmanship of a committee. Of the twelve mayors of Birmingham now living, nine are still engaged in Council work. The fact that a member of the Council has been mayor makes him alderman in due time, allows him to choose his committee, and confers a sort of undefined dignity. Upon the expiration of his term he becomes deputy-mayor, on the principle that his recent experience fits him better than any other man for presiding over the Council, or as a substitute in ceremonial matters.



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

TOWN HALL—MASON COLLEGE—CHAMBERLAIN MEMORIAL—LIBERAL CLUB—COUNCIL HOUSE.

TOWN CLERK AND PERMANENT OFFICIALS.

THE oldest office in connection with local government is the town clerk. Originally he was the learned man—perhaps the only one among guilds and local magnates who could

sits with that body. He gives his opinion when asked, and in many cases is able thereby to shape its action. He assists the mayor at such public functions as the opening of the assizes, or the visit of a royal person. He directs the election machinery, and



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IN EDGEMONT (BIRMINGHAM)

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

read and write. The town clerk has now become legal adviser of the mayor and Council and all committees. It is his duty to investigate carefully the law of every new scheme proposed; to conduct the litigation of the city, or to secure the public rights without it; to draft measures for submission to Parliament, and to prepare cases for submission. In addition he is the clerk to the Council, and

the clerks to the committees are part of his office.

The city has been fortunate in its officials, nearly all having been long in its service. They are not only efficient in the public duties assigned them, but take their part in the incidental work. The city surveyor has held his place since 1857, the treasurer since 1867, the medical officer of health since 1859, the chief

constable since 1882, the secretary of the Gas Committee since 1875, the engineer of the Waterworks since that project was taken over, and for ten years before; the clerk of the Drainage Board since its organization, while the secondary officials have had a long and useful experience.

No civil-service examination is necessary for entrance into the clerical or labor force, appointments and removals being made by their superior officers or the committees. All assignments to duty are temporary, and if found unfitted the men are dropped without question. Laborers are taken on or off as needed, but permanence is the rule. Outside the Police and Fire Departments, there is no regular system of retirement, although a few pensions are paid to very old men, or to those injured while on duty.

Policemen are appointed as the result of a pass examination by the superintendent, supplemented by the most exacting inquiries covering their entire career. Police superannuation has gone on rapidly of late years, under a law permitting retirement on two thirds of their salary after twenty-six years' service. The police contribute two and a half per cent. of their salaries toward this fund, the burden upon the rates being very light thus far.

The question of political opinion does not enter into the selection of permanent officials or working force. Heads of departments are anxious to secure effectiveness in the force under them, as any deficiency would soon become apparent to the committees, in whom real responsibility is lodged. As is the case everywhere, there is some complaint that men grow old and practically useless, but this is generally dealt with by transfer to lighter work.

POLICE COURT AND POOR-LAW AUTHORITIES.

THE police courts are held by one stipendiary magistrate, who is paid, and has the authority of two justices sitting together, and eighty-eight justices, who sit by twos or threes. Each sits on a certain day, generally once a fortnight, the sittings lasting from two to four hours. The mayor is chairman of the bench, remains a justice for one year after the expiration of his term, and is then generally appointed permanently. They may suspend a policeman, and report him to the police superintendent and the Watch Committee, but this power is seldom used. They sit by committee as a court for licensing public-houses, theaters, and concert-halls, and action in such cases is reviewed by the

entire bench. Another committee inspects the prisons at regular intervals, and, in doing so, its members may go into the cells and question the prisoners, and they must read the Riot Act in time of commotion, if called upon to do so. These men hear with patience each case that comes before them, the accused getting the benefit of all doubts, without necessity for counsel. Justices, who are the leading men in the community,—one fourth of the present bench being members of the City Council,—have as advisers clerks who must be well instructed in the law, though without actual power in making a decision. The time required is considerable, but, as in all other cases, it is given with apparent ease, although probably not one in twenty is really a man of leisure. To be once a justice is to be always a justice, as it is an office that cannot be held for a time and then resigned. There is no escape from it, except by disgrace or death.

The details of poor-law administration do not fall within the limits of a study of municipal conditions, but the guardians and overseers in the three parishes or parts of parishes of which Birmingham¹ is composed number more than eighty. They lay and collect rates, producing something like £120,000 a year, which are expended under their control. Their machinery is used to collect the rates levied by the City Council. They constitute one more governing body the members of which give unpaid time and attention to public duties. From their ranks, as from a training-school, have come many men who afterward did good service in the Council or other bodies.

The task of developing a city from what was little more than a village is practically over. Much of the work remains to be completed, but no large new schemes are necessary. Progress has not been so rapid as to hinder assimilation to new surroundings and conditions. Civic patriotism and civic pride have more than kept pace with development. Although the work of execution is done by a few, its benefits are fully appreciated by the many. Reliance has been placed upon the new voters as the suffrage has been enlarged, and no proposition to restrict it has been suggested.

¹ AREAS AND POPULATION UNDER DIFFERENT BODIES OR COMMITTEES.

	Acrea.	Population June 1894 (estimated).
Birmingham	12,705	492,301
Drainage Board.....	42,278	691,700
Gas Department.....	75,000	700,000
Water Supply	83,192	667,409

At no time, since the task of regenerating the city was taken up, has there been difficulty in procuring help from honest and efficient men. In the earlier days it was insisted that no man not fitted to become mayor should be sent to the Council. Many who entered that body between 1867 and 1873 did attain the mayoralty. The theory now is that if the Council can always have in it twenty-five of the leading business and professional men, with the remainder less prominent and less able, though no less honest and

desire or intention to reward questionable personal or political service, has thus far entered into account in the choice of a single councilor. Sharp contests occur every year, but they are not between a good man and a disreputable one, or between two of the latter. So, while it is sometimes said that the Council is degenerating, it is difficult for an outsider to see in what this degeneracy consists. The average of ability and character is now so high that it is difficult to imagine the existence of conditions un-



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

"ST. PHILIP'S"—COLMORE ROW.

well meaning, the best standard of work may be maintained. This would give, roughly speaking, a man of high merit and ability for mayor, and one for chairman of each of the principal working committees, with a second for colleague. The members approved by long or conspicuous service, who were willing to do the work when the workers were few, are safe in control. There have been some conspicuous instances in which really useful men, with a record of well-recognized service for the city, have been defeated for nomination or election; but dishonest or unworthy men have never been preferred, as the Council does not contain one such. None of the vile influences of disorderly houses or saloons, none of the behests of bosses, no

der which it could be kept permanently at a better standard. Judged by the efficient way in which public work is done, and the uniform desire among all kinds of people to maintain this position, there is every reason to believe that public sentiment is becoming more rather than less exacting concerning the way that the civic life shall be administered.

I have seen no attack upon the honesty of the Council, or of any of its members. In the worst times, even when inefficiency was common, never was there a scandal about paving, street-cleaning, or public works, or corruption alleged about the management of the police. Criticism is heard about matters of opinion, this or that policy is pronounced a

mistake, but no intimation is uttered that a man in a public place is using it to make money for himself or his friends. This, too, in spite of the fact that no people keep closer watch on their public bodies, and that nowhere is the ratepayer so universally a grumbler, with complaints to fill newspapers and echo from every platform. Even did opportunity permit, public sentiment is so exacting that a man less honest in a public capacity than in his private business could not remain in the Council for a day.

This conspicuous success has not been achieved in a day, or maintained without effort. The men who began the work learned everything possible about the needs of their community, and proceeded by speech and writing to explain them, and to demonstrate the necessity and policy of undertaking reforms. One class has not transacted the public business, leaving to another the management of

charitable, religious, and educational institutions; all has been treated as part of the civic life that must be carried on. No close corporation has been possible. The leaders have come from every part of the kingdom, and it is a curious feature of an old country to find that so few are natives of the town. They live well, but without ostentation, and make no attempt to form an exclusive society.

Nor is it due to conditions unusually favorable. Elevation above the sea, remoteness from any body of water, a broken, uneven surface, and a turbulence accepted as a characteristic of the population, were serious defects to be remedied. On the other hand, the concentration of population, and the fact that the different elements of which it was originally composed have become thoroughly assimilated, the convenient suburbs, the democracy of the people, and the variety of the industries, have all made for good government.

George F. Parker.

THE PARLOUS WHOLENESS OF EPHRAIM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CAT AND THE CHERUB," ETC.



SOME of the people forgot the admonition about avoiding the main road, and they went by the Junkins place, and were seen by Zedy as she sat at the window sewing pieces of apples on a string. Cory Judd, who scorned riding, walked past without a look, which was perhaps because of his shame at his pride in his new clothes.

"Now, what 's Cory Judd all handsomed up for?" said Zedy. "Do you s'pose he 'll tramp clear to Boston, same 's he threatens?"

Ephraim sat in the wooden rocker with the "Book of Seven Hundred Ailments," which was opened at Ailment No. 440.

"I dunno," replied Ephraim. "You holler down and ask him 'bout that (Man-and-Beast Salve.) I've got 440 sprouting out 'twixt my shoulder-blades, sure 's you live; and if it strikes in, it 'll lead to 441, and that 'll be my end. I'm going to have another one them spells, for I believe I must of et something."

"I sh' like to come and ketch myself a-hollering to Cory Judd!" said Zedy, casting a glance at the "Book of Ailments." "You've got forty-leven salves. I s'pose the next book will be (The Complete Barnyard Physician.) Then you 'll be a-howling round with the pip, and the distemper, and connipion fits. If I was you I'd tumble int' the

cellar and git a new set of griefs; you ain't quite miserable enough these days. Now, I do wonder what Cory Judd's a-kiting so for. I sh' think 't was Fourth July, the way he's slicked up."

"Mebbe I sha'n't ever be slicking up any more," replied Ephraim. "I 'm a pretty faded man, Zedy, and you don't two thirds realize it. Don't suspect you will till I 'm took. Here's 201 I've had for years, and 213, and 697, and I felt a touch of 149 this morning, just as plain as your face: (aching back, dull eye, shooting pains, pale tongue—)"

"(Can't lie awake by night, no appetite after meals,)" interpolated Zedy. "Overwork 's what 's done it. Yesterday you cleaned a lamp-chimney, and day before you wound the old clock. If I was you I should n't set and watch me sewing apples; might tucker you out. Now, if there ain't the Spinneys in their new wagon, so washed and dressed they dasn't sneeze! Do you s'pose it 's Sabbath, and we've mislaid a whole day from this week? What do you s'pose—?"

"Why can't ye yell to Elziry Spinney to tell her boy to pull some that yell-dock root out back their house," replied Ephraim. "I kinder hanker after it, and it drives off 622. I sh' think you could; might be my dying wish, for all you know. I can feel my liver palpitating 'bout twice too fast. Zedy, I 'm persuaded

I must of drunk some rain-water that wa'n't b'iled. I bet I'm heaping full of them invisible phlegmons on page 1284—them you can't see without a burning-glass. I've got a million of 'em putting and punning inside of me. I tell you I can see the handwriting on the wall!

«Well, I vow!» said Zandy. «If you ain't getting sicker and worse every day. You're jus' well 's I be, and you have been these two years. I sh'ld think you'd been lamed up in a railroad accident. I'd put think about it you. Now I sh' jus' like to know what the Spinneys—»

«Yuss, I be a-getting worse,» replied Ephraim. «See how fat I am. It's the money—[he—] jus' as noticeable as your nose. But I had n't speak, because I don't get no sympathy. There ain't a bone in my body but what's targeted with sympathy, but all you think about is the neighbors.»

«Well,» said Zandy, with a sigh, «swallow your dirty, waxy notions. You poor 'em all into one bag, don't you? Why don't you take some strong-tails and rubs, 'gainst the general debility breaking out on ye? Land sakes! If there ain't no cures—» and them all perked up, too! Ephraim, somebody's having a time, and you and me ain't invited!»

«Pshaw!» said Ephraim. «Elniry was in yesterday and she told everything, and what she don't know 'bout what's going on ain't so. I wish you had git-up-and-git enough to screech to Anne Staples, and git the whereabouts of that doctor feller that proscribes by mail.»

«I know what they're doing,» said Zandy, suddenly. «Sed Staples told me some one told her she overheard Marjy Darns say Lissy Lemly's daughter give out she wa'n't a-wed to have you to her wedding. Said you always mourned so much 'bout your ailments that it set the whole company's solemn conference. Said she'd show folks a wedding without one your speeches. Now, that's just it: they're having that wedding, and I bet the rest of 'em was 'shamed, and went round by the knee.»

Ephraim had put down the «Book of Ailments.»

«But you don't s'pose so?» he said, rising to go after the wagon with the Staples family string stanchy in it. «Now, folks would n't do that. I don't kinder believe folks would give a wedding nor any kind of time without me: you see, I always make a speech. you know. Besides, I give Jerushy Jane Lemly a smothered skin once and one time you worked her a fascinator.»

«Yuss; but she always did the most at our huskings,» said Zandy.

«Yuss, but she always at the most punkin-pie, too; so that's even,» reasoned Ephraim. «You lemme git the paper; mebbe they's a circus.»

«Circus! pshaw!» said Zandy. «You lemme git the telescope.»

Zandy disappeared up-stairs, while Ephraim vainly searched the weekly journal. Zandy was gone for what seemed a long time, and Ephraim called to her, having long professed that climbing to the second story was too much for him. He thought that the loud puffing with which he at length made the ascent was sufficient notification to Zandy of his unusual performance, and that she would express her surprise at his approach; but Zandy made no sign. The trap-door to the roof was open, and the marks of Zandy's shoes were on the dusty ladder.

«Lendy!» called Ephraim, «what do you see? Is it the wedding? Lendy! Zandy, you ain't fallen off one roof, have ye? Now, I wonder if that old fool has slid off and broke her neck,» wailed Ephraim in distress. «Lendy!»

«[In.]» said Zandy, finally, from above. She was outside, sitting on the ridge-pole, holding the telescope pointed through the trees toward the barn of the Lemly place, a mile in the distance; but she would not tell what she saw.

«You're too sick a man,» she said grimly.

«If I was to tell, you'd git a spell of 1177.»

«Well, I know,» said Ephraim. «Jerushy Jane is having that wedding, and I ain't invited. They think I'm petered out, and could n't speechify to set 'em gaping, same's I used to. Guess I could outwastle with old Lendy right now. Zandy, you got to walk past the Lendy place, jus' same's you did n't know we was slighted, and give 'em hief to put the thing down in black and white. They shain't say it was forgetfulness, b' George! You go right 'long; do you hear?»

«Shain't be no such thing,» said Zandy. «I shall leave 'em be. I can see 'em one by one putting their teams int' the barn, jus' same's they was 'shamed. Every one of 'em dressed up self's a rained. There's Elniry Spinney: did you ever see any one look so put together?»

Zandy refused to go and walk by the Lemly place. Ephraim argued that he could n't do it, because such an exertion would deliver him over to a number of numbers that always lurked in his constitution, as she ought to know. Zandy said that he could take the old

pig and ride, which roused Ephraim's feelings to an uncommon pitch. He rapped his stick on the floor, and went down the stairs more quickly than he had come up, with unpleasant mutterings. Nevertheless, Zendy, sitting on the ridge-pole, was not prepared to see him issue from the house, and start with decided steps down the short stretch that led to the main road. And when, without stopping, he turned and set off toward the Lemly place, Zendy put the astonished telescope on him. Ephraim had departed without taking his several medicines; he had not in two years walked so far; if he had gone away it had been after much urging, so that people who asked him to be present at their weddings thought themselves under an obligation to him, and he had always driven in a degree of state. It had been rare to find him farther than the hen-house. Zendy was troubled.

"I don't kinder like it," she said to herself. "I do s'pose he's kinder poorly, though not 's much so 's he thinks. It 's unusual, and unusual breeds unusual; and I 'm scared lest something 'll happen."

What happened first was that Jerusha Jane Lemly, while the best friends were worrying over her skirts, looked up the road from her chamber window, and made an exclamation. The people she had seen driving into the barn completed the invited company, which had been made select by a number of omissions of Jerusha's choosing; but now the tone of the gathering was threatened by one she did not like.

"Heaps o' wonders!" said Jerusha. "If there ain't old Ephrum Junkins—pegging 'long the road 's though he 'd been made whole by faith! Ma! Ma! There's old Ephrum Junkins! Now, what you going to do? I sha'n't have him! I sha'n't, if I set up here till kingdom come!"

The echoing of this statement through the house brought consternation, as every one knew what Jerusha Jane would n't do when she said she would n't. Father Elisha at first mildly suggested that they might as well let Ephraim in, now that he had come so far; but Mother Lemly put her thumb on him. She issued warning to the people who were yet out-doors, and they vanished quickly at her command. The wedding guests inside suddenly found themselves whispering in the dark, with all the shades drawn, and information concerning the progress of Ephraim Junkins in great demand. Some of those outside, who had failed to get into the barn before it was locked, ran hither and thither, and finally put themselves away as best they

could, and everybody was saying to himself, "Well, I *do* declare!" at such a situation. The most unconcerned person near by was Ephraim. When, after a few minutes, he reached the place, he apparently bade fair to pass on without having vouchsafed a glance, but when opposite the front door he paid it the compliment of a casual notice. At the same time seemed to arise a feeling that he ought to stop for a moment, and pay his respects to old Elisha Lemly, though the perfunctoriness of it was plainly portrayed on Ephraim's face for all who cared to see. Jerusha Jane, peeping through a pin-hole she had made in her chamber shade, saw Ephraim knocking at the kitchen door, just as had been his wont in the days before his ailments.

There was no answer to his knocks. Ephraim tried the barn, but all the doors were locked. Then he went around to the front door, to which a freshly trodden trail led through the long grass in the yard. Pinned to the door was an envelop bearing the scrawl:

"Lemly's folks all went away yesterday."

"Now ain't that strange!" soliloquized Ephraim in a penetrating voice. "Old 'Lishy must have pulled up stakes and moved his family to the next county."

The door of the long wagon shed had been so hastily fastened that Ephraim opened it with little difficulty, and the effort gave him a chance to prove that his strength had not so wholly departed as people might think. The sound caused considerable rustling in a pile of salt hay inside. In fact, old Silas Ludlow, who was much beholden to Ephraim Junkins for past services in the way of speechmaking—Silas being blessed with seven daughters—had, in endeavoring to hide his head, exposed one half of his person.

"Now, who 'd 'a' thought!" said Ephraim, surveying this considerable half. "If there ain't old Silas's pantyloons, all stuffed with salt hay so 's to keep! I 've known 'em for years by that patch, which don't appear except when he steps into his wagon down to the meeting-house. Gone and left his boots sticking into 'em—almost 's natural 's life; looks as though he was kinder anxious 'bout something when he left 'em there—kinder absent-minded and hurried-like. Now, what sights you do see when you 're all alone and no one to prove it!"

It was getting unduly warm inside the Lemly house, with only the scullery window open. Ezra Dame, who was shortly to be joined in holy matrimony to Jerusha Jane, if only the Lord would make a suitable disposition of Ephraim Junkins, was so embarrassed

in his corner that he was smiling painfully; and it was especially hard on the two Lemly poor relatives, who toiled in the kitchen, cooking the wedding-dinner, and growing redder in the face and more hateful of Jerusha every minute. Ephraim had been investigating with leisured thoroughness, and now he made his way to the front door and solemnly settled himself on the big stone step. In the parlor the impression gained that he had gone; but now he was plainly heard to say:

"Guess I'll set and brood awhile."

For some time Ephraim kept eating some choice apples he had discovered near the scullery window.

"Now I will say, this is a pretty tearful subject," he began at length, in a voice as if he were talking to a large assemblage, but all the while looking at the envelop in his hand. "Here's the whole Lemly family suddenly took right off the earth—clean sweep. Here's me a-setting on the door-step, and here's the old Lemly house shut 's tight's a drum, and nary soul inside—nary one. Now, ain't that a pity! Here's the barn-door closed, and old Lemly forgot and went off and left 'em all padlocked on the inside. I don't see how he ever got out himself, nor how he's to git in. But I see through a crack they was as many's fifteen of his neighbors' hosses crawled in there somehow or other, and it's a wonder some of their owners ain't here looking for 'em. Strange that old Lemly should go 'way and leave these fancy Baldwins round! Dunno's they's anything I like so 's one of his late-ripe'ing Baldwins when they're hard and green, same's these; and this was off year for apples, too; and Simon Staples told me only yesterday how 'Lishy was saving the only few he had for some pet purpose, and here he's gone away and left 'em! I sh'll have to take the rest of 'em home."

"'T is mighty sad to think of the whole Lemly tribe being wiped off the map of this township in one sundown," continued Ephraim, turning to face the darkened windows, "especially that old, dried-up Jerushy Jane, her that we was all afraid would git spliced to that young nincompoop Ezzy Dame. I'm glad she's quit without so, for that's a sight of trouble saved. I'm glad because that, while 't is generally thought that while Jerushy Jane—even her—deserves a mite better than such as him, also Ezzy Dame he deserves a quick sight better than Jerushy Jane. For the Lord knows no one would think of marrying her if 't wa'n't for what her father has. I was scared least they would hitch up, and I be requested to make one

them felicitating speeches, one such as no wedding has been complete without or thought of in these hereabouts for the last twenty-five years. For I should of had to git out of it the easiest I could, without hurting some one's feelings, not being cantankerous-like nor *mean-sneaking* out from a thing, as folks has been known to. But I'd seen Jerushy Jane die an old maid, which by nature she was meant to do, 'fore I'd git up and prognosticate lies 'bout her future happiness here or hereafter; for there ain't a person in this county that can see how any one is to be congratulated for marrying Jerushy Jane, nor any one for marrying Ezzy Dame."

In the parlor old Peter Hammond, while waiting for the ceremony to begin, had fallen asleep. Ezra Dame was so red that he thought his cheeks visible in the dark, a thought which made them redder.

"So they's a sorter sweet sorer in that," pursued Ephraim, "though it does seem pretty tearful to have the whole Lemly family took out from under your feet like a stroke of lightning. They must of left in a hurry, for they did n't stop to take in the mats from the doors, but left out their best one, which I ain't seen before since I give it to Mother Lemly when she and 'Lishy had their silver wedding. Pretty expensive mat that was, as any one could see by comparing it to the one 'Lishy bought to give the minister when he was married. Mother Lemly, I hear, used this one for a tidy at first. She'd never gone and left it lying loose like this unless 't was something happened; mebbe she heard of some one that was willing to marry Jerushy; and as for 'Lishy, Lord knows he would n't leave a hoss-hair round if he thought an angel might take it for a harp-string. And they left the scullery window open. Awful absent-minded," said Ephraim, rising. "Thieves might break in and steal Jerushy's curls."

The remainder of the late-ripening Baldwins had disappeared from the scullery window, but Ephraim did not seem to notice it. He took away the stick that held the sash up, and closed the window, leaving the two poor relatives to stifle in the kitchen. In the parlor the minister was staring devoutly at the points of sunlight that came through the window-shade, to which Ephraim was now addressing his meditations. Every one was unaware of Ephraim, and determined that every one else should perceive it.

"Beats all," continued Ephraim, loudly, as he settled himself once more on the stone

step, 'how things without spiritual life shows how they miss Jerushy! 'T is jus' so everything that belongs to the family could speak. (Here,) says this envelop, which I see is postmarked this morning, and could n't of got here before this noon—(here,) says it, (Ephrum Junkins must know 'bout this!) So it shakes the letter from its inwards, and runs and gits a pencil, and scratches on its back, (Lemly's folks all went away yesterday,) in a first-rate forgery of Mother Lemly's handwriting, and then climbs up and pins itself to the door. Jus' the same with the things out back. (Here,) says they, (Jerushy Jane's gone off looking for some wooden pate to marry her; but we 'll git ourselves ready 'gainst her coming back unsuccessful, jus' same's them two poor relations of hers, that does all the work and gits nothing for it but leavings and hard words, same's they was here to slop round and get dinner.) So them late-ripe'ing Baldwins says to themselves, (Here, we 'd better git in out of the sun, or we 'll git mellered 'fore our time.) So they up and roll int' the house, same's they had legs. Then the sink-pump begins to draw water—I can hear it a-snoorting now; sounds jus' 's though old Peter Hammond was setting in the corner of the parlor winder, and had fell asleep waiting for something to happen. Then out back the shed some that wood that 'Lishy cut from Widder Cole's half-acre,—because she could n't pay the interest on the mortgage, and he knew the church would git her through the winter somehow,—some that wood takes the ax and chops itself to kindlings, and gits a match, and crawls int' the stove, and touches itself off, and roars like a turkey-red lion, as you can see by the smoke a-spilling out the chimney. (Jerushy Jane 'll be home 'for long,) says everything. And the old black pot gits down off the hook, and waddles up to the sink and gits itself full of water, and climbs up on the stove, and sets down to git a-bubbling. And then the onions—I can smell 'em's loud's they was under my chin—well, they turn to and peel off their coats, and run and jump int' the pot, and squat down to bile!

«Still,» said Ephraim, very loudly, «I dunno why I sh'd be brooding here. The Lemlys ain't much to me. I always treated 'em considerate-like. When Mother Lemly come to me and said what a close-fisted old barn-rat 'Lishy was, I never told 'Lishy. When 'Lishy come to me and asked if 't was wicked to wish that Mother Lemly was enjoying a stay in heaven, I never told her. I give 'em both my honest sympathy; but they

ain't anything to me, more than folks that live in the same town that I do. First thing I know, my folks from Boston will be arriving, and I dunno 's I 'd pick out jus' these steps to let 'em see me setting on, for my Boston folks are pretty tony and stylish, and rather particular 'bout who they see me with. I 'll make that stretch home in 'bout nine minutes.»

Ephraim straightened himself and walked briskly from the yard, and still more briskly, until he had gone from sight around a bend in the road. The exercise, far from fatiguing him, was exhilarating, and he kept on at the same gait, chuckling as he went. The stick with which he had plodded up the stairs to find Zandy lay forgotten in the Lemly yard. Ephraim grew more charmed with himself at every step.

Zandy was standing alone. The figure that seemed to be Ephraim was coming too fast for him, and when Ephraim was within call he did not seem himself, for the customary melancholy of his face was supplanted by a gleam of satisfaction. Zandy was troubled.

«What's the matter?» she said. «Where you been? Where's your stick? Ain't you tuckered?»

«Well, sir,» said Ephraim, radiantly, steaming past her, and taking the rise in front of the house at a pace which left her in the rear. «Well, sir, I jus' give it to 'em! Guess they won't forgit it. Is anybody follering me? 'Cause I ain't looked round; walked off jus' same 's I forgotten 'em at their own gate. You oughter heard me a-brooding aloud—offhand! (Onions took their coats off,) says I, (and jumped in and squat down to bile!) Plain's your face! And Silas's Sunday panty-loons—he, hee! Well, sir, you 'll wish you 'd come!»

«There, Ephraim, there,» said Zandy, soothingly. «You ain't quite well, I'm sure. You 're all tuckered, ain't ye? There, I should n't let myself git so excited. How's your aches?»

«Tuckered?» said Ephraim. «Who's tuckered? I 'll teach 'em I ain't no setting rooster, b' George! Think I've lost my gift, do they? As for aches and pains, I ain't a single one—if I was to try. Dunno 's I ever shall have again. I've shook my ills and give' up pills—and don't pay no more doctor's bills, eh, Zandy?»

«Ephrum Junkins,» said Zandy, solemnly, «you've got to git right to bed! You're a sick man, and you don't realize it one mite. I ain't seen you exert so these ten years. Don't you lemme hear 'nother word. You

need every parcel of strength you got. Oh, Ephrum, why did n't you stay to home!"

"Go-to-bed pshaw!" said Ephraim. "I tell ye I'm 's pert 's a sparrer. Could n't find no ache nor pain if I was to hunt."

"That 's just what 's the matter," said Zedy. "You 've come to the fair hilltop overlooking the valley of shadder of death, Ephrum, and here you be a-ready to go coasting down t' the bottom 's fast 's you know how! Don't you see how 't always is—them that 's ailing all of a sudden gitting up and hopping round out-doors and looking pert, and everybody saying how smart Ephrum Junkins is looking, and then all of a jump the Lord whisks your head off 's though 't was an ax! Ephrum—I dunno, Ephrum! There," she said, recovering herself, "you go to bed, won't ye?"

"Pshaw!" said Ephraim. "Here I be as skittish as a yeller kitten. You sh'd see me kiting 'long the road 's though I was shot from a bow! Well, sir, they was fifteen hosses that crawled int' that barn, b' George; and they 'd locked themselves in—eh? I s'pose I set there 's much 's an hour, brooding to myself loud enough for the pigeons! I cal'late Jerushy Jane 'll live to see me—"

But the enthusiasm had spilled from Ephraim's voice.

"I was going to step off front the house 'bout time the wedding broke off, and chop that tree I been a-going to so long," he added thoughtfully.

Zedy left him sitting still in the rocking-chair, gazing rather steadily at his thumbs. She ran down to the road, and caught the boy whom she had seen driving one of Lemly's teams.

"You hurry and find Dr. Payne," she said. "He's down to the wedding, I guess. You tell him to come up along 's fast 's he can, for Ephrum Junkins is took so that I misdoubt he 'll last the evening. You hurry, and I 'll give you a watermelon."

When she came back Ephraim was silent, and she looked at him sadly and said nothing. He expected her to urge him again to retire, but she did not. At length Ephraim said:

"Of course, if you are any scared, Zedy, I s'pose I might just as well go. Still, it does seem kinder foolish, and I should n't tell any the neighbors 'bout it."

"Hain't you the leetlest kind of an ache?" asked Zedy.

"No," said Ephraim, with a shade of regret; "I can't truthfully git up and lie 'bout it. I ain't got the shadder of one."

"It 's unusual," said Zedy, "and unusual

breeds unusual. You jump in 's quick 's you know how, and I 'll make a poultice, and some licorish tea, and I 'll stuff your ears with cotton so the crickets and roosters and things sha'n't keep you awake. And there, I 'd drink some hot water if I was you. Dunno 's I should be scared, Ephraim; mebbe it 'll pass off in the night."

Ephraim lay in the depths of the feather-bed, with the blinds closed, while Zedy stirred about the adjoining kitchen. A streak of sunlight came through and found the wall beside him; all the world seemed wide awake and well, but Ephraim's lightsome spirits had departed. Presently he called:

"T is kinder unusual, ain't it?"

"Well, mebbe," said Zedy. "Still—"

"Still what?" said Ephraim, with the cotton in his ears. "Say, I guess you 'd better git out some that Mrs. Slopley's Sure Cure: 't won't do no harm, though I dunno 's they 's any cause for you to git worried, feeling so smart 's I do."

"Oh, no," said Zedy; "worrying will only make you worse."

Ephraim lay staring at the ceiling, unpleasantly aware of his own fiber. He listened to the throbbing of his arteries, and asked himself if there was not something unusual in it—unusual bred unusual. People's hearts sometimes unexpectedly stopped, and then people give three gasps, and all was over.

"S'pose you set some that Greenson's Painkiller handy," he called. "And if you sh'd see Dr. Payne, you might yell to him. I felt 's coltish 's a calf when I laid down here; but I dunno."

The ticking of the clock seemed to keep time with his breathing—at least it had at first; but now surely the clock was getting ahead. His lungs might be gradually slowing down, and perhaps they would lag until by and by they would stop short—collapsed like an empty bellows.

"I dunno but you 'd better send for him, Zedy, so 's to keep you from worrying," he managed to say without falling behind the clock.

"There, I should n't snort so," said Zedy. "He 's a-coming."

"What, you sent for him?" exclaimed Ephraim. "I wonder if you 've had one your presentiments? I should n't have such nonsense. Here I be, looking 's bright 's a new dollar—ain't I? What 's the use you trying to scare me so? There, ain't that clock gitting ready to stop? I ain't superstitious, but you kinder make me nervous running round the way you do."

Zendy comforted him with the licorice tea for his inner man, and with something she put between his shoulders—a poultice the mustardy nature of which she concealed from Ephraim on account of his objection to being burned. The licorice tea began searching for the late-ripening Baldwins.

Lemly's boy had met the people as they were leaving after the wedding, and he mingled among them eager with the importance of his news, so that before dusk every one had heard of Ephraim's going to bed. Those who had known Ephraim and Zendy since early years came in to see if they could be of assistance, and they made a considerable gathering of people in their Sunday clothes.

«I ain't going to be caught napping,» exclaimed Zendy. «Here he ails and wails every minute for two years, and here he gits up suddenly, and tramps off somewhere, and says he ain't got an ache nor a pain, and wants to chop down trees! I jus' drove him to bed.»

Ephraim removed the cotton from one ear. The arrival of the visitors had for awhile turned his thoughts away from himself.

«Real nice of you to put your good clothes on jus' to come see us,» he heard Zendy say. They all sat in the kitchen, with the lamp casting a dimness over their faces, and they settled themselves as if they had come to see the affair to its end. Conversation languished, for everybody was thinking about the wedding, and no one dared to speak of it. Old Peter Hammond, who was deaf, was last, and Ephraim heard him say:

«What—nary an ache nor pain?»

«Nary a fly-bite,» called Ephraim. «I dunno 'f the Lord's crowding a place for me on the other shore, but seems to me 't would of been just as well if I'd first stepped out front and chopped that old apple-tree. Been going to these ten years, ever since the time Leviticus Brooks drove the pitchfork into his leg, and Alice Dame's calf got hurt, too, and Joel Pitkin was 'lected.»

«He's beginning to reach back,» whispered Amanda Dame to Sarah Tower. «When they begin to reach back years and years, then I know they're going out.»

This remark was repeated to the others, and for a while Ephraim heard nothing but an ominous murmur.

«Good deal of sickness and ailments round,» came the voice of Mother Margery Hook, at length breaking the funereal silence. «They do say May Tenny Warren won't last out the night, and she so young, too—you

would n't expect. And then old Jeddy Marvin—that was born on same day's Ephraim—he's done a fearful night and ain't no better. I declare, I ain't got nothing fit to wear to a funeral.»

«You'll have to go jus' to weddings till you git something new,» said Zendy, surveying Mother Margery's lavender trimmings. This remark caused another silence.

«Zendy!» called Ephraim. «You steep me some catnip, will ye?»

«What she said reminds me of old Josiah Codman,» came the voice of Hannah Swan. «Old Josiah, 'f you remember, rose up from a stroke and hoed a whole patch of beets. Come evening he was flat on his back, and stone cold before morning.»

Ephraim's mind went back to the clock, which now seemed to tarry behind his breathing. Perhaps his lungs would go faster and faster, until they burst with panting, and he lay stone dead.

«There was Jim Sweet's wife, too,» he heard Angy Brooks say. «She left the chronic sinking-fits and went to a dance. Said she'd like to see the one that could outbob and fling with her! And she up and died in the middle of a jig. Most of the orthodox folks took it for a judgment.»

«Then Eunice Dexter, 'f you remember,» said Hannah Swan, «she that married the Spooner twins, one after the other. She got up and went to a husking, and died from eating Mother Hammond's pandowdy. I don't s'pose Ephrum's et anything, has he?»

«No,» said Zendy, «he ain't et anything; he's too scared to eat what fights him.» But Ephraim thought of the late-ripening Baldwins, and for some indefinable reason he wished he had not touched them.

«Zendy!» he called, «that boy ain't found Dr. Payne! Why's he so slow?»

«Dr. Payne?» said Mother Margery Hook. «Gone to Boston—for a week.»

«Thunder!» said Ephraim, breaking out in a cold sweat. «Zendy, what you going to do?»

«And Dr. Wallace is away to Bucksport,» whispered Peter Hammond, loudly. «Still, I don't think a doctor would mend any, Zendy. I quit doctoring these ten years. Speaking of like cases,» Ephraim heard Peter say, «come to think of it, there was Ephrum's own father. 'T was jus' 'bout same's this. Dunno's any of you remember; but old Ephrum had been lain up with something he called typhoid-gout,—he doctored himself mostly,—and one day he rose off his lounge, where he'd been most the time for several years, carving little clipper ships inside of

ginger-pop bottles, rose off and took stick and stumped clear down to Cedar Creek, and made old Enoch Blood, that was keeping a blacksmith shop 'bout where the meeting-house now is—made him pone up seven dollars Enoch had owed him since he'd married Thankful Spinney—with seven per cent. interest—and had them four boys. And old Ephrum came a-thumping home all smiling's could be, and said he cal'lated to git out to work to his trade, which, if you rec'lect, was shipwright. Well, comelamplight—'bout this time, 's I remember—he was suddenly took with a cramp somewhere in his inwards, and old Ephrum jus' wriggled himself out of this world—you 'd heard him for miles. He had three doctors, but, Lord! the doctors could n't do him no good! So Ephrum need n't feel so bad."

"Zendy," called Ephraim, feebly, with beads upon his brow. "My inwards don't feel right. S'pose I take some Fam'ly Cure? I think meb-be I have a pain."

Zendy absented herself for awhile, during which she conned the symptoms of Ephraim with a practised eye. Then she came out and whispered to the rest.

"His eyes are kinder staring, and his breath comes quick, and his hair kinder stands up; but, Lord! I ain't worried no more! He ain't going to sink. No, he ain't; I know Ephraim."

"I dunno 's I sh'd be too hopeful," Ephraim heard Mother Margery say; and Peter Hammond whispered very plainly, "Neither sh'd I—with that pain—so like his father."

"Zendy!" called Ephraim, "440 's commencing to burn betwixt my shoulder-blades. I wish some of you 'd look into the book. Zendy ain't worth a hill of beans with it."

Peter Hammond had the book in his grasp, and no one could get it away from him.

"Here 's 440," said Peter, after a search which had led him to page 440 instead of to the ailment of that number. "Some kinder fits, it says; but, pshaw! Ephrum, it don't say they break out 'twixt your shoulder-blades."

"Zendy, ain't you a gump!" cried Ephraim. "Give the book to some one that can spell

numbers. Have I got to lay here and die! Oh, my back! Oh, but I 'm a sick man!"

Zendy returned to the chamber. Ephraim lay with his face pushed into the pillow.

"My time 's come!" he cried in muffled tones. "I can feel myself stiflin'. I 'ma-goin'; 201 's coming back; 697 's coming; 440 's bringin' on 441! I 'ma-goin'; good-by, Zendy, if I sh'd lose my mind!"

Zendy came and closed the door. The visitors stared expectantly.

"I guess you folks had better all go home," she said, "unless you got some wedding or other to go to, for it kinder flusters Ephrum. He 's all right now. He 's got his aches and pains back, and he 's too strapping mad and scared with his ailments to be a-going to die. Good-night, all," she said as she held the lamp, and they filed out into the dark. "I kinder put faith in that mustard and licor-ish." But it was plain that they all thought Ephraim in a perilous state.

Ephraim was rolling and writhing in the billows of the feather-bed. Zendy hove a sigh of relief to see him, and she sat down and rested in the wooden rocker.

"There, if you ain't carrying on natural," she said approvingly. "Just as like yourself as two peas. There, I dunno 's I 'd shout so."

"I was ticketed to leave ye 'fore long!" cried Ephraim. "I kep' tellin' ye so, but I did n't git no sympathy; 440 has struck in! Zendy, why don't you git scared and do somethin'? Here I be on my dyin' bed, and you a-settin' there like a bump on a log! Oh, them apples—my back 's burnin' right off! Oh, Zendy, ain't you got no more feeling than I was a frog?"

The head of Cory Judd appeared at the open window.

"Heard Ephrum was took," said Cory, who sometimes looked like an owl. "How 's he doing?"

"Oh, he 's doing real nice, thank ye," said Zendy. "I guess he only et something."

"Oh, yuss!" said Ephraim, savagely, rising in bed. "I was invited out to a wedding, and I et the door-knob off the door!"

Chester Bailey Fernald.

AFTER BR'ER RABBIT IN THE BLUE-GRASS.

A THANKSGIVING EVENT.

By the author of «Fox-Hunting in Kentucky.»

WITH PICTURES BY MAX F. KLEPPER.



OR little more than a month Jack Frost has been busy—that arch-imp of Satan who has got himself enshrined in the hearts of little children.

After the clear sunset of some late October day, when the clouds have hung low and kept the air chill, he has a good night for his evil work. By dawn the little magician has spun a robe of pure white, and drawn it close to the breast of the earth. The first light turns it silver, and shows the flowers and jewels with which wily Jack has decked it, so that it may be mistaken for a wedding-gown, perhaps, instead of a winding-sheet. The sun, knowing better, lifts, lets loose his tiny warriors, and, from pure love of beauty, with one stroke smites it gold. Then begins a battle which ends soon in crocodile tears of reconciliation from dauntless little Jack, with the blades of grass and the leaves in their scarlet finery sparkling with the joy of another day's deliverance, and the fields grown gray and aged in a single night. On just such a morning, and before the fight is quite done, saddle-horses are stepping from big white barns in certain counties of the blue-grass, and, sniffing the cool air, are being led to old-fashioned stiles, from which a little later they bear master or mistress out to the turnpike and past flashing fields to the little county-seat several miles away. There in the court-house square they gather, the gentlefolk of country and town, and from that point they start into the country the other way. It is a hunting-meet. Br'er Rabbit is the quarry, and they are going for him on horseback without dog, stick, snare, or gun—a unique sport, and, so far as I know, confined wholly to the blue-grass. There is less rusticity than cosmopolitanism in that happy land. The townspeople, have farms, and the farmers own stores; intercourse between town and country is unrestrained; and as for social position, that is a question one rarely hears discussed: one either has it unquestioned, or one has it not at all. So out they go, the hunters on horseback, and the chaperons and spectators in buggies, phaetons, and rockaways, through a morning that

is cloudless and brilliant, past fields that are sober with autumn, and woods that are dingy with oaks and streaked with the fire of sumac and maple. New hemp lies in shining swaths on each side, while bales of last year's crop are going to market along the white turnpike. Already the farmers are turning over the soil for the autumn sowing of wheat. Corn-shuckling is just over, and ragged darkies are straggling from the fields back to town. Through such a scene move horse and vehicle, the riders shouting, laughing, running races, and a quartet, perhaps, in a rockaway singing some old-fashioned song full of tune and sentiment. Six miles out they turn in at a gate, where a big square brick house with a Grecian portico stands far back in a wooded yard, with a fish-pond on one side and a great smooth lawn on the other. Other hunters are waiting there, and the start is made through a blue-grass woodland, greening with a second spring, and into a sweep of stubble and ragweed. There are two captains of the hunt. One is something of a wag, and has the voice of a trumpet.

«Form a line, and form a good un!» he yells, and the line stretches out with a space of ten or fifteen feet between each horse and his neighbor on each side. The men are dressed as they please, the ladies as they please. English blood gets expression, as usual, in independence absolute. There is a sturdy disregard of all considerations of form. Some men wear leggings, some high boots; a few have brown shooting-coats. Most of them ride with the heel low and the toes turned according to temperament. The Southern woman's long riding-skirt has happily been laid aside. These young Dianas wear the usual habit; only the hat is a derby, a cap, sometimes a beaver with a white veil, or a tam-o'-shanter that has slipped down behind and left a frank bare head of shining hair. They hold the reins in either hand, and not a crop is to be seen. There are plenty of riding-whips, however, and sometimes one runs up the back of some girl's right arm; for that is the old-fashioned position for the whip when riding in form. On a trip like this, however, everybody rides to please his fancy,

and rides anywhere but off his horse. The men are sturdy country youths, who in a few years will make good types of the beef-eating young English squire—sunburned fellows with big frames, open faces, fearless eyes, and a manner that is easy, cordial, kindly, independent. The girls are midway between the types of brunette and blonde, with a leaning toward the latter type. The extreme brunette is as rare as is the unlovely blonde, whom Oliver Wendell Holmes differentiates from her dazzling sister with locks that have caught the light of the sun. Radiant with freshness these girls are, and with good health and strength; round of figure, clear of eye and skin, spirited, soft of voice, and slow of speech.

pathy between these two, and to cause trouble between country-bred Phyllis, plump, dark-eyed, bare-headed, who rides a pony that is trained to the hunt, as many of the horses are, and young farmer Corydon, who is near her on an iron-gray. Indeed, mischief is brewing among those four. At a brisk walk the line moves across the field, the captain at each end yelling to the men—only the men, for no woman is ever anywhere but where she ought to be in a Southern hunting-field—to keep it straight.

«Billy,» shouts the captain with the mighty voice, «I fine you ten dollars.» The slouch-hat and the white girth are lagging behind. It is a lovers' quarrel, and the girl looks a little



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

«BILLY,» SHOUTS THE CAPTAIN, «I FINE YOU TEN DOLLARS.»

There is one man on a sorrel mule. He is the host back at the big farm-house, and he has given up every horse he has to guests. One of the girls has a broad white girth running all the way around both horse and saddle. Her habit is the most stylish in the field; she has lived a year in Washington, perhaps, and has had a finishing touch at a fashionable school in New York. Near her is a young fellow on a black thoroughbred—a graduate, perhaps, of Yale or Princeton. They rarely put on airs, couples like these, when they come back home, but drop quietly into their old places with friends and kindred. From respect to local prejudice, which has a hearty contempt for anything that is not carried for actual use, she has left her riding-crop at home. He has let his crinkled black hair grow rather long, and has covered it with a black slouch-hat. Contact with the outer world has made a difference, however, and it is enough to create a strong bond of sym-

flushed, while Phyllis watches smiling. «But you can compromise with me,» adds the captain, and a jolly laugh runs down the line. Now comes a «rebel yell.» Somewhere along the line a horse leaps forward. Other horses jump too; everybody yells, and everybody's eye is on a little bunch of cotton that is being whisked with astonishing speed through the brown weeds. There is a massing of horses close behind it; the white girth flashes in the midst of the mêlée, and the slouch-hat is just behind. The bunch of cotton turns suddenly, and doubles back between the horses' feet. There is a great crash, and much turning, twisting, and sawing of bits. Then the crowd dashes the other way, with Corydon and Phyllis in the lead. The fun has begun.

II.

FROM snow to snow in the blue-grass Br'er Rabbit has two inveterate enemies,—the darky

and the school-boy,—and his lot is a hard one. Even in the late spring and early summer, when «ole Mis'» Rabbit is keeping house, either one of her foes will cast a destructive stone at her if she venture into open lane or pasture. When midsummer comes even her tiny, long-eared brood is in danger. Not one of the little fellows is much larger than your doubled fist when the weeds get thick and high, and the elderberries are ripe, and the blackberries almost gone, but he is a tender morsel, and with the darky ranks in gastronomical favor close after the possum and the coon. You see him then hopping about the edge of hemp- and harvest-fields, or crossing the country lanes, and he is very pretty, and so innocent and unwary that few have the heart to slay him except his two ruthless foes. When the fields of grain are cut at harvest-time, both are on a close lookout for him. For as the grain is mown about him, he is penned at last in a little square of uncut cover, and must make a dash for liberty through stones, sticks, dogs, and yelling darkies. After frost comes, the school-boy has both eyes open for him, and a stone ready, on his way to and from his books, and he goes after him at noon recess and on Saturdays. The darky travels with a «rabbit-stick» three feet long in hand and a cur at his heels. Sometimes he will get his young master's bird-dog out, and give Br'er Rabbit a chase, in spite of the swearing that surely awaits him, and the licking that may. Then he makes a «dead fall» for him—a broad board supporting a heavy rock, and supported by triggers that are set like the lines of the figure 4; or he will bend the top of a young sapling to the ground, and make a snare of a string, and some morning there is innocent Br'er Rabbit strung up like a murderer. Sometimes he will chase him into a rock fence, and then what is a square yard or so of masonry to one fat rabbit? Sometimes Br'er Rabbit will take a favorite refuge, a hollow tree; for while he cannot climb a tree in the usual way, he can arch his back and rise spryly enough on the inside. Then does the ingenious darky contrive a simple instrument of torture—a long, limber stick with a prong or a split end. This he twists into Br'er Rabbit's fur until he can gather up with it one fold of his slack hide, and down comes the game. This hurts, and with this provocation only will the rabbit snap at the hunter's hand. If this device fails the hunter, he will try smoking him out; and if that fails, there is left the ax. Always, too, is the superstitious darky keen for the

rabbit that is caught in a graveyard, by a slow hound, at midnight, and in the dark of the moon. The left hind foot of that rabbit is a thing to conjure with.

On Saturdays both his foes are after him with dog and gun. If they have no dog they track him in the snow, or they «look for him settin'» in thick bunches of winter blue-grass, or under briars and cut thorn-bushes that have been piled in little gullies; and alas! they «shoot him settin'» until the darky has learned fair play from association, or the boy has had it thumped into him at school. Then will the latter give Br'er Rabbit a chance for his life by stirring him up with his brass-toed boot and taking a crack at him as he lopes away. It will be a long time before this boy will get old enough or merciful enough to resist the impulse to get out of his buggy or off his horse, no matter where he is going or in how great a hurry, and shy a stone when a cottontail crosses his path. Indeed, a story comes down that a field of slaves threw aside their hoes and dashed pell-mell after a passing rabbit. An indignant observer reported the fact to their master, and this was the satisfaction he got.

«Run him, did they?» said the master, cheerfully. «Well, I'd have whipped the last one of them if they had n't.»

And yet it is not until late in October that Br'er Rabbit need go into the jimson-weeds and seriously «wuck he haid» (work his head) over his personal safety; but it is very necessary then, and on Thanksgiving day it behooves him to say his prayers in the thickest cover he can find. Every man's hand is against him that day. All the big hunting-parties are out, and the Iroquois Club of Lexington goes for him with horse and greyhound. And that is wild sport. Indeed, put a daredevil Kentuckian on a horse or behind him, and in a proper mood, and there is always wild sport—for the onlooker as well. It is hard to fathom the spirit of recklessness that most sharply differentiates the Southern hunter from his Northern brother, and that runs him amuck when he comes into contact with a horse, whether riding, driving, or betting on him. If a thing has to be done in a hunting-field, or can be done, there is little difference between the two. Only the thing must, with the Northerner, be a matter of skill and judgment, and he likes to know his horse. To him or to an Englishman the Southern hunter's performances on a green horse look little short of criminal. In certain counties of Virginia, where hunters follow the hounds after the English fashion,

the main point seems to be for each man to "hang up" the man behind him, and desperate risks are run. "I have stopped that boyish foolishness, though," said an aged hunter under thirty; "I give my horse a chance." In other words, he had stopped exacting of him the impossible. In Georgia they follow hounds at a fast gallop through wooded bogs and swamps at night, and I have seen a horse go down twice within a distance of thirty yards, and the rider never leave his back. The same is true of Kentucky, and I suppose of other Southern States. I have known one of my friends in the blue-grass to amuse himself by getting into his buggy an unsuspecting friend, who was as sedate then as he is now (and he is a judge now), and driving him at full speed through an open gate, then whizzing through the woods and seeing how near he could graze the trunks of trees in his course, and how sharply he could turn, and ending up the circuit by dashing, still at full speed, into a creek, his companion still sedate and fearless, but swearing helplessly. Being bantered by an equally reckless friend one dark midnight while going home, this same man threw both reins out on his horse's back, and gave the high-strung beast a smart cut with his whip. He ran four miles, kept the pike by some mercy of Providence, and stopped exhausted at his master's gate.

A Northern visitor was irritated by the apparently reckless driving of his host, who is a famous horseman in the blue-grass.

"You lunatic," he said, "you'd better drive over those stone piles!" meaning a heap of unbroken rocks that lay on one side of the turnpike.

"I will," was the grave answer, and he did.

This is the Kentuckian in a buggy.

Imagine him on horseback, with no ladies present to check the spirit or the spirits of the occasion, and we can believe that the Thanksgiving hunt of the Iroquois Club is perhaps a little more serious business than playing polo, or riding after anise-seed. And yet there is hardly a member of this club who could sit in his saddle over the course at Meadowbrook or Chevy Chase, for the reason that he has never practised jumping a horse in his stride, and because when he goes fast he takes the jockey seat, which is not, I believe, a good seat for a five-foot fence; at the same time, there is hardly a country-bred rider in the blue-grass, man or woman, who would

not try it. Still, accidents are rare, and it is yet a tenet in the creed of the Southern hunter that the safer plan is to take no care. On the chase with greyhounds the dogs run, of course, by sight, and the point with the huntsman is to be the first at the place of the kill. As the greyhound tosses the rabbit several feet in the air and catches it when it falls, the place is seen by all, and there is a mad rush for that one spot. The hunters crash together, and often knock one another down. I have known two fallen horses and their riders to be cleared in a leap by two hunters who were close behind them. One of the men was struck by a hoof flying over him.

"I saw a shoe glisten," he said, "and then it was darkness for a while."

But it is the hunting without even a dog that is interesting, because it is unique and because the ladies share the fun. The sport doubtless originated with school-boys. They could not take dogs or guns to school; they had leisure at "big recess," as the noon hour was called; they had horses, and the rabbits were just over the school-yard fence. One day two or three of them chased a rabbit down, and the fun was discovered. These same boys, perhaps, kept up the hunt after their school-days were over, and gave the fever to others, the more easily as foxes began to get scarce. Then the ladies began to take part, and the sport is what it is to-day. The President signs



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

«I WILL» WAS THE GRAVE ANSWER, AND HE DID.»

a great annual death-warrant for Br'er Rabbit in the blue-grass when he fixes a day for Thanksgiving.

III.

AGAIN Br'er Rabbit twists, and Phyllis's little horse turns after him like a polo pony after a ball. The black thoroughbred makes a wide sweep; Corydon's iron-gray cuts in behind,

and the whole crowd starts in a body toward the road. This rabbit is an old hand at this business, and he knows where safety lies. A moment later the horses come to their haunches at the pike fence. Br'er Rabbit has gone into a culvert under the road, and already a small boy and a yellow dog are making for that culvert from a farm-house near. Again the trumpet, «Form a line!» Again the long line starts. There has been a shifting of positions. Corydon is next the white

a yelling demon bearing down on her. The slouch-hat swoops near her first, flings himself from his horse, and, in spite of the riders pressing in on him, is after her on foot. Two others swing from their horses on the other side. Mollie makes several helpless hops, and the three scramble for her. The riders in front cry for those behind to hold their horses back, but they crowd in, and it is a miracle that none of the three is trampled down. The rabbit is hemmed in now; there is no way of es-



DRAWN BY W. F. ALPHEE.

«DOWN GOES HER PURSUER ON TOP OF HER.»

girth and stylish habit now, and he looks very much pleased. The slouch-hat of the college man and Phyllis's bare head are together, and the thoroughbred's master is talking earnestly. Phyllis looks across the field and smiles. Silly Corydon! The slouch-hat is confessing his trouble and asking advice. Yes, she will help, as women will, out of pure friendship, pure unselfishness; sometimes they have other reasons, and Phyllis had two. Another yell, another rabbit. Off they go, and then, midway, still another cry and still another rabbit. The hunters part in twain, the thoroughbred leading one wing, the iron-gray the other. Watch the slouch-hat now, and you will see how the thing is done. The thoroughbred is learning what his master is after, and he swerves to the right; others are coming in from that direction; the rabbit must turn again; others that way, too. Poor Mollie is confused; whichever way her big, startled eyes turn, that way she sees a huge beast and

cape, and instinctively she shrinks frightened to the earth. That is the crucial instant; down goes her pursuer on top of her as though she were a foot-ball, and the quarry is his. One blow of the hand behind the long ears, or one jerk by the hind legs, which snaps the neck as a whip cracks, and the slouch-hat holds aloft the brush, a little puff of down, and turns his eye about the field. The white girth is near, and as he starts toward her he is stopped by a low «Ahem!» behind him. Corydon has caught the first rabbit, and already on the derby hat above the white girth is pinned the brush. The young fellow turns again. Phyllis, demure and unregarding, is there with her eyes on the horns of her saddle; but he understands, and a moment later she smiles with prettily feigned surprise, and the white puff moves off in her loosening brown hair. The white girth is betrayed into the faintest shadow of vexation. Corydon heard that eloquent little clearing of the throat

with a darkling face, and, indeed, no one of the four looks very happy except Phyllis.

«Form a line!»

Again the rabbits jump,—one, two, three,—and the horses dash and crash together, and the men swing to the ground, and are pushed and trampled in a mad clutch for Mollie's long ears; for it is a contest between them as to who shall catch the most game. The iron-gray goes like a demon, and when Corydon drops the horse is trained to stop and to stand still. This gives Corydon an advantage which balances the superior quickness of the thoroughbred and the agility of his rider. The hunting-party is broken up now into groups of three and four, each group after a rabbit, and for the time the disgusted captains give up all hope of discipline. A horse has gone down in a gully. Two excited girls have jumped to the ground for a rabbit. The big mule threshes the weeds like a tornado. Crossing the field at a heavy gallop, he stops suddenly at a ditch, the girth of the old saddle breaks, and the host of the day goes on over the long ears.



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

«HE STOPS SUDDENLY AT A DITCH.»

When he rises from the weeds there is a shriek of laughter over the field, and then a mule-race, for, with a bray of freedom, the sorrel makes for home. Not a rabbit is jumped on the next circuit; that field is hunted out. No matter; there is another just across the meadow, and they make for it. More than a dozen rabbits dangle head downward behind the saddles of the men. Corydon has caught seven, and the slouch-hat five. The palm lies between them plainly, as does a bigger motive than the game. It is a matter of gallantry—conferring the brush in the field; indeed, secrets are hidden rather than betrayed in that way; so Corydon is free to honor the white girth, and the

slouch-hat can honor Phyllis without suspicion. The stylish habit shows four puffs of down; Phyllis wears five—every trophy that the slouch-hat has won. That is the way Phyllis is helping a friend, getting even with an enemy, and putting down a rebellion in her own camp. Even in the meadow a rabbit starts up, and there is a quick sprint in the open; but Br'er Rabbit, another old hand at the hunt, slips through the tall palings of a garden fence. In the other field the fun is more furious than ever, for the rabbits are thicker and the rivalry is very close. Corydon is getting excited; once he nearly overrides his rival.

The field has gone mad. The girl with the white girth is getting flushed with something more than excitement, and even Phyllis, demure as she still looks, is stirred a little. The pony's mistress is ahead by two brushes, and the white girth is a little vexed. She declares she is going to catch a rabbit herself. The slouch-hat hears, and watches her thereafter uneasily. And she does spring lightly, recklessly, to the ground just as the iron-gray and the thoroughbred crash in toward her, and right between the horses' hoofs Br'er Rabbit is caught in her little black riding-gloves. Indeed, the front feet of a horse strike her riding-skirt, mashing it into the soft earth, and miss crushing her by a foot. The slouch-hat is on the ground beside her. «You must n't do that again!» he says with sharp authority.

«Mr. —,» she says quietly, but haughtily, to Corydon, who is on the ground too, «will you please help me on my horse?»

The slouch-hat looks as red as a flame, but Phyllis whispers comfort. «That's all right,» she says wisely; and it is all right. Under the slouch-hat the white face meant fear, anxiety, distress. The authority of the voice thrilled the girl, and in the depths of her heart she was pleased: and Phyllis knew.

The sun is dropping fast, but they will try one more field, which lies beyond a broad pasture of blue-grass. Now comes the chase of the day. Something big and gray leaps from a bunch of grass and bounds away. It is the father of rabbits, and there is a race indeed—an open field, a straight course, and no favor. The devil take the hindmost! Listen to the music of the springy turf, and watch that thoroughbred whose master has stayed behind to put up the fence! He has n't had half a chance before. He feels the grip of knees as his master rises to the racing-seat, and knowing what that means, he lengthens. No great effort is apparent; he simply stretches himself close to the earth and skims it as a swallow skims a pond.

Within two hundred yards he is side by side with Corydon, who is leading, and Corydon, being no fool, pulls in and lets him go on. Br'er Rabbit is going up one side of a long, shallow ravine. There is a grove of locusts at the upper end. The hunters behind see the slouch-hat cut around the crest of the hill, and, as luck would have it, Br'er Rabbit doubles, and comes back on the other side of the ravine. The thoroughbred has closed up the gap that the turn made, and is not fifty yards behind. Br'er Rabbit is making either for a rain-washed gully just opposite, or for a brier-patch farther down. So they wait. The cottontail clears the gully like a ball of thistledown, and Phyllis hears a little gasp behind her as the thoroughbred too rises and cleaves the air. Horse and rabbit dash into the weedy cover, and the slouch-hat drops out of sight as three hunters ride yelling into it from the other side. There is a scramble in the bushes, and the slouch-hat emerges with the rabbit in his hand. As he rides slowly toward the waiting party, he looks at Phyllis as though to receive further orders. He gets them. Willy Phyllis shakes her head as though to say:

«Not me this time; *her*»

And with a courtly inclination of the slouch-hat, the big brush goes in lieu of an olive-branch for peace.

The shadows are stretching fast; they will not try the other field. Back they start through the radiant air homeward, laughing, talking, bantering, living over the incidents of the day, the men with one leg swung over the pommel of their saddles for rest; the girls with habits disordered and torn, hair down, and a little tired, but all flushed, clear-eyed, and happy. The leaves, russet, gold, and crimson, are dropping to the green earth; the sunlight is as yellow as the wings of a butterfly; and on the horizon is a faint haze that foreshadows the coming Indian summer. If it be Thanksgiving, a big dinner will be waiting for them at the stately old farm-house, or if a little later in the year, a hot supper instead. If the hunt is very informal, and there be neither, which rarely happens, everybody asks everybody else to go home with him, and everybody means it, and accepts if possible. This time it is warm enough for a great spread out in the yard on the lawn and under the big oaks. What a feast that is—chicken, turkey, cold ham, pickles, croquettes, creams, jellies, «beaten» biscuit! And what happy laughter, and thoughtful courtesies, and mellow kindness!

Inside, most likely, it is cool enough for a fire in the big fireplace with the shining old brass andirons; and what quiet, solid, old-fashioned English comfort that light brings out! Two dinky fiddlers are waiting on the back porch—waiting for a dram from «young



DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

«IN LIEU OF AN OLIVE-BRANCH.»

cap'n,» as «young marster» is now called. They do not wait long. By the time darkness settles the fiddles are talking old tunes, and the nimble feet are busy. Like draws to like now, and the window-seats and the tall columns of the porch hear again what they have been listening to for so long. Corydon has drawn near. Does Phyllis sulk or look cold? Not Phyllis. You would not know that Corydon had ever left her side. It has been a day of sweet mischief to Phyllis.

At midnight they ride forth in pairs into the crisp, brilliant air and under the kindly moon. The white girth turns toward town with the thoroughbred at her side, and Corydon and Phyllis take the other way. They live on adjoining farms, these two. Phyllis has not forgotten; oh, no! There is mild torture awaiting Corydon long after he shall have forgotten the day, and he deserves it. Silly Corydon! to quarrel over nothing, and to think that he could make her jealous over that—the white girth is never phrased, for Phyllis stops there. It is not the first time these two have crossed foils. But there is peace now, and the little comedy of the day, seen by nearly every woman and by hardly a man, comes that night to a happy end.

John Fox, Jr.

THE CHINESE OF NEW YORK

CONTRASTED WITH THEIR FOREIGN NEIGHBORS.



POPULAR opinion, when considering our foreign immigrants, has given the lowest rank among them to the Chinese. Whether or not this is a just conclusion is a matter which certainly admits of discussion. But it behooves us, as Americans who desire to see justice done to all, to consider the

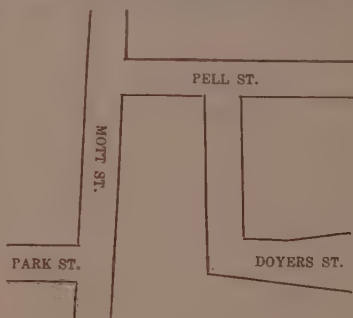
question from the standpoint of facts, and not of prejudice.

It is admittedly true that no city in America presents so varied a population as does New York. Here we have a quota of all the nationalities that have come to us, dwelling, to a very considerable extent, in colonies by themselves. Because of this colonization the native habits and customs, religious and domestic, are retained much longer, and the Americanization—I might almost say the civilization in some cases—is consequently slower and more laborious than in many cities. Here, also, the Chinese have congregated in sufficient numbers to form a settlement of their own, bearing the peculiar stamp of their nationality. For this reason, therefore, as a place for a comparison of the races when dwelling in America, New York City offers a peculiar advantage.

To judge a people accurately one should know something more of their inner life than can be learned from a tour of their colony, or from the police officers who stand guard at their doors. One should know the people by personal contact as well. From that point of view the writer is able to speak of the Chinese with the utmost freedom, and of the neighboring foreigners with a good degree of familiarity. The work of a city missionary has brought me to a considerable extent in contact with Italians, Russians, and Poles, Germans, Irish, and Chinese, and to a slight extent with Spaniards, Turks, French, and Scandinavians. But the comparisons which I wish to draw in this article are more particularly between the first-named classes, with

whom I am best acquainted, and who make up the immediate environment of New York's Chinatown.

Chinatown, as it is called, is composed of three short blocks, two of which intercept each other at right angles, thus:



Its inhabitants are not by any means confined to the Chinese, for many Italians, a few negroes, and a few Irish people share the crowded tenements with them. For the most part the buildings are old and dilapidated, and those converted to Chinese use have been refitted with the flimsiest of wooden partitions, and are void of many of the most ordinary of modern conveniences.

In the streets surrounding Chinatown to the north and east the population seems even more dense, if that can be possible, and is made up in the northeast portion of Russian and Polish Hebrews, and to the west and north of Italians. Directly east of Chinatown is that greatest artery of the city, Third Avenue, or "The Bowery," as the avenue is called from Chatham Square to Seventh street. This is the greatest field in the city for petty showmen and for lodging-house keepers. The street is lined from the terminus of the Brooklyn Bridge to the Cooper Union building with museums, theaters, beer-gardens, dance-halls, and dives of all sorts and degrees of degradation, while shops and stores, owned mostly by Jews, are sandwiched in between them. The upper stories of a large proportion of these build-

ings are used as lodging-houses and hotels for homeless men and boys, and are of all grades, from the seven-cents-per-night lodging to the fifty-cent «hotel.»

As to the moral status of the streets west and north of Chinatown, I need scarcely do more than mention that these are Mulberry, Baxter, and Bayard, and that within a stone's throw of Mott street is the notorious «Mulberry Bend,» for many years past the hiding-place of criminals, and the last and lowest resort of the abandoned and vicious of both sexes. The tales of «Mulberry Bend» that until recently assailed the ears of the missionary are absolutely unrelatable, and to be comprehended only by one used to the sight and knowledge of the lives of criminals and outcasts of the lowest possible character. Within the last few years the police have driven out the worst dives of the region, but the evil effects of those once-abounding evils are still to be seen there, and unfortunately tell sadly upon the Italians who have filled up the quarter. This, in brief, is the sort of life which surrounds Chinatown, and it is the purpose of this article to show whether or not the Chinese have found their element in its level, or whether, in spite of its stagnant, slimy, deadly influence, the Chinese character has asserted itself to be something better than its environment.¹

The moral status of a people is sometimes indicated in their amusements. The beer-gardens of the Bowery, the dance-halls and vaudeville performances of its theaters, its museums and its saloons, are patronized by English-speaking peoples of recent foreign extraction, and also by thousands of foreigners who speak no tongue but their own. Among them you will find the Polish and Russian Jew, the German, the Italian, the ever-present and permeative Irishman, the Spaniard and Hungarian, in fact, representatives from every country which has sent us its immigrants—except the Chinese.

The people of Mulberry Bend and Baxter street are for the most part too poor to patronize the gaudy shows of the Bowery. They have no amusements, unless drinking beer in saloons and courtyards can be called an amusement. This does, indeed, seem to be the only pleasure these sad people know, and a wedding or christening is celebrated by an all-night carousal, when beer flows freely, and night is made hideous with their songs. Songs and drinking are kept up until daylight, when the men stumble to their own

tenements to spend the day in a drunken stupor.

The amusements of Chinatown seem to consist of three things—the Chinese theater, opium-smoking, and social intercourse.



DRAWN BY F. H. LUNGREN.
PRESSING DOUGH.

Let us first consider the Chinese theater. In contrast with the vaudeville performance of the Bowery theaters and gardens is the Chinese play, steady, dignified, dramatic, rarely ever even humorous. Here, instead of some unnamable social scandal being utilized as the dramatic impulse of their play, the national history, the greatest fictions of Chinese literature, embodying innumerable moral precepts and examples, are the subjects for the actors' interpretation. The Chinese actor himself is the very embodiment of dignity, while the quintessence of etiquette marks his manners. He endeavors to conceal rather than betray emotion.

Do the Chinese dance? Never; neither in China nor in America, unless they have become so far denationalized as to be considered a foreign graft on the Western stalk, which occurs not once in a thousand cases. There is therefore no dance upon the Chinese stage. In all their performance, from beginning to end, there is nowhere any sort of a dance, from the likeness of the minuet of a century ago to the latest ballet step of to-

¹ A park has destroyed a part of the section.

—EDITOR.

day. The Chinese look upon such a thing as entirely beneath the dignity of a Chinaman, and such a performance would be received with disgust and hisses.

A well-known New York daily newspaper recently made itself ridiculous, and lauded its own ignorance to the skies, by referring with beautiful serenity to the wickedness of the vaudeville performance in the Chinese theater. A vaudeville performance in a Chinese theater? There is no such thing. Even more than that: to a Chinaman it would be an insupportable scandal that women should appear upon the stage as freely as they do in America and Europe. Such a thing never was known either in China or in the Chinese theaters of America. A woman appears only when her husband or father is a member of the company, and then in the most insignificant parts, and her identity is suppressed rather than advertised. Women's parts in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are taken by men, and these are enacted with a modesty and humility which we would fain see copied by the actresses of our stage to-day—ay, even by some of our women themselves. Could a little of the Chinese dignity, reticence, and womanly modesty be poured into American blood, it would be a good thing for the American people, and an admirable specific for the American «girl of the period.» There is therefore no comparison to be made, from a moral standpoint, between the Chinese stage and the vile, immodest, and frequently obscene performances which the white people of the Bowery put upon their boards. But there is one feature of New York amusements that is wholly unknown to the Chinaman, and that is the concert-garden. To congregate in a public place to drink intoxicating beverages, listen to sensuous music, and watch vulgar displays of the human figure; to be waited upon by young women of more than questionable character; to take part in profane and obscene talk: all this is beneath the dignity of a Chinaman, and nowhere in the Chinese quarter, from beginning to end, can such a place be found. But they are found on the Bowery, and Germans, Irishmen, Italians, and Jews fill the places to the doors.

If you made with me a complete tour of Chinatown, visiting every place where a Chinaman dwells, when you had returned you would sum up what you had seen about as follows:

Places where opium was smoked by Chinese in their own private apartments: about one fourth of the whole.

Places where opium was sold to white visitors who smoked and slept on the premises, and which is commonly called an «opium-joint»: possibly three in your whole tour.

Places where gambling was in progress: about one twentieth of the whole.

Places where men were pursuing the ordinary vocations of life: nearly three fourths.

The population of Chinatown on Sundays is about four or five thousand, on week-days very much less. The difference may be accounted for by the fact that on Sunday the Chinese from all parts of New York and Brooklyn, and from Long Island, New Jersey, and Connecticut towns, flock to Chinatown to visit their friends and to do business. Since the American Sunday does not permit laundry work on that day, the laundrymen seize upon it as a general recreation day, and go to Chinatown by hundreds. This, therefore, is the great business day of that region, and all the stores are open and every employee is constantly occupied.

Here the laundrymen buy all their dry groceries, their clothing, and their laundry supplies. Here, also, are the great family headquarters whither comes the mail from China, and where the Chinese meet to discuss the affairs of their people, and incidentally the various phases of American anti-Chinese legislation.

That Chinatown is not wholly a place of opium-joints and gambling-dens, as public prejudice would have you believe, is proved by a census of the streets which recently revealed sixty-five stores and eighteen gambling-places. Since our police do not read the Chinese language, the games of chance and the sale of opium may be openly advertised with perfect impunity, and they are constantly so advertised in red placards pasted on walls, doors, and windows. At the present writing very little opium is being offered for sale, and only trusted customers can obtain it. While in probably one fourth of the Chinese apartments opium is smoked daily or occasionally, yet it would be wholly unfair to infer that one fourth of the Chinese in this vicinity use the hateful drug. That is manifestly not the case. For instance, one may enter an apartment and find two or three men smoking, and twenty or thirty who are not smoking, but are visiting, laughing, jesting, or playing on musical instruments. Among no people from any quarter of the globe, nor among those from a long line of American parentage, have I seen an equally strong desire for one another's companionship. To go to see



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

IN A CHINESE THEATER.

his «cousin» is the Chinaman's great delight, and on Sunday they gather by the score in the apartments of their family or members of their clan, or in the business places of their particular friends. You rarely find a Chinaman dwelling alone, and that not from motives of economy only, but because they desire companionship. To them friendship is everything. A Chinaman trusts his friend or his relative to an extent that we

would consider foolish, almost imbecile. This testimony is borne of the people not only by missionaries of New York, but by business men of the Pacific coast and by missionaries of long residence in China.

The Chinese are a merry, fun-loving people, in spite of their general air of indifference in the presence of strangers. They race up and down stairs, or sometimes through the streets, on a frolic, every man laughing

until he is out of breath, pulling cues, stealing hats, and playing all manner of practical jokes on one another. I recently heard a great commotion in Doyers street on a hot Sunday afternoon, when the street was crowded with Chinamen, and, fearing trouble, hurried hastily to the place, only to find one man the butt of another's joke, trying to get away from his pursuer, while about five hundred laughing men joined in the fun, and finally administered good-natured justice to the perpetrator of the joke. At another time on Sunday afternoon I heard a sudden outcry and scuffle overhead, and the running of scores of feet. I ran into the hall, fearing that the building was on fire, and with a sickening dread at my heart for the Italian children in Bethany Sunday-school, which was then in session in the Mission rooms. I saw a man coming down-stairs, and asked him what was the matter. With a shrug of infinite disdain, he remarked: "Oh, my people too muchee laugh," and passed on his way. It was only a school-boy joke played by one group of men on another, followed by a general *mêlée*, in which shouts and laughter, and the incessant clatter of wooden soles on board floors, made us think of "pandemonium let loose." Some of the keenest and purest humor and some of the wittiest sallies I have ever heard have fallen from the lips of Chinamen in lower New York. I well remember the amused and contemptuous look with which a Chinaman once said, "Melican man savee [understand] Chinaman allee same number one fool. Chinaman savee Melican man allee same. Chinaman every time gettee top side Melican man"—which does not contain a reference to pugilism, but merely means that in a battle of wits the Chinaman "sees through" the American man, and will come out on the "top side." They are very quick at repartee, and their black eyes will sparkle with amusement and fun if you jest with them, or when they start the ball rolling among themselves.

They dwell together for years in the same apartments, happy and comfortable. They minister to one another in sickness, bury a relative or neighbor when dead without calling on public charities for help, and in the case of a relative assume the support of the family of the dead man when he is gone. These people—these much-derided people—spend hours together in one another's apartments, conversing together, eating together, sometimes smoking the long water-pipe, always with a pot of steaming tea between them. In two years I have seen thousands

of such groups, but never yet have I found these men drinking liquor together. I have found them playing games—sometimes, but not always, gambling; have found them playing their musical instruments, which are harmonious to them, however much they may lack of melody to other ears; or have found them reading or discussing the last Hong-Kong or Shanghai daily: but I repeat I have never found them drinking liquor, or in any degree under the influence of intoxicants.

The Chinaman celebrates his wedding, not by a drunken carousal, but by the finest feast that his pocket-book can command, to which not only his immediate relatives are invited, but all who have the slightest claim of friendship upon him. A Chinaman who was recently married in Mott street gave three large feasts in as many restaurants, entertaining several hundred people at each before he had gone the round of his acquaintances and friends. Yet this man was not one of the most prosperous ones. A child's birthday is likewise celebrated with a feast, the wife entertaining her friends in the family home, while her husband entertains his friends at his place of business or in a public restaurant.

I have said that a Chinaman trusts his friends to an extent that we would consider almost imbecile. Among them money is loaned without interest and without any written acknowledgment or witnesses. If a man is "short" and appeals to his cousin or his friend to help him, that friend will divide up without specifying a time for its repayment. If the man is sick or poor, the creditor, in all probability, will never mention the matter again, and will certainly not ask for its return while the debtor refrains from gambling or opium-smoking, and honestly does his best. I have known men to be for a time without employment, and while they were trying to obtain it, if they conformed to the strict moral code of Chinese law, they were helped by the various cousins with gifts of money sufficient to support them until work was obtained; and not only to support themselves, but their families also. And then, as "turn about is fair play," they were expected to be equally generous with some one else.

One amusing incident of Chinese generosity recently occurred under my notice. A man who had been out of work for some time, and had been liberally helped by his friends, tried in every possible way to earn money. One day he found an attractive Newfoundland puppy up-town, and purchased the



DRAWN BY F. M. LUNDEN.

NIGHT IN CHINATOWN.

dog for a dollar. He brought it home for his wife and baby to see, gleefully announcing that he would sell the puppy for «two, t'ree dollar» to some of his countrymen. He soon afterward started out, with the dog under his arm, in search of his hoped-for customer. He was soon surrounded by admiring Chinese,

and the first man who got the dog in his arms, quite unaware of his friend's financial scheme, begged him to give it to him. Thereupon the would-be dog-merchant cheerfully presented the canine to his friend, explaining to his wife afterward: «Of course, he askee dog, me give him. Me no got bad heart

for friend.» It was perfectly proper that he should make a present of the dog at his friend's request, and he did so without hesitation.

Perhaps in these things I need not stoop to contrast the Chinese with the lower classes of Irish, Italians, Hebrews, or Germans, but may go somewhat higher, and compare them with the Americans, who are the outcome of generations of enlightenment, the progeny of ancestors of strict piety and principles of honesty and integrity, and may point out that in generosity and kindness to his brother the Chinese strangely outstrip us.

Some of our immigrants become paupers, or dependents on public or private charity in some form, and many others are, or become, criminals. The percentage of foreigners in our hospitals, asylums, and penal institutions is overwhelming. But the Chinese make little call upon us for philanthropy, and that only for medical help. Little by little these people are coming to see the superiority of our medical treatment, and in cases of severe sickness they will sometimes turn to our hospitals for help. But they ask no other aid from us. If a Chinaman needs any monetary assistance, his countrymen help him without burdening our public philanthropies. It is not uncommon for the men of one clan, or friends from different clans, to band together to establish a loan fund, every man giving so much toward it week by week. This is loaned to needy men, without security or interest; and when repaid it is loaned again, and thus many a man is carried through a sickness or set up in business, and outsiders are none the wiser.

Let us contrast these foreign immigrants from another point of view—that of their value in the labor-market.

Of late years there has been a constant cry against «Chinese cheap labor.» Whatever may have been the price put upon Chinese labor when the great railways of the West were built by these people, to-day it is evident to all who have studied the question that there is no such thing as «Chinese cheap labor.» Chinese laundries charge higher rates than domestic laundries. Chinese laundrymen command higher prices than laundresses of other nationalities. A Chinaman earns ordinarily from eight to fifteen dollars a week and his board and lodging. The white or colored laundress makes from four to ten dollars a week, without board or lodging. The Chinaman works from eight o'clock in the morning until one or two o'clock at night. Sometimes he washes, sometimes he starches,

sometimes he irons; but he is always at it, not tireless, but persevering in spite of weariness and exhaustion. Other laborers clamor for a working-day of eight hours. The Chinaman patiently works seventeen, takes care of his relatives in China, looks after his own poor in America, and pays his bills as he goes along.

In the Chinese store ten dollars per week is the lowest sum paid for a man-of-all-work. In a Chinese restaurant the lowest wage paid to a kitchen-boy is twenty dollars per month and board. Chinese cooks will not go to American families for less than forty dollars per month, and they rarely ever stay for that sum. This, then, is Chinese cheap labor—a cheap labor of which ordinary people cannot avail themselves.

«But,» perhaps you may say, in considering this topic, «there are certainly many evils in Chinatown.»

So there are. Gambling is an evil, whether the gambler be a white, black, or yellow man. But to show you that the yellow gambler is at least no worse than the black or the white gambler, I will say that as a Christian missionary I am able to enter freely all the gambling-rooms of Chinatown, and go among the men, being treated everywhere with respect and courtesy, a thing which I could not do among any other people on the continent.

Again, opium-smoking is an evil—an evil offset by the use of intoxicants among our natives and among foreign peoples of other climes. Among the opium-smokers I can go with perfect freedom, bearing Christian literature, and with an invitation to our mission upon my lips. But I could not go into an American saloon with the same safety or impunity. Among the Chinese I am safe from fear of insult or annoyance, be they good or bad men. It is not so among our white peoples. There the missionary must curtail many efforts and walk with cautious steps. But you say, «There is the terrible «Hip Shing Tong,» the high-binders' society.» Yes, even in New York this branch of the evil society exists; but against that let me place the imported Mafia of Italy, the nihilism of Russia, the anarchism of Germany and Italy; and while we weigh one against the other, let us remember that while the Hip Shing Tong may sometimes become the instrument of private vengeance for personal wrongs, the anarchist club and the nihilist society hurl their death-dealing blows at great social and political institutions, and attack and destroy the pure and innocent without reason or cause.

«But,» you say, «personal purity is not the

rule in Chinatown.» I do not know if it be the rule or be not the rule. I know that there are many buildings in Chinatown for which a Chinaman would blush as quickly as an American. I know also that in these buildings lewd women have fastened themselves like leeches, fostering sin and guilt wherever they are. I know that on these thresholds Christian missionaries must halt for very shame, and that the Chinese who dwell within these buildings, knowing no other type of American womanhood than this, have small conception of purity and chastity. I know of no degree in such vice. It is the same heinous, shameful sin, whether the sinner be black or white, red or yellow. Only in this can the Chinese be said to be different from others: they are less brutal and violent to these women than are the men of whiter skin, and for this reason, and because of the love of opium which is so prevalent among this class, the women cling to the neighborhood, and refuse to leave unless effectually driven out by the police.

But from among the Chinese themselves have come many strong efforts to do away with these evils. Much good has been accomplished. In the coming years let us hope that much more may yet be done, and that the honor of thousands of respectable business men may not be impugned by the sins of their guilty countrymen.

Let us now examine the police records as to which nationality most often falls into the hands of the law. I append below a table based upon the police report for 1890, and the United States census for that year:

NATIONALITY.	POPULATION.	NO. OF ARRESTS.	PER-CENTAGE.
Italians	39,951	4,757	11.9
Irish	190,418	21,254	11.
English and Scotch..	47,149	3,388	7.
Swedes and Norwegians	8,644	526	6.
French	10,535	549	5.2
Russians and Poles..	55,549	2,624	4.7
Natives of United States	875,358	39,611	4.5
Chinese ¹	5,000	219	4.3
Germans	210,723	9,146	4.2
Bohemians and Hungarians	20,321	308	1.5

¹ The Chinese population of New York is a matter of conjecture. It is well known that it is next to impossible to obtain a correct census of these people, since their ignorance of our customs and doings makes them extremely suspicious and uncommunicative. The United States census in 1890 places the number at 2048. But a few months later a private canvass of the laundries and of the stores of Chinatown—not including the buildings there used as residences, and which shelter many hundreds—showed a population of

According to this table, six of the nations most largely represented in New York city,—viz., Italy, Ireland, Great Britain, Sweden and Norway, France, and Russia,—and even these United States themselves, send a larger contingent to our prisons than do the Chinese. It seems to me that this table is perhaps as conclusive an answer as can be given to the popular fancy that the Chinese are the worst sinners on our shores.

But let us contrast these people in the matter of conformity to American life and customs. Generally speaking, almost any other people find such conformity easier than do the Chinese. The difference between life in Europe and life in America is much less distinct than between life in Asia and in America. Of all who come here, the Chinese are the most conservative and the least pliable. Were it possible for them to attain to citizenship at the end of fifteen or even twenty-five years of residence here, it would doubtless act as an incentive to the better class among them to adopt American ideas and habits. I know of a certainty the high value which many of these Chinamen put upon American citizenship. At one time, a number of years ago, it was possible for a man to swear to his intention to become a citizen, and until the constitutional amendment was passed which forbade any State to naturalize them, many judges issued such papers. I well remember many instances in which Chinese have preserved these useless papers as their greatest treasures, and have showed them to me with pride, and their eyes glistened with joy while they told me how they would sometime be citizens of this great American country. Poor fellows, how little they realized the utter worthlessness of those bits of well-loved paper! But they are stamped as «aliens» by the Government, and are treated as aliens by our people.

The Chinese are a specially proud people. They ask neither our sympathy nor our help. If a Chinaman ever tells you his thoughts, or talks to you of himself or his people, it is because you have won his confidence to a considerable degree. They are also extremely sensitive, easily offended, and not easily

upward of 6000. The Chinese themselves estimate it at from 8000 to 10,000. When the certificates of residence were issued in 1894, over 6000 Chinese registered from one district alone. At the Morning Star Mission, every Sunday for three years past, we have distributed in an hour from 2000 to 4000 copies of the «Chinese News», and that only in Chinatown. There has been nothing to cause either a great accession or diminution in the Chinese colony during the last five years, and hence it seems to me only a matter of justice to



CHARLES E. H. LUNDEN

IN A CHINESE RESTAURANT.

placated. These qualities, added to their natural conservatism, may account somewhat for their lack of pliability, and slowness in adopting American habits and customs. Un-

estimate this population at the exceedingly reasonable figure of 7000. If, however, the reader prefers to accept the census figure of 2048, the percentage of Chi-

fortunately the anti-Chinese riots of the West have not proved conducive to a great faith in our friendliness; neither have the numberless annoyances and insults to which

nese placed under arrest will be 10.6, which still leaves them second in rank to the Irish and third to the Italians.

they are constantly subjected in the streets of our Eastern cities won any greater confidence in us. The Chinaman is an alien, and he knows and feels he is an alien. It is useless for him to try to be an American, for he never can be one of us, whether he be a graduate of Yale or a humble laundryman, and therefore he does not try. He comes here, therefore, spends the best years of his life in the most unremitting labor, and with his few thousands of dollars goes back to China, to a land and a government that will own him; and so long as he lives he takes care of his wife and his children, his parents, and, if they be in need, his uncles and all the rest of the family that may have the slightest claim upon him.

Other people who come here gradually adopt the American dress and way of living. Their children, if not themselves, learn to speak English, are taken into American business houses, become naturalized, and in time they are an integral part of the great whole, and no one asks, «Did you come from Italy, or Sweden, or Germany, or Turkey, or Austria, or Scotland, or France, or Ireland, or Spain?» They are thenceforward, to all intents and purposes, Americans. Their nationality is not continually thrust upon us by their dress. Unquestionably a Chinaman in American dress is better treated, more respected, than a Chinaman in Chinese dress; and while in points of comfort the Chinese dress is probably to be preferred to the closer-fitting American suit, yet many Chinamen recognize this fact, and surrender their own clothes to don ours.

In the matter of living but few have adopted American beds. Our tables, chairs, and kitchen furniture they readily approve; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they prefer the rude wooden platform spread with straw matting to the softer beds of the Americans. Not so the European immigrants. They will have all of these comfortable things that they can get. The Chinese do not comprehend some of the ordinary but most important sanitary arrangements in our buildings. (I am speaking now of the rank and file

of the residents of Chinatown, not of the educated or the Christianized men.) Consequently in certain respects they are a problem to landlords and a menace to themselves and their neighbors in the matter of health. As a rule there is more regard for personal cleanliness among the Chinese than among either Italians, Jews, or the other races that fill lower New York. Not all are clean, but the majority are, and very much cleaner than the Italians or the Jews. A tour of Mulberry Bend or of Hester street reveals far more filth and disorder than a tour of Chinatown will reveal.

Not long ago I accompanied through Hester street a missionary from China, who has long resided in Canton. As we turned the corner and came into full view of the street, with its thronging crowd and heterogeneous merchandise, she suddenly exclaimed:

«This is China! The same crowds, the merchandise, the dirt! Only it is worse, for *there* no babes or women are to be seen.» We passed child after child, still too young to walk, lying upon the stone flagging of the pavement, or sitting upon the curb or in the roadway. From Hester street we passed to Mulberry Bend, where we saw much the same scene, but a less number of people. From both streets the odors were so foul and loathsome that upon our return to Chinatown my companion was overcome with illness. Returning to the quiet streets of the Chinese district, to their clean and orderly stores, to the well-behaved and unobtrusive inhabitants, seemed like coming from Bedlam to a city of peace.

We have now compared these peoples from the standpoint of morality, of cleanliness, and very briefly in those labor-markets in which they appear together as competitors. We have also seen them in their amusements, their domestic festivals, their social relations. It seems to me that the Chinese have not suffered by this comparison, but that they have rather risen in our estimation. Let us, then, accord our brother from the East an equal respect with the members of these other races, than whom certainly he is no worse.

Helen F. Clark.



A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOATING BETHEL."



RS. MELISSA ALLGOOD settled herself in her rocking-chair for a good talk. "I was telling you," she began, "about Sister Belle Keen and Brother Singleton and me being a Holiness Band last summer, and preaching all around in middle Kentucky, and about Brother Singleton taking down so sick at Smithsboro, and Sister Belle getting her eyes opened, and marrying him, and taking him home.

"Well, that broke up the band; for of course a lone widow woman, going on thirty-four years old, can't go preaching over the country with nothing but a tent to keep her company, no matter how much heartfelt religion and sanctification she's got. Anyhow, I felt like I'd done about enough work for one summer, and like now was my time to rest awhile. Sister Belle she had made me keep fifteen dollars of the collection we took up the last night, and I knew I better be getting along home while I had the money to go on. So I stayed around a few days with the folks there at Smithsboro, and then started home. Smithsboro is pretty near up to Louisville, and I had to take a roundabout way to get home, going down by Bowling Green and Guthrie, and then up again to the Station.

"Most of Smithsboro was down at the noon train to see me off, and I hated bad to leave them all. Lots of the women folks had give me presents to carry home with me. My valise was so full I had to set on it to fasten it, and I had a big handbox full of lunch—because them Smithsboro people said they could n't bear to think of me traveling hungry—and a large-sized basket, with a lot of young fruit-trees and rose and geranium plants, and others, that different ones had give me; and here, at the last minute, old Sister Macklin she brought me down to the train six cans of Indian peaches she had put up herself—those half-gallon glass cans. I did n't see how on earth I was going to get home with 'em all, especially the cans of peaches, and change cars at Guthrie; but I never was in a tight place yet that the Lord did n't help me out, and I had faith that somebody would be provided to pack them cans around when it come time to change cars, and rested easy on the promise. I set the cans down on

the floor of the car underneath the seat, and piled the other things up on the seat in front of me to keep them from jostling the cans, and then I set back in perfect peace, and spread my Bible open in my lap, ready to read when I got tired looking at the folks in the car.

"There was n't much to look at, being all men folks, and it was a mighty hot day, and I had eat a big dinner, and look like I could n't keep from nodding to save my life. I reckon I must have fell asleep, for first thing I knew I was woke up by my head getting a hard bump against the side of the car. It made me so blind I could n't see for a minute, but when I could the first thing I laid eyes on was an old gentleman leaning over the back of my seat fanning me with a big palm-leaf fan, and trying to tuck a pillow behind my head. 'Madam,' he says, 'allow me to make you more comfortable. I hope you ain't suffering from that bump you got.' I set up straight, and took a good look at him. He was a real nice, pious-looking old gentleman, about sixty-five years old, with gray hair and whiskers, and mighty bland ways. I never saw anybody I liked the looks of any better. 'I hope you'll accept of this pillow,' he says, 'to rest your head on. I find it a mighty useful thing to travel with.' I would n't have hurt the old man's feelings for anything; so I leaned back against it, and thanked him as polite as I could, and told him how much beholden I was to him for his kindness, and which nobody knew better how to appreciate than a lone widow woman like me. He leaned over the back of my seat, and fanned me the politest that ever was, and said, no, indeed; the obligations was all on his side; that when he met up with a young female like me, traveling over the wide, wide world without any natchul protector, or no strong arm to lean on, it raised his sympathies up to that point he considered it a blessed privilege to be any assistance to such a one, and especially, he said, when it happened to be a godly female like he could see I was, by my traveling with a Bible, and reading it so industrious. He said it was a sight that brought joy to his soul, in this generation of vipers, to see a righteous woman. Then, of course, I had to tell him all about my conversion, and getting sanctification, and feeling called to preach and save sinners, and about the meetings

we'd been carrying on all the summer. Then he told me about his living down in Tennessee, and being an elder in the church, and said he'd just been up to Louisville on a little trip, but had found it a terrible ungodly place, and was glad to get out of it. The minute he said he lived down in Tennessee, I says to myself that instant, (Here 's my special providence the Lord has provided to help me change cars, and pack them cans at Guthrie,) and I just give thanks in my soul, and rejoiced.

« We talked on, and had a mighty entertaining conversation on religion. He said he could n't agree with me on sanctification; but I read Bible to him on that line, and expounded till he said he did n't know but what I was right—that if there ever was anybody truly sanctified and free from sin he believed it must be me. And I felt plumb happy over his being convinced, and over me being the one to lead him out of Babylon. Then he asked me a heap of questions, and seemed to take a real fatherly interest in me. Then he commenced telling about himself, and said he was a widower, and done lost three as dear companions as ever shed their rays on mortal man, and how the last one had been in glory just a year to the day, and how lonesome he was, his children being all married off. I felt awful sorry for him. It always did seem to me like a man was a mighty incomplete thing without a wife to steady him, and always reminded me of a young colt. You know there ain't a more foolish animal on earth than a colt. He 'll head off across a field, and after while he 'll bring up short, and wonder what he's there for; then he 'll kick up, and strike away in another direction—don't seem to have any object in life. It 's the same way with a lone man, and any woman with feelings is bound to feel sorry for 'em. I could n't have felt more sorry for my own father than I did for that old man. I told him all my sympathies was with him. He said if ever there was a man needed sympathy he knew it was him; that look like he had more trouble than he could bear. I asked him what his particular trouble was, and he give a big groan, and said he was going to confide in me.

« He said he 'd been looking around for the last two or three months, it being natchul for a man that had had three such dear companions to feel the need of another when they was taken; that he 'd heard a heap about these matrimonial associations around over the country, that brings people together by advertising; and he said he felt led to put a card in one of them matrimonial newspapers, giving a description of himself and his inten-

tions. He said the very next week he got an answer to it from a lady up at Louisville, (a widow, refined, thirty-two, and a brunette, without incumbrances, and willing to correspond with a view to matrimony.) Said that description suited him exactly. That he 'd always wanted to marry a Kentuckian, somehow, but look like the other three times he never quite made it, his other three dear companions having come from Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. But he said this time he made up his mind from the start that he 'd try for a Kentucky woman—that there was something mighty beguiling about them. Then he said her being a brunette suited him, too—that all his three other companions had been blue-eyed, and he felt like he 'd enjoy a little change and variety. Then he said her being without incumbrances was another good thing; that at his time of life he did n't feel warranted in taking a family to raise up. So he said he answered right back, and the letters commenced to fly pretty lively, and in two weeks' time all the arrangements was made, and the day set. He said, out of compliment to his last dear departed companion, he set the anniversary of her death for the wedding-day. He said he turned in then, and told all his connection and friends about his going to be married; and they made big arrangements about giving him a housewarming when he got back, and welcoming the bride, and saw him off on the train, and told him he could count on all of them being there, and more too, when he got back, to meet the bride. So he said he started off, rejoicing in his heart.

« He said he got to Louisville about five o'clock in the evening, and spruced himself up a little at the station,—clean collar and such,—and set out to hunt the widow. That he found the number all right,—a real nice-looking frame house,—and rung the bell; and who should come to the door but the widow herself? He said the sight of her just natchully paralyzed him; that he had made allowances for a woman's natchul good opinion of herself, and had n't set his expectations up too high. But he said she just laid it over all the women he had ever seen before; that none of them could n't compare with her. That her eyes was the blackest, and her teeth the whitest, and her cheeks the rosiest he ever did see, and she was as round and plump as a partridge, and never looked a day over twenty-nine. That he fairly held his breath to think of him marrying such a wife as that—that none of his three dear companions could n't hold a candle to her in looks.

That she treated him the politest and most affectionate that ever was, and hung up his hat for him, and took him in the parlor, and set and talked until supper about their wedding and plans and such, and then made him go out and eat supper with her and her kin that she was staying with. Said he never was treated as nice in his life; that she just honeyed him up and paid him more compliments than ever was, and looked at him like she thought he was just too sweet for anything. Said after supper she told him she had a heap of things to do—packing and such—to get ready for to-morrow, and she expect she'd have to send him down to his hotel right away to get a chance. He told her he was agreeable; that it was like pulling teeth to leave her that early in the evening, but he was n't the man to interfere with any woman's wedding plans, and go he would. She told him to see that he got there in plenty of time in the morning—that she was mightly afraid he'd keep her waiting, that she was going to have the preacher there at eight o'clock sharp, and did n't want the bridegroom to be behind time. That she just made eyes at him till he was plumb crazy, and then she kissed him good-by and sent him off.

«He said just as he got about half-way down the square from her house he met up with a big, tall man, with a red mustache and a broad-brimmed hat, and his pants tucked in his boots, and a leather belt on. Said the man was stopping before every house to look at the numbers, and that he knew the minute he laid eyes on the man that he was from Texas, from the way he walked all over the sidewalk. That he turned around, and looked at the man several times after he passed by him, and after while the man stopped in front of the widow's house, and looked at the number, and took a piece of paper out of his pocket and looked at that, and then opened the gate and went in. He said he knew in a minute it was some of the widow's Texas kin come up to her wedding, and was mightly tickled over it.

«So he said he went to the hotel then, and stayed all night, and got up betimes in the morning so as he would n't be late for the wedding; that by five o'clock he was up and dressed in his wedding clothes, and then he had to set around and wait till half-past six before they'd give him any breakfast, them city people being such late risers. That at seven he got a hack, and started out to the bride's. That when he got there, lo and behold! there was another carriage standing there at the gate, and not no common hack neither, but what he called a landau, with

the top all thrown back, and a driver with a stove-pipe hat. Said he supposed it belonged to the bride's rich kin, and never worried no more about it, but got out of his hack and started up the walk. That just as he got to the bottom of the steps the front door opened, and out walked the widow, hanging on the arm of that red-headed Texas man, and smiling back over her shoulder at the folks inside. Said when she turned her head and laid eyes on him, she just give one scream, and dodged behind the Texas man, and hung on to his shoulders hollering and weeping. That the Texas man he looked plumb dazed, but he just natchully got two pistols out of his pockets to have 'em handy. That the old gentleman then he spoke up and asked what it was all about, and why, when a honorable man come to get his bride, folks wanted to meet him at the front door with pistols. Nobody could n't answer him, seemed like, till a man that looked like a preacher stepped out of the door, and asked him who it was that he expect to marry, and he told the preacher it was the lady there in the door, and the preacher said he just done married that lady to another gentleman, and there must be some mistake. Then the widow she bu'st out crying worse than ever, and said she knew she had promised to marry the old gentleman, but that was the evening previous, before she had seen the gentleman from Texas, and learned to love him with undying love. Said she been carrying on a correspondence with 'em both, and set the same wedding-day for both of 'em, thinking whichever she liked best when they got there she would take. Said she thought she liked the old gentleman when she saw him, but after she laid eyes on the Texas man, her present husband, she knew that her heart was his forever, so she had the wedding at seven in the morning instead of eight, thinking they'd be off before the old gentleman come, so 's to save his feelings: and which they would have been off in five minutes more, and she hoped the old gentleman would forgive her, that she'd never do it again. (And then,) the old gentleman says, (her and the Texas man got in the landau and rode off, and the folks throwed old shoes and rice after 'em.)

«Look like the old man felt the worst about it that ever was. He just laid his head down on the back of my seat, and groaned. (To think,) he says, (of me giving my heart into the hands of such a female as that—such a fickle, heartless, deceiving woman, and one with such poor taste! But he said what he was suffering from he treating him that scandal-

ous way was n't by no means the worst of it; that it was having the world know a man's sorrows that was the hardest to bear. Said he could have stood it if nobody had knowed it but him; but when he thought about his children and kin and friends all fixing for such a big housewarming that evening, and the whole town being at the train to meet him and his bride, looked like his heart would certainly break in two. He said man was certainly born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.

«I tried to cheer him up all I could, and told him he certainly had a heap to bear, but I never doubted it would be sanctified to him in the end, if he would bear it patient; that the Lord always provided a balm for wounded feelings, and bound up the broken heart. The old gentleman he leaned his elbow on the window-sill, and his head on his hand, and looked out of the window, the dolefullest you ever saw, and every now and then he'd fetch a groan. I felt awful sorry for him. I never could understand how a woman could have the heart to treat a man so bad.

«By and by he raised his head up again, like a new notion struck him. «The Lord will provide,» he says, «the Lord will provide,» kind of to himself, over and over. Then he took a good look at me. Then he leaned over the back of my seat again. «Sister Allgood, madam,» he says, «it ain't for me to say the Lord don't work in mysterious ways his wonders to perform, or that he deserts the righteous in their hour of need. No; as I have set here I have seen his wonderful works and intentions. As I set here I see the special providence he has provided for me. In you, madam, I see that special providence—that balm which is to bind up my wounds. In you I see the wife sent to me from heaven, and just in the nick of time. I see now that it never was intended for me to marry a black-eyed woman. Blue eyes I know and have tried, and am going to stick to them. Yes; in them eyes of yours I behold truth and constancy and affection. And the train stops thirty minutes for supper at Guthrie, and I'll get a preacher there to marry us, and when I get off the train at my home I'll have a bride for them to welcome and housewarm, and won't have my head bowed to the dust in humiliation and broken heart.»

He laid his hand on my shoulder. I was just natchully struck dumb, and could n't have said a word if I'd had a chance. «Don't speak,» he says; «a woman is always opposed to making up her mind in a hurry; but it's all right. This is a special providence, and the will of God. I know all you would say—a woman can't help

being coy and bashful. But never mind; it's all right.» He patted me on the shoulder. «But, brother,—» I says. «Don't mention it,» he says. «Do you reckon such frivolous things as clothes enters into my calculations?» «It ain't clothes, brother,» I says; «it's—» «It is short notice,» he says, «but I could n't love you better if I had knowed you a thousand years. You need n't have no fears about my affection, or about me making a good husband. If my three dear departed companions could rise up here in this car and give their testimony, it would convince you.» «Yes, sir,» I says; «I don't doubt it would; but—» «Of course I ain't as young as I used to be; but my folks are a long-lived family, and don't age soon. My father died at ninety, hale and hearty, and my grandfather at ninety-five, spry as a kitten. No, madam; a man is as old as he feels; and I assure you I don't feel a day over forty. We will have a long life to live together.»

«And so that old man went on, and I could n't get in a word edgewise, for every time I'd start to say anything he'd take the words out of my mouth. Look like he never seemed to have no earthly idea maybe I did n't want to marry him. I commenced to get plumb scared and trembly. I actually got afraid that old man would overpersuade me to marry him against my will. Seem like there was n't anything on earth I could do or say but just set there and listen to him talk. It was awful—I did n't know what in the world to do, and just set there in a cold perspiration.

«At last the train stopped at a station, and a mighty nice-looking old lady got on—the only lady besides me in the car. Then I felt better. I told the old gentleman I was very tired, and felt like I must have a little rest, and if he would go into the smoking-car and take a smoke for a while, I would try to rest myself. He said certainly, but he wanted me to understand he could n't stay away from me long, and would make that pipe a short one. As soon as he was out of the car I run over and set down by the old lady, and told her as quick as I could what a trouble I was in, and how I never knew how on earth to get rid of the old gentleman. She felt awful sorry for me, and told me not to cry; that we'd fix it up all right, and there was n't no real danger. She said she reckoned the old man's mind was a little turned by his trouble, but she'd see that I got away from him all right at Guthrie. That I would have to wait ten minutes at Guthrie for my train going north, and his train would wait there half an hour for supper before going south, and the thing for her

and me to do would be to get him started off to hunt a preacher so 's he would n't be on hand when my train left, and I would get off all right on my train for home. She said it would be as easy as falling off a log. She said for me to send him to her to make inquiries about a preacher, and she would fix him so he would n't get back under half an hour. She told me to treat him just the same as I had, when he come back from the smoking-car, and not to rile him or cross him any.

"So when he come back in the car I did like she said. He never seemed to expect me to say anything anyhow, so I just let him go ahead and talk and plan and rejoice, though I felt like an awful hypocrite.

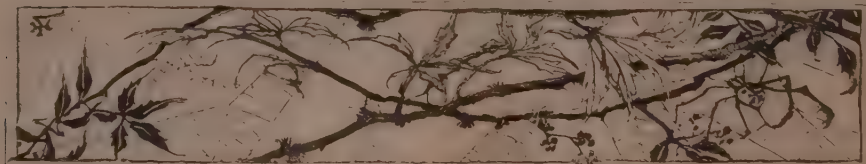
"Finally we got to Guthrie about six o'clock that evening, and the old gentleman helped me and my bandbox and valise and basket and cans of the nicest kind, and took me to the waiting-room. Then he said he must hurry out and get the preacher that was to make him the happiest man on earth, and for me not to stir till he come back. I told him he better inquire where to find a preacher, and I expect that lady setting over the other side of the room might know something about the preachers down this way. So he went over and asked her, and I felt like a whited sepulcher. Then he started off a-running.

"Them ten minutes before my train come seemed to me more like ten years. I just set there and shook, I was so afraid the old gentleman would meet up with a preacher on the way, and get back before my train started, or that my train would be late. But finally my train whistled, and the old lady she picked up my valise and bandbox, and I jerked up the basket of fruit-trees and the six cans of peaches, and we made for the train. The folks that was inside the car all had to get out before I could get in, and looked to me like I would certainly go raving, distracted crazy, they were so slow. But at last the very

last one come down the steps, and I had just set foot on the lowest step, and the conductor was bracing me from behind—me not being able to catch hold of anything on account of my arms being so full—when I heard a yell that fairly knocked the life out of me, so 's I could n't move hand or foot, but was just petrified where I was at, and if the conductor had n't been boosting me like he was I reckon I'd have fell off that step like a bag of meal. I cast one eye down the station platform, and there come the old gentleman, his coat-tails flying, and him yelling every step of the way, and the preacher he had got trying to keep up with him. 'Lord, help!' I says; 'Lord, help!' I knew if the Lord did n't help me I was gone. Then I turned them fruit-trees and them six cans of Indian peaches loose, and grabbed hold of the railing, and got the strength from heaven to climb up the steps of that car and on to the platform of it. The glass cans rolled down, and bu'sted as they fell, and the peaches just went all over the depot platform there, and when the old gentleman come a-tearing along, he never did a thing but slip up on them peaches and fall all over himself. And just then the train it commenced to pull out, and the conductor jumped on with my valise and bandbox, and the last I seen of the old gentleman he was still a-squirming around in them Indian peaches in his wedding-clothes, trying to get on his feet, and still a-yelling. And I just rejoiced and give thanks and shouted, because I knew I had been mightily delivered. And of course I felt awful sorry for the old gentleman; but, like the Bible says, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' And how could anybody expect me to be keeper to a crazy man, anyhow?

"I 've had a many a experience with widowers in my time, and got mighty little respect for 'em anyway, but that was the narrowest escape I ever had, or ever hope to have."

Lucy S. Furman.



THE NATIONAL HERO OF FRANCE:

JOAN OF ARC.

DEPICTED AND DESCRIBED BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

No artist has treated more sympathetically than M. Boutet de Monvel the incidents of the life of Joan of Arc. It was a privilege to see recently, in his studio, the exquisite series of water-color designs in which he has depicted the career of the child-saint and warrior. It is at our request that the artist has undertaken to put into words his impressions of that marvelous career; the result being the brief paper herewith printed, portraying with the same sympathetic touch the leading incidents of Joan's life. The illustrations are reproductions of some of the original designs, printed in advance of their publication in France. The article has been translated for *THE CENTURY* by the American artist Will H. Low, a friend of Boutet de Monvel, and the writer of the article in *THE CENTURY* for June, 1894, descriptive of his work.—EDITOR.



HAVING undertaken to write a brief paper on Joan of Arc, I must at the outset plead for the indulgence due to a workman handling unaccustomed tools. Without pretension as a writer or historian, I shall simply endeavor to render the impression left upon me by the two years which I have spent face to face with our great national heroine.

The sentiment which in me dominates all others in the consideration of the life and career of Joan of Arc is one of wonder. I find there a sequence of occurrences which, outside of all questions of religious belief or faith, are equally and incontestably above or outside the laws of human possibility. It is as though a monument, resplendent in beauty and grandeur, were suddenly fashioned from a grain of sand.

To understand this phenomenal apparition, we must first consider the ruins from which it rose. Imagine France, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, a nation in an embryonic state, a confusion of provinces, a chaotic reunion of fiefs, in which rivalry, covetousness, and violence ran counter to one another. Added to the exhaustion caused by a century of conflict with the English, internecine quarrels were rife, and misery in the shape of hunger, cold, and disease claimed even more victims than the pitiless weapons of war. Sunken deep in this slough of despond, the unfortunate country was without hope of deliverance, lacking the energetic hand to guide, or the example of patriotic devotion to follow. On the one hand, the victorious English, possessing already half the kingdom,

joined to the advantage of powerful organization the prestige of fifteen years' uninterrupted success; on the other, a lost cause, demoralized soldiers deserting their arms, a powerless nobility whose only thought was to dispute jealously the remaining vestiges of royal favor, and for supreme hope a king without courage or will, dissipating in festivities the last resources drained from his remaining provinces. Renouncing all hope, the king, in fact, nourished the intention of escaping into Dauphiné, perhaps farther still over the Pyrenees into Spain, thus abandoning his kingdom, the rights which he claimed, and the duties which he had studiously evaded.

It was otherwise ordained. The nation, expiring under the heel of the oppressor, was to be saved; a hand was to lift her, to restore strength to her exhausted body and courage to her despairing heart.

To accomplish this task was needed a sturdy arm, a mind skilled to command, one of the great captains who at rare intervals in the world's history has appeared with much of the suddenness and all the force of a thunderbolt. There was needed a heroic soldier or an imperious prince—a soldier or a prince, as these alone at that time had the right to command or to act.

Once more it was otherwise ordained. In that class of the people who were as the beasts of the field, in a remote village of Lorraine, a girl of thirteen appeared. Tears were in her eyes; in the innermost parts of her being she had felt the quickening of a new birth unforecast—the birth of patriotism. To her had come the archangel Michael

with the message of the "great pity which was for the kingdom of France." He had marked her forehead with the seal of her divine mission, and had said, "Thou shalt save France." "Messire," answered the child, "I am but a poor child of the fields; neither know I to mount a horse, nor yet to lead the men-at-arms." "God will aid thee," the angel had responded.

And the child believed. For five years she cherished in her heart this daring thought, living in the solitude of her secret, of which she spoke to none, not even to her confessor. At last, in her eighteenth year, the celestial voice brought the message, "Thine hour has come; thou must depart." Then this girl, timid, pious, and tender, left all that she loved; she set forth without looking back, guided by the superior power which led her on; she went, announcing to all that she was sent of the Lord God to save the kingdom of France.

The first to whom she bore this message was the Sire de Baudricourt. "The girl is mad," said he, and ordered her marched home to have her folly whipped out of her. But Joan insisted that she must be conducted to the presence of the king. "I will go," she pleaded, "if I wear my legs down to the knees." Her conviction was so strong that it gained the sympathy of the poor about her. To these humble beings, for whom everything is difficulty and impossibility in life, imagination opens a rich field where all dreams seem credible. They believed the dream of Joan, and lent their aid to the accomplishment of her miracle. This help and complicity of the people she was to find everywhere on her road. The king and the nobles accepted her because she served their purpose; the people believed in her and lent her their strength. Thus from the first step of her undertaking her situation was clearly outlined, as it was to be to the end—to martyrdom. The poor people gave from their poverty to buy her a horse and vestments of war, and a squire, Jean de Metz, won by the popular enthusiasm, offered to accompany her with a few men. They set out for Chinon, where the court was assembled. The way was long and beset with danger, but Joan upheld the courage of her companions. "Fear nothing," she said; "the Lord God has chosen my route; my brothers in paradise guide me on the way"; and in safety they arrived at Chinon. There new obstacles arose; it was difficult to obtain access to the king, jealously guarded from all outside influence by his favorite La Trémoille. But, as in a fairy-tale, doors were opened, walls fell

before her magic, and one evening the young peasant entered the great hall where, among the courtiers, disguised in a modest costume, stood the king, whom she had never seen. Without hesitation she walked straight to the king, and, falling on her knees, proffered her request with so much grace and ardor that Charles VII was moved.

But imposture, witchcraft, even, was suspected, and before a decision was arrived at learned doctors and ecclesiastics were called on to examine her and scrutinize her conscience. To all the subtleties of her examiners she answered with so much simplicity, so much profundity of good sense, that they were confounded. "There is more in the book of God than in yours," she said; and added, "I know not *a* from *b*, but I am sent of the Lord God."

Meantime popular enthusiasm increased; the common people believed in her sanctity and the holiness of her mission. The court, in its distress, decided that, as a last resort, it was well to utilize this spontaneous aid. A small force was given to Joan, who, under the direction of experienced men of war, was assigned the task of delivering the city of Orléans, which for eight months had withstood the assaults of the English, but was on the point of succumbing.

Before us now opens a new chapter of this miraculous legend, difficult of belief were it not thoroughly substantiated. The simple girl, high-hearted and sincere, the young peasant who had led but sheep to pasture, was now to march at the head of men of war, and, amid the clash of arms, to become a consummate general.

In the campaign of France, the most admirable effort of his career, Napoleon, suddenly appearing on the field where his conscripts struggled against an overwhelming force, said proudly, "My presence here adds to the army a hundred thousand men." It was true, and the same might well be said of Joan; for to her army she was as the will is to brute force, as energy to inertia. And not only had she the moral effect upon her followers which is the mark of a great captain, but from the first the more practical qualities which are commonly the fruit of experience.

At this epoch, when the art of war was in a rudimentary state, when hazard was counted the chief element of success, Joan was to discover and practise strategic measures as new to her time as were those which gave Bonaparte victory over Austria at the time of the Italian campaign. First of the warriors of the



DRAWN BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

JOAN HEARS THE VOICES.

She willingly drew away from her little comrades to meditate, and she heard celestial voices — "holy voices" she called them. With an exalted mind the child grew up, guarding in the depths of her heart the secret of her celestial conversations.

middle ages, Joan appreciated the advantages to be gained by reiterated attacks on an enemy already shaken and demoralized, without leaving him the time between action to recover and reorganize. And this was not the effect of happy accident; during the entire campaign, in every circumstance, she again and again gave proof of the superiority of her intelligence; and this despite all difficulties, in the face of the ill-will of her officers, — jealously indignant of being superseded by a

mere girl of low origin, — hampered by the indolence of the king, and carrying on her frail shoulders the weight of all decisions and the responsibility of all initiative effort. To the chiefs who sought to make decisions without consulting her she proudly asserted, "Hold your counsel together; I will hold mine with the Lord God, and his will prevail." The ardor of her prayers moved at last the coward indolence of the king, and she succeeded in making him share her enthusiasm, warming

his cold heart at the fire which burned within her.

In battle her courage was peerless, and well it was that it was so, for each success was dearly bought, her indomitable energy alone inspiring her faint-hearted followers. When her troops threatened retreat, it was by throwing herself into the thickest of the fight, crying, "They are ours!" that she turned defeat to victory. Often wounded, she disdained the pain of her mangled flesh, and remained on the field as an example to her men. A gracious woman withal, her pity was even greater than her courage, braving and receiving blows, but never returning them. She had but one weapon, her banner, for her sword never left its scabbard. Later she was to say that she "loved her banner a thousand times more than hersword." At night, when the heat of battle was assuaged, her tears fell at the thought of the wounded and the dead. "I have never seen French blood shed without my hair standing on end," was one of her naïve utterances. The enemy commanded her pity as well, and she was as often seen assisting the dying English as her own people. Thus she was not only the mind which directs, she was likewise the heart filled with sympathy, the soul solicitous of the welfare of other souls, intuitively understanding that the soldier who fights the best is he whose heart is pure. In the same spirit she lightened the burden of the army by curtailing useless luggage, and she drove away the disreputable women who had followed the camp, and with them the debauchery and disorder which they had brought. On the other hand, she gently admonished her soldiers to clear their conscience, to be virtuous and religious as well as brave.

The influence she exercised on her surroundings, the prestige of her success, the idolatry of the people, never spoiled the charm of her simple nature. To the end she was the humble girl rendering to God the glory of each action. "I bring to you," was her message to the besieged citizens of Orléans, "the best aid of all—the aid of the King of heaven; it does not come to you through me, but from the Lord himself, who, moved by the prayers of St. Louis and Charlemagne, has taken pity on your city." Could any one keep in the background with more charming ingenuity?

Her religious faith was her chief support; inspired by God, she felt herself strong with the force which he lent her. In her ardent, steadfast, and regular piety, she had touching returns to the humility of her past life, wish-

ing to be informed of the day when beggars received communion, in order that she might share it with them. Her pity went broadcast to all suffering, but her love was reserved for the poor and disinherited; they were her brothers, among whom she had been born. The king could ennoble her, could give her squires, pages, and rich vestments, but never a breath of pride rose within her heart. Consequently her influence on the people was great, and wherever she passed, throngs of the lowly pressed about her. Men, women, and children, in their anxiety to approach, to kiss her hands or the hem of her garment, crowded so thickly that accidents occurred; those in the foremost row were pushed under her horse's feet. "She is holy," they exclaimed; and the belief that she could accomplish miracles grew apace. Strange legends sprang up: one had seen the holy band of archangels militant surrounding her in battle, and across the country swarms of white butterflies had been seen to follow her banner; the villagers who asked for arms with which to accompany her were directed to take the crosses from above the graves in the churchyards, and they turned to swords in their hands. She was in popular belief the virgin whose coming was foretold by rustic seers, and who was predestined to save the kingdom—perhaps an angel descended from paradise. Medals were struck bearing her effigy, and rude portraits of her were hung in village churches. Later, when, on trial for her life, her judges imputed to her as a crime this outpouring of popular enthusiasm, she humbly protested: "Many came to me, but they-kissed my hands as little as I could help; the poor came to me because I did not repulse them." When reproached with having permitted this adulation of the people to assume the character of idolatry, she answered, "I might not, in truth, have escaped such sin had not God helped me," again rendering to divine power her sustaining modesty throughout the popular frenzy.

Although the scope of this study is too slight to permit their detailed narration, I must enumerate the principal events comprised between the date of Joan's arrival before Orléans, April 29, 1429, and the moment when she was taken prisoner at Compiègne, May 24, 1430.

The 29th of April Joan crossed the Loire before the city of Orléans. Lacking enough boats, her army was forced to return to Blois, whence, passing through the Beauce, they rejoined their leader before the city. On the morning of the 4th of May the little army entered Orléans, and in the afternoon the



DRAWN BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

JOAN'S ENTRANCE INTO THE COUNCIL.

The chiefs of the army met at the house of the chancellor of the Duke of Orléans to deliberate on plans. Joan had not been asked to the meeting. Full of indignation, Joan entered. "You have held counsel among yourselves," said she; "I have held counsel with the Lord. Be sure that his will will be done, and that your plans will perish."

fort of St. Loup was captured. The next day was given up to prayer, repose, and preparations, and on the two following days the forts of the Augustins and the Tourelles were successively taken. On the 8th of May the English evacuated the remaining strongholds, and left the city, which, after having been in their possession for eight months, was thus recaptured in four days. In order to profit by the discomfiture of the English after their first defeat, Joan returned at once to Chinon, determined to take the king to Rheims, in order that his coronation might take place and fulfil the prophecy of the archangel. Charles VII hesitated. The country was still infested by the English, who were in force on the banks of the Loire, and Joan decided to

push them back in the direction of Paris before setting forth toward Rheims in the east. Her troops met at Selles; on the 11th of June they took the outlying faubourg, and the next day became masters of the city of Jargeau. On the 15th the French captured the bridge at Meung, and went on to Beaugency, which, attacked on the morrow, capitulated the next day. On the 18th Joan exterminated the English army led by Talbot to the rescue of Beaugency. The whole region was freed from the invader, and the moral effect of the rapidity with which Joan had achieved her second successful campaign was great. She returned at once to the king, determined at any cost to break the bonds of his apathy. The English had imprudently neglected to crown

their young king, and it was important to profit by their neglect, in order that Charles might be first in the field as the anointed king of France.

Tendays of entreaty at last decided Charles to move, and on the 29th of June the royal army set forth. On the way the cities opened their gates, and on the 16th of July the king entered his city of Rheims. The next day the ceremony of coronation took place. At the moment when Charles VII was anointed, Joan threw herself at his feet, kissing his knees, and with tears streaming down her cheeks

and by the demoralization of the English forces. The march toward Paris was one of triumph. Soissons and Laon opened their doors, and in turn Château-Thierry, Provins, Coulommiers, Crécy-en-Brie, Compiègne, and Beauvais welcomed their king. Joan, however, judged their progress too slow, though no effort of hers sufficed to accelerate the march, the indecision and indolence of the king acting as effectual obstacles to rapid and decisive action. At last, on the 23d of August, devoured by impatience, Joan left the main army, accompanied by the Duc d'Alençon and



On her banner Joan had embroidered the image of Christ with the names Jesus, Maria. On April 28 the small army set forth. Joan, with floating banner, led the march, all singing the "Veni Creator."

DRAWN BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

JOAN AT THE HEAD OF THE ARMY.

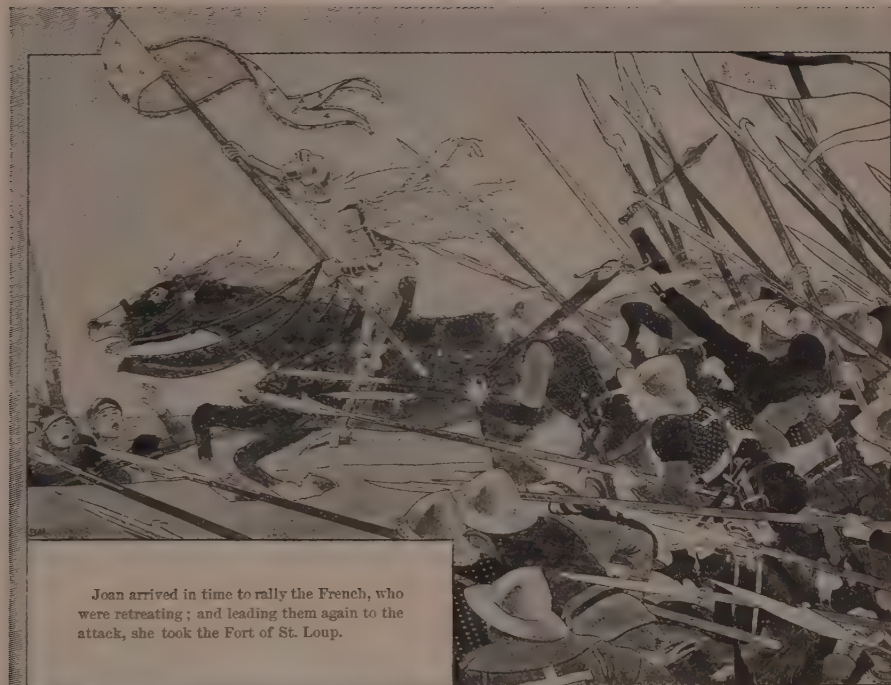
cried through her sobs, "O gentle king, now is done the pleasure of God, who willed that I should conduct you to your city of Rheims, there to receive your holy anointment, that all may know that you are the true king, and to you is the kingdom of France!"

Thus in less than three months the territory won by the English by years of conflict was freed. But Joan did not consider her mission at an end; she still desired to deliver Paris, the capital of his kingdom, into the hands of her king.

Faithful to her principles, she urged haste, desiring to profit by the popular enthusiasm

a strong body of men-at-arms, and marched toward Paris. Menaced with abandonment by the entire army, which wished to follow Joan, Charles decided at last to move.

It was already too late to surprise Paris, which had had ample time to prepare its defense. Nevertheless, Joan impetuously led a first assault, in which she was wounded by an arrow which pierced her thigh. Remaining on the field, she directed that the ditches surrounding the walls be filled to afford passage for her men, whom she encouraged to scale the walls. Unfortunately, night was falling; against her will she was forced on her horse,



Joan arrived in time to rally the French, who were retreating; and leading them again to the attack, she took the Fort of St. Loup.

DRAWN BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

JOAN LEADS THE ATTACK AT ST. LOUP.

and the order given to retreat to La Chapelle. Early the next morning, despite her wound, Joan ordered the attack, assuring all that the city would capitulate; but Charles VII countermanded the order. He had been dragged about with his army long enough, and sighed for the luxurious ease of his castles on the Loire. He desired repose, and, deaf to all entreaty, ordered a retreat. This was not only a grave mistake from a military or political point of view: it was, above all, fatal to the ascendancy of Joan, who by it ceased to be considered invincible. She submitted meekly to her king, and the army retired slowly into Touraine, where it was disbanded. The court party, led by La Trémoille, had triumphed in suspending military operations and reducing Joan to inactivity. They were well content, for of a truth this peasant began to be of too great importance, and it was not difficult to bring the king, fatigued with the efforts which she had imposed on him, to their way of thinking. In November Joan succeeded in getting together a few soldiers, and at the head of her small force renewed the combat. St. Pierre le Moutier was first captured, and she then proceeded to lay siege to La Charité, but as it was

strong and well fortified, this proved too great a task. Her little army was without food and without aid, and, the king refusing to help her in any way, she was forced to retreat. Fretting under inaction, Joan at last left the court without permission, and in April, 1430, at Lagny-sur-Marne, associated herself with the predatory troops, who kept up a species of guerrilla warfare with the English. By a lucky stroke she made at once an important capture of one Franquet d'Arras, a Frenchman in the English service; and then learning that Compiègne was seriously menaced by the Burgundians and the English, she directed her troops to its support. At daybreak on May 24, 1430, she entered Compiègne. To the soldiers who accompanied her she added as many from the garrison as was prudent, and with this small force bravely attacked the Burgundians, hoping to defeat them, and then fall back on the English and disperse them in turn. At first she was successful, but the English, closing in, threatened to cut off her retreat, at which her troops murmured, and pressed her to regain the city. « Silence! » was her answer; « if you will, the day is ours; think only of what is before us. » But her brave spirit was over-

ruled, and a retreat was ordered. Forced to follow, she marched last and supported the retreat. The English succeeded in throwing their force to the base of the castle, whereat Guillaume de Flavy, fearing that they might enter the city, ordered the drawbridge raised. Joan, surrounded by the few men who were faithful to her, arriving at this moment, found entrance to the stronghold impossible. At

avowed desire of the court, or of certain members of it, is amply proved by the letter in which Regnault de Chartres, archbishop of Rheims, announces the capture of Joan to his diocese. Her defeat is presented as a direct judgment of God, «inasmuch as she would accept no advice, but acted according to her good pleasure, by which she had fallen into the sin of pride, and had not done that

Joan was made prisoner, and was shut up in a house in the village of Margny. The Duke of Burgundy, being advised of the capture, came in haste, accompanied by his retinue, to look at the witch.



DRAWN BY BOUTET DE MONVEL

JOAN A PRISONER BEFORE THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

the foot of the walls in the moat five or six archers threw themselves upon her. «Surrender, and give us thy faith,» they demanded. «I have sworn my faith to another, and will keep my word,» was her reply, still struggling until they pulled her from her horse by the long skirt which she wore. Thus she was made prisoner by the soldiers of Jean de Luxembourg, while the governor of Compiègne, Guillaume de Flavy, witnessed the drama from his battlements without effort to save her.

The shame of his inaction stains his name indelibly, if, indeed, Joan's capture was not secretly planned. He was related to La Trémoille, and perhaps, like the king and his court, was not sorry to rid himself of too zealous a champion. That such was the un-

which the Lord had ordained.» This was the ingratitude, these were the calumnies, with which were rewarded her admirable devotion and incalculable services.

Joan was a prisoner; her martyrdom approached. As she had fallen into the hands of Jean de Luxembourg, a man of high birth but a soldier of fortune, ransom would not have been difficult; but to the eternal shame of the King of France, no effort was made, was even considered. The English ardently desired to lay hands on her; ten thousand *livres tournois* was the price put upon her head, and, securely guarded, she was carried in triumph to Rouen.

It was not only a personal vengeance which the English desired: in their eyes Joan represented the force of France. She was the

sorceress who struck their troops dumb with terror; once disposed of, victory would again be theirs. From their point of view, therefore, it was important to establish as a fact that the powers of darkness had lent their aid, to account for the course which events had taken.

To bring about this shameful end, it was necessary to find a judge devoted to this view and devoid of scruple. The man was ready at hand in the person of Cauchon, bishop of Beauvais. He assembled about him a certain number of ecclesiasts and doctors of the University of Paris, and in January, 1431, the trial of Joan began.

The poor girl, alone and abandoned by all, could oppose only her simplicity to the perfidious quibbles and outrageous insinuations of judges resolved to condemn her. She was condemned before trial, but what a triumphant defeat—the triumph of sincerity, of uprightness, of noble sentiment, and of delicate modesty! In the midst of so much ignominy her virtue shone with so bright a luster that a number of her judges, whose past villainess had been counted a guaranty of their servility, left the court in sheer disgust at the work imposed upon them.

The questions addressed to Joan, and her answers day by day, have been transmitted in the records of the court. To read them is to understand the brutal ferocity with which she was tortured, until, turning on her accuser, she cried, «You call yourself my judge; be careful what you do, for I am indeed sent by the Lord, and you place yourself in great danger.»

To answers almost sublime succeeded answers filled with naïve ingenuity. Questions were plied, traitorously conceived, concerning the visions which had come to her, and the celestial voices which she heard, and which throughout her mission had counseled and guided her. But on this point she was firmly silent. It was as though it were a secret which she was forbidden to betray. She consented to take an oath to speak nothing but the truth, but concerning her visions she made a reservation. «You could cut my head off before I would speak,» she protested. At night, in the darkness of her dungeon, St. Catherine and St. Margaret appeared to her, and celestial voices comforted her. She avowed that she had seen them «with the eyes of her body, . . . and when they leave me,» she added, «I wish that they would take me with them.»

«When St. Michael appears to you, is he naked?» asked the bishop.

«Do you think, then, that God cannot clothe his saints?»

«And your voices—what do they say to you?»

«That I answer you without fear.»

«What more?»

«I cannot tell all; I am more afraid to displease them than I am to answer you.»

Insisting, the judge asked:

«But is it displeasing to God to tell the truth, Joan?»

«My voices have told me certain things not for you, but for the king»; adding quickly, «Ah! if my king knew them, he would be more easy at dinner. I would like to go without mine till Easter if he could but know them.»

For her king, who had so cowardly abandoned her, she retained a passionate worship. He was the personification of France; he was her banner. One day during the trial Guillaume Everard accused the King of France of heresy, whereat, trembling with indignation, Joan cried out: «By my faith, sire, with all reverence due to you, I dare say and swear, under peril of my life, that he is the most Christian of all Christians, he who best loves the law and the church; he is not what you say.» In such a cry we feel that she uttered all her heroic soul.

She was asked if St. Catherine and St. Margaret loved the English.

«They love those whom the Lord loves, and hate those whom he hates.»

«Does the Lord hate the English?»

«Of the love or the hate of the Lord for the English I know nothing. I only know that they will be put out of France, save those who perish here.»

As she declared that she «had nothing done save by the grace of God,» the bishop asked her a perfidious and insidious question, one which no living being could truly answer:

«Joan, do you believe yourself in a state of grace?»

To say no was to avow herself unfit to be the instrument of divine power; to answer yes was to commit the mortal sin of pride—in a word, the sin which would put her outside of the pale of grace. She cut the Gordian knot with a simplicity most Christianlike.

«If I am not, please God may make me so; if I am, may God so keep me.»

The judges were disconcerted. Once more they touched upon sorcery; her standard, they pretended, must have been bewitched.

«No,» she answered simply; «I only said, (Go in among the English!) and I took it there.»

«But why was your banner carried into the

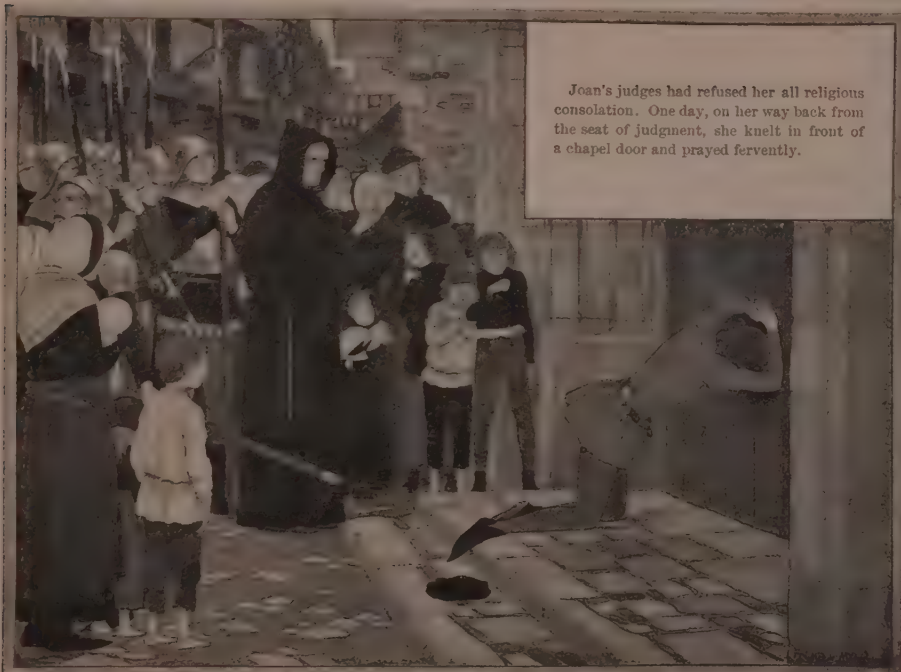
cathedral of Rheims, at the coronation, while those of other captains were stacked outside?"

"It had been in the thick of the fray; it was justice that it should be in the place of honor."

She retained the garb of a man, and they shamed her, affecting to be ignorant of the fact that it was her best safeguard against the brutality of her jailers, who were with her day and night. For that matter, it was not

asked if she would accept the judgment of the church for all that she had said or done, and she answered that she "loved the church, and desired its support with all her heart, but for that which she had done she placed her confidence in the King of heaven, whose mission she had fulfilled"; adding, "in truth, our Lord and the church are but one."

Then she was told that she must distinguish between the church triumphant—



DRAWN BY BOUTET DE MONVEL.

JOAN PRAYS AT THE CHAPEL DOOR.

alone these menials whom she had cause to dread: an English lord had attempted her dishonor, and when, after a desperate struggle, she had repulsed him, chained as she was to the wall of her dungeon, he had not hesitated to strike her. Hence, when her judges had insisted that she wear the costume of her sex, she had pleaded blushing "that at least the skirt should be long."

To condemn the saint as a sorceress seemed beyond their powers; the task was too monstrous; but in the armor of her mysticism there was perhaps a flaw where their weapon could penetrate. It might well be imputed a crime that she believed herself in direct communication with the powers above, without the intervention of the church. She was

God, the saints, and the souls redeemed—and the church militant—the pope, the bishops, and the clergy, enlightened by the Holy Ghost. Would she submit her case to the church militant?

"I am come of God, of the Virgin Mary, of the saints, and the victorious church of heaven; to that church I submit all, myself and my actions, all that I have done or yet may do." How could this girl, whose heart was pure and simple, who had lived with her eyes fixed on heaven, stoop to the distinctions of narrow theologians? On this point she was firm, though they pressed her close. "I submit to the church militant," she pleaded, "if it does not ask the impossible, our Lord God's service coming first."

When reproached with heresy, she protested, «I am a good Christian; I have been baptized, and will die a good Christian.»

The trial was too long to suit the English; their impatience became more and more marked. «Priests, you are not earning your money!» was the shout when the court rose. More haste was demanded of their servility. But the ignominy of the judges and executioners gave good measure. Joan was condemned as a heretic, backslider, apostate, and idolatress. May 30, 1431, she was burned at the stake on the place of the Old Market at Rouen. «Bishop, I die by your hand,» she said to the Bishop of Beauvais, as she mounted the funeral pyre, and she died murmuring the name of Jesus.

Her death was so touching that her judges and executioners wept, and the English present fled, crying loudly, «We are lost; we have burned a saint!»

Such is the summary recital of the brief apparition of Joan of Arc in the dark history of her epoch, a gleam of daybreak through the night of brutality and violence of the middle ages. For us—Frenchmen—Joan of Arc is the most perfect figure of our history, the one altar before which men of all opinions bend the knee, the patron saint of our country. If we look with the eye of reason on this miracle of virtues, of grace, and of gifts suddenly revealed in the being of a simple peasant girl, and bursting forth into actions so extraordinary, and if we search for an explanation, we must consider that the country was crazed by misery and suffering, and fallen to such a depth of distress that nothing but supernatural aid seemed able to save it. It was enfeebled to a point favorable to every hallucination. Joan had grown up in this environment; she had suffered with the suffering about her; the soul of her people vibrated within her; and when the angel appeared, the child could but give herself to the dream which was thus brought to her. And the people followed her, believing as she believed. The child was of the elect, her soul open to all pity, to all devotion, to all enthusiasms; and these virtues, which would have remained hidden in the obscurity of her humble life, flourished and became resplendent in the bright daylight of her larger existence. In the shock of succeeding events her virtues became more exalted, became purified to the degree of absolute perfection. The saint becomes a hero, an immaculate hero. There are those who scoff at the visions; but what to us is the question of their reality? One thing is undoubted—to her they

were real. It is true that she was exalted, was mystical; but her mysticism was militant; it was realized in the sphere of human actions and human interests. Her exaltation modified in no degree the fine equilibrium of health; on the contrary, it developed in her the active qualities, her admirable common sense, her quickness of thought and action. With her there is no suspicion of fevered thought; all her acts and all her words are redolent with the grace of calm simplicity. At times she speaks as though by divine inspiration, and in certain of her responses to her judges at Rouen we imagine we hear the voice of the child Jesus when he confounded the doctors in the temple.

To close, I must endeavor, after having tried to render the moral side of our national heroine, to give an idea of what I imagine may have been her appearance as she walked this earth.

While at work on my series of designs, I have often been asked to describe my conception of the personal appearance of Joan of Arc. At this question I have always seen before me a figure which little by little has grown more distinct, until now it is as though I saw Joan, to use her own words, «with the eyes of my body.» Of actual evidence nothing remains; no portrait exists, nor has there come down to us the smallest shred of her vestments or fragment of her arms. We know that she was tall and well proportioned, that her physiognomy was agreeable; but all this is vague. Some have it that she was fair, others that she was dark. Her hair was, in all probability, neither the one nor the other, but of a shade between the two, which would account for the difference of opinion. To me she must have been somewhat fair, as thus she seems more feminine. Judith had black hair; Jeanne Hachette, who from the ramparts opposed the enemy with her battle-ax, was dark; but Joan of Arc had such a tender breast, so much pity—I find in her so much of womanly grace in contrast with her decision in the hour of action—that I can see her only blonde: not the blonde of the fair-haired races of the North, but the blonde chestnut of our France. She was not in any sense *pretty*; we must not forget that warlike companions, men not overburdened with scruples, testified that she never inspired the thought of gallantry. If not pretty, however, she had probably the beauty of the peasant: a firmly, well constructed head; her eyes were bluish gray, not too light, for they flashed fire at times; her nose was somewhat heavy, but with sensitive nostrils; and her mouth strongly marked, with

full red lips. Her complexion was browned by exposure, rich and healthy in color; her carriage free and somewhat boyish, for she was a girl of the fields, free as air, and her limbs were vigorous, and her chest was deep. She never knew fatigue, say the chronicles of her time. We know that she was tall and well proportioned, but although tall for a woman, she seemed small, when dressed as a man, in comparison with her soldiers. For the same reason her strong features were by comparison delicate, and her boyish carriage became more womanly when her figure was incased in armor. Side by side with the brutal sol-

diers she appeared feeble and delicate. Her force, then, was entirely moral, and art must preserve for her this character, though without exaggeration. The danger of presenting a creature bloodless or hysterical must be avoided. She must be able to act not for a mere instant, under the influence of momentary nervous exaltation, but continuously, with the rhythmic regularity of a well-constituted body. No; she was not what is ordinarily termed beautiful, but she became so at certain moments—beautiful with the beauty of a soul which was noble and true.

Maurice Boutet de Monvel.

THE WHITE SPIDER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWO RUNAWAYS."



IT is absurd! There never was a ghost!" The statement, emphatic, almost petulant, came from the lips of a girl.

"Edith, my dear, you can be positive without discourtesy." The grandmother's voice was courtesy itself.

"But not so charming, grandmother. When Edith is positively discourteous she is superb."

"Gallantry from my brother! Think of it! But thanks, Tom, if you are in earnest." He sat on the steps, and blew a smoke circle into the soft autumn evening, and looked lazily through it at the full moon mounting in the eastern sky.

"Never more so in my life, sis. But about ghosts?"

"Ask mama."

"I have never seen one," said the placid little lady appealed to; "but the testimony of the Scriptures is certainly in favor of the proposition that disembodied spirits have appeared on earth."

Several couples promenading the white-columned porch paused, their attention arrested by the theme. The discussion grew animated.

"Professor," said Tom, with his drawl, and the easy familiarity of a lifelong acquaintance, "you have just about time to make your escape. It is coming."

The professor, sitting near the Madeiravine, had fallen into a reverie. His friend and host next to him, availing himself of the privilege of age and wearied with evolution into

which the learned guest had wandered, was sleeping peacefully in the white oak rocker.

"What is coming, Tom?" The professor returned smilingly to the present.

"Ghost-story! But perhaps you believe in ghosts too."

"Well, yes; perhaps so."

"Oho! Seen any?"

"Yes; at least I have seen one!"

"Oh, professor!" This shout was followed by a rush of feet and a clatter of chairs drawn near; then by a general laugh. It had all been comically sudden. No one ever knew where the professor was going to begin in a subject, and as usual he took all by surprise.

"I am afraid you have frightened my little friend out there, or perhaps it is Tom's smoke annoys him. There, he is at work again."

All eyes followed the direction of the speaker's gaze. The angle of the moon's rays was just right to bring into view the wonderful web of the wood-spider, so called, a four-pointed star eight or ten feet in diameter, with concentric circles spun in the center, the star-points resting on rays of cedar and madeira and a trellis corner. Each strand was a silver cable wet with dew. It shone against the Georgian sky like diamond tracings upon a window-pane. The tiny artist was distinctly visible as he began to hurry about, strengthening his structure with guys, and building with a confident intelligence too subtle for analysis.

"I was thinking about my ghost and watching yonder little fellow before the ex-

citement began, for my ghost was also a spider! »

«How delightfully horrible! But don't mind me!» This from the skeptic with the cigar. The professor took him at his word, and continued:

«There are ghosts and ghosts: ghosts of the imagination, ghosts of ruined castles, ghosts of dead hopes, ghosts of the intellect, having their own particular hours to walk and corridors to walk in. These are vivid in proportion to the activity of the brain that is conscious of them, for of all effects ghosts are most dependent upon environment.»

The earnest, measured tones of the speaker changed the mood of the party. Even the irreverent cynic was listening.

«The ghost to which I refer,» he continued, «is a family affair, and he has been with us for a number of generations—an intellectual heirloom, I suppose I may say, but none the less a ghost. His existence is a mystery deeper than life, and far beyond the range of science. Fix your attention upon the little fellow out there, while I follow his example, and prepare my web: for with his structure, as he hangs between heaven and earth at the mercy of his environment, he is the best existing type of the mind itself—that intelligence from which radiate the gossamer threads of heredity, of memory, and of hope, binding it to the past and future—an intelligence centered in its web of nerves that make it as a part of the present to glow with the radiance of its prisms, to suffer with the violence of its storms, to break at last, and to pass away.»

The professor bent his head, and was silent. Out in the moonlight the spider made his rounds under the gaze of the wondering group, but nearer at hand something far more wonderful was occurring. All were aware of it, but no eye could follow the prototype the old man had just outlined, as it began with mysterious power to prepare for a finer structure. The dreamer alone might, in still moments of solitude, faintly see its radiating lines reaching half a century back, and to the stars the other way, and here and there gray guy-strands that held fast to things unknown in the vastness of lateral distances. A generation has passed since that night, and still the marvelous snare he spread with the swiftness of light itself holds fast the fluttering wings of fancy.

«It is a serial,» said the professor, looking up and smiling, «begun in one of the back numbers of our family, and, as the weeklies say, «continued in our next.»

«My early childhood was more or less troubled by fear of spiders. I had an inexpressible abhorrence for the creatures, and so sensitive was my physical mind to their presence that I would be made aware of the nearness of one of them by some subtle influence before it became visible. The antipathy was complete; I do not believe that at ten years of age I would have touched a spider for all the gold in the world. I could not have done it.

«At this time I was living with my grandfather, a noted physician, and one day was made desperately ill by imprudent eating, and was given large doses of opium to relieve the pain. Succumbing at length to the drug, I fell into a deep slumber of many hours' duration. Now note the fact: upon awakening, I began to see a white spider miles away, in the center and at one end of a horn-shaped web, the outer circle of which held me prisoner. He approached by traveling around upon the widening circles of his web, himself growing larger, until, reaching the outer line, he sprang at my throat. His body at this stage was as large as a keg, and covered with bristles: his eyes shone like electric lights; his crab-like legs were armed with hooks and pincers; and his mouth was a red cavern ending in a beak of enormous size and apparent strength. I screamed and leaped from the bed, but was put back and soothed. Again I saw the spider miles away begin the widening circles; again he leaped at me, and I from the bed. This continued at lengthening intervals for hours. No explanation from my grandfather could restrain me. I knew that I was suffering from a hallucination, but whenever the spider leaped I got out of his way. Finally I saw him travel in circles that did not increase; then, after a while, he receded, faded away, and I slept.

«The vision was due, of course, to the drug, but it troubled my grandfather greatly, and one day he gave me these facts.

«When my grandfather was a boy, in the family there was an old negress named Nancy, who for years had nursed the children. She had many good qualities, but there was one fault, overlooked just as it is in modern nurses to-day: she controlled wayward children through their imagination and fears. On the plantation at that time was a very deep well covered by an old house, intended and used by his parents as a place for keeping fresh meats and butter in warm weather, but then abandoned. It had become to the negroes and the white children a mysterious and dreadful place. They were accustomed

to peep down into that dark well through cracks in the floor to see the white spider which old Nancy said was there. Grandfather's childish imagination, more vivid, perhaps, than those of the others, stimulated by her description of the beast, made the place a veritable pit of horror, and in his mind became fixed the image of a great white spider with enormous body, flaming eyes, and beak of bronze.

• Grandfather, after reaching the age of manhood, began the study of medicine, making nerve-disease a specialty, and incidentally became interested in mental phenomena. You can imagine, perhaps, his feelings when one night he heard my father, then a mere child, and never for a moment under the influence of Nancy or any one connected with the plantation, talking in his sleep about a white spider with fiery eyes. He was too wise to attempt to make the child recall anything of the dream,—a very serious matter, by the way, to ponder on one's dreams,—but the train of thought set in motion by the incident led him, when visiting the old home, to question the then very aged nurse about the white spider of his youth. Her experience, as given, comprised about all the clear impressions she at that time retained of her savage life in Africa. I can give you only the bare outlines, as related to me by grandfather after my sickness. There was a god by the great lakes, mighty and terrible, who controlled the destinies of her people, and whose form was that of a white spider. He lived in a cave under the mountain, the entrance to which was as large as a barn. Across the mouth of this cave he spun his web—ropes that shone like silver—covered with a glue so strong that no living thing once caught by it could release itself. The web narrowed like an ox-horn far into the cave, and at the end of it dwelt the god making the thunder and lightning which brought the rain. When he was pleased rain fell on the whole country; when he was dissatisfied no rain fell, and the country suffered. Those who looked into the black cave saw only his two eyes shining like stars far away, or flashing like the lightning one sees between the low clouds and the horizon in summer. But if the web was touched he felt it, and if a word was spoken he heard it; so you perceive, my young friends, that in the heart of Africa a heathen god had set up a telegraph and telephone system centuries before our inventions were dreamed of.

• No one, however, had seen this god and lived, except the priests. To him, through these priests, all the people made sacrifice

once a year. At the beginning of the dry season the priests went before the cave and offered a human victim—a female child. Naturally the girlhood of females in the tribe was unhappy, for the child the priests demanded was doomed. The welfare of all the people depended upon the sacrifice, and the custom was too old to be resisted. At the appointed time these men took the victim, journeyed northward, and, after certain rites before the cave, at midnight cast her upon the web. Then, in the far depths of the den, the thunder began to roll, and the two stars to move in widening circles, the light growing in intensity until, in the glare of those fearful eyes, the white spider was seen to dash out upon his prey, seize it by the throat, and return to his lair. The priests always fled to a safe distance while this was going on.

• The old woman, as a girl, was selected for the honor of this sacrifice, and taken in charge by the priests, to be fed and prepared for the monster. During the week that intervened, you well understand, the ghost that had dwelt with the tribe so long made his home in her poor childish brain. She was carried away at last, but when almost in the mountains was seized by slave-traders, and presto! the priests, Nancy, and the ghost were in Georgia.

• This is the purport of her story. At your leisure you may unravel the spider-myth of the poor Africans,—perhaps Mr. Ruskin can help you,—and if you find that it goes back beyond the flood, don't be surprised. But to continue the adventures of my ghost. When I left him he was in the brain-structure of my father, who was then a lad, and had erected there a wonderful web. Well, he grew up, my father did, and my grandfather explained the phenomenon to him as best he could, and cautioned him against repeating the story. He obeyed, or at least never did he mention the subject to me; so that when I developed acquaintance with the old-time cave-god, it was by an esoteric process, and the consciousness of this fact was what troubled my grandfather, who was doubtful as to the extent this ghost would grow in succeeding generations, and what the effect would be. Armed with his explanation, however, and acting under his advice, I went to work to lay this specter, and grappled with him manfully. I began the study of spiders, and became familiar with all their habits. I even succeeded in accustoming myself to the handling of them, but I confess that even now the touch is invariably accompanied by a queer thrill of the nerves. By the time I had

reached manhood I was so far free from my antipathy that when I dreamed of the white spider his antics were merely funny, and we were always on good terms. Then my boy came along, and, as you know, perhaps, at an early age made a name for himself as a naturalist. One of the first things that brought him before the scientific world was his treatise upon spider venom, in which he showed how senseless is the popular prejudice against some of the tribe of *Arachnida*, and how beautiful is the art of the geometric members. The boy never seemed to dream of spiders, though he may have done so, but from his earliest babyhood exhibited a remarkable fondness for them. He had located about the premises many old settlers that he fed daily. His first discovery was announced to me at eight years of age. You may get the result that he obtained by dropping a spider into a glass pickle-jar and then covering it with gauze. It will fill the jar with web, but not spun in circles. Just why a spider that has never built anything but a circular web should, when confined, set up one without any apparent plan whatever puzzled the boy for months; but finally he solved the problem to his own satisfaction. He noticed that half a bottle of borax-and-camphor hair-wash, when shaken, became filled with air-bubbles of peculiar shapes, and that the spider-web in the jar needed only films from strand to strand to represent exactly the same geometrical forms. What was the correlation between the two? It was this. The bubbles represented air seeking expansion in globular form, that is, circles in every direction. The space was insufficient, and crowding was the result. The lines between the aggregation of bubbles represented the lines of equal pressure. The spider's peculiar web was the result of his persevering attempts to spin a circular web. The transparent glass cylinder deceived him, stopped him in every direction, and finally left him exhausted of silk and weary and puzzled in the midst of a skeleton that represented the dividing lines of bubbles. The same spider in the same jar, after it had been painted black, spun a circular web. This exhibition of nature working by physical laws through simple elements on the one hand, and through the instinct of an animal to produce a similar form, is very curious and interesting. But think of the source of the mental stimulus that put the boy's mind in harmony with it all, and enabled him to read the secret! It was the specter of the cave enlightening the nineteenth century.

• His second great discovery was that the funnel or ox-horn web of the wood-spider was intended to convey sound. It was both a telephone and a telegraph system. The whirl of the fly's wing across the hollow log is known to the spider whose web leads within! The lightest touch of a strand thrills and brings him to the front. If the slight brush of a wing on this web sends a vibration back into the log, what must be the sound that falls upon the victim when the terrible beast rushes across the same strands to quench his thirst for blood! And what suggested to the poor Africans the idea that thunder roared in the cave when the white god came forth?

• The laws of vibration are now well understood. There is a particular note from a vibrating string that will cause impalpable dust upon a disk to assume the shape of a cornucopia; and if the note arranges the dust in such shape, it is clear that the shape ought to be the best conductor of the note. It is not impossible that the log-spider's web is built to catch a particular note, and that the note comes only from the vibrating wings of his own particular prey. My son used to say that, knowing the note, if he knew the insect for which the web was planned he could tell the number of vibrations of its wings. But in this age the spider seems to take almost anything that comes to him. Mr. Darwin might say that it is a case of the survival of the fittest, and that the original prey has become extinct. However this may be, you will see how the African ghost has walked in the family, and how he is working. I don't not that many African myths stand in this Southern land, and that one effect of slavery will be the flashing of equatorial colors upon the public mind. This is one way nature has of getting closer to people who have wandered too far from her.

• But to resume. The virus of the original fear lost its strength in my generation, as you will soon perceive, and finally bloomed in beauty—not an unusual thing in nature. The sap that makes the stem the leaf, the heart dies in an expiring effort, and lo! the imperial rose. The fields are full of such sunsets. Poems are sunsets. The art galleries of the world are sunsets. Who has ever painted the sunrise of genius? Were I an artist commissioned to the task, I could but imagine the gray gloom of an African cave with twin stars fixed in its depths. I will tell you how the sunset has already been painted.

• My two grandmothers were educated abroad, as you all know. Their mother was of French descent, and upon the death of

my son, influenced by the mental drift of her children, a boy and girl, concluded to make her permanent home in France. The boy developed a most decided talent for architecture, and was given every possible advantage in the best institutes. In his final year he sent me a water-color design that had received the highest award; indeed, the examining committee pronounced it, in points of originality, delicacy, and brilliancy of execution, the finest work ever submitted to them by a student. It represented a cathedral window, circular in form, a brilliant blending of rainbow hues along a silvery network geometrically developed. I did not need to ask him whence came the idea, nor will you when you have seen the sunrise through the dew upon yon little palace in the air.

«That window illumines the chancel of one of the greatest cathedrals in France. Last year, when I visited that country, it was to dissuade my granddaughter from her resolution to become a nun; but, as you are all aware, my efforts met with no success; she passed into the sisterhood of the Sacred Heart. When the ceremony took place, it was in the cathedral I have mentioned. I knelt by the artist brother in deep distress, but this he did not share with me, being himself a devout Catholic. The occasion seemed to him one of holy triumph; and gradually, under the influence of the music and the scene, I too became reconciled to the inevitable. It was while in this frame of mind that I

suddenly became aware that the ceremony had progressed to the point where the novitiate prostrates herself prone upon her face. There, in white, lay my child, a sacrifice. Above her shone with the splendor of the passing sun the fairy window. I gazed upon the boy by my side. His eyes were fixed upon his work, and his lips moved. I dared not ask him if he saw beyond its lines the faint brain-picture I beheld of a different offering in the dark depths of Africa. I opened wide my own eyes to let it fade the quicker, conscious that one of life's strangest cycles was being completed, and that the spider-myth was at last passing into its sunset.»

The old man ceased speaking, and in profound silence all eyes were fixed upon the web in the ambient air; and as thus they gazed the angle of light became narrower. A change crept over the lines of the structure. It grew dim, as the lines of a dream half seen upon awakening, and then swiftly, as if withdrawn by an invisible hand, it blended with the somber tones of the background, and was seen no more. It was the professor's voice that broke the silence, but so low, so solemn, it seemed unnatural: «So fade all sunsets; so dies the light on land and sea; so pass away all the fairy pictures of the mind. But the sun shall rise again, the light on land and sea grow white, and on the filmy skies of unformed minds the hand that paints the blossoms of the field and tints the rose may flash the pictures of the past.»

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

THE YOUNG TENOR.

I WOKE; the harbored melody
Had crossed the slumber bar,
And out upon the open sea
Of consciousness, afar
Swept onward with a fainter strain,
As echoing the dream again.

So soft the silver sound, and clear,
Outpoured upon the night,
That Silence seemed a listener
O'erleaning with delight
The slender moon, a finger-tip
Upon the portal of her lip.

John B. Tabb.

A ROSE OF YESTERDAY.¹

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Author of «Mr. Isaacs,» «Saracinesca,» «Casa Braccio,» etc.

I.



WONDER what he meant by it,» said Sylvia, turning again in her chair, so that the summer light, softened and tinted by the drawn blinds, might fall upon the etching she held.

«My dear,» answered Colonel Wimpole, stretching out his still graceful legs, leaning back in his chair, and slowly joining his nervous but handsome hands, «nobody knows.»

He did not move again for some time, and his ward continued to scrutinize Dürer's Knight. It was the one known as «The Knight, Death, and the Devil,» and she had just received it from her guardian as a birthday present.

«But people must have thought a great deal about it,» said Sylvia, at last. «There must be stories about what it means. Do tell me; I'm sure you know.»

She laid the unframed print upon her knees, still holding it by the edges, lest the fitful breeze that came in through the blinds should blow it to the floor. At the same time she raised her eyes till they met the colonel's.

Her earnest young face expressed something like veneration as she gazed at him, and perhaps he thought that it was undeserved, for he soon looked away with a faint sigh. She sighed too, but more audibly, as though she were not ashamed of it. Possibly she knew that he could not guess what the sigh meant, and the knowledge added a little pain to what she felt just then, and had felt daily of late. She began to study the etching again.

«To me,» she said softly, «the Knight is a hero. He is making Death show him the way, and he has made the Devil his squire and servant. He will reach the city on the hill in time, for there is still sand enough in the hour-glass. Do you see?» She held out the print to the colonel. «There is still sand enough,» she repeated. «Don't you think so?»

Again, as she asked the question, she looked at him; but he was bending over the etching, and she could see only his clear profile against the shadows of the room.

«He may be just in time,» he answered quietly.

«I wonder which house they lived in, of those one can see,» said Sylvia.

«Who are they? Death, the Devil, and the Knight?»

«No; the Knight and the lady, of course—the lady who is waiting to see whether he will come in time.»

The colonel laughed a little at her fancy, and looked at her as the breeze stirred her brown hair. He did not understand her, and she knew that he did not. His glance took in her brown hair, her violet eyes, her delicately shaded cheek, and the fresh young mouth, with its strange little half-weary smile that should not have been there, and that left the weariness behind whenever it faded for a time. He wondered what was the matter with the girl.

She was not ill; that was clear enough, for they had traveled far, and Sylvia had never once seemed tired. The colonel and Miss Wimpole, his elderly maiden sister, had taken Sylvia out to Japan to meet her father, Admiral Strahan, who had been stationed some time with a small squadron in the waters of the far East. He had been ordered home rather suddenly, and the Wimpoles were bringing the girl back by way of Europe. Sylvia's mother had been dead three years, and had left her a little fortune. Mrs. Strahan had been a step-sister, and no blood relation, of the Wimpoles; but they had been as a real brother and a real sister to her, and she had left her only child to their care during such times as her husband's service should keep him away from home. The girl was now just eighteen.

Colonel Wimpole wondered whether she could be destined for suffering, as some women are, and the thought linked itself to the chain of another life, and drew it out of his heart, that he might see it and be hurt; for he had known pain in himself, and through one he loved. He could not believe that Sylvia was fore-fated to sorrow, but the silent weariness that of late was always in her face meant something which he feared to learn, but for which he felt himself vaguely responsible, as though he were not doing his duty by her.

He was a man of heart, of honor, and of

conscience. Long ago, in his early youth, he had fought bravely in a long and cruel war, and had remained a soldier for many years afterward, with an old-fashioned attachment for arms that was dashed with chivalry, till at last he had hung up his sword, accepting peace as a profession. Indeed, he had never loved anything of war except its danger and its honor; and he had loved one woman more than either, but not against honor, nor in danger, though without much hope.

He had lived simply, as some men can and as a few do live, in the midst of the modern world, parting with an illusion now and then, and fostering some new taste in its place, in a sort of innocent and simple consciousness that it was artificial, but in the certainty that it was harmless. He was gentle in his ways, with the quiet and unaffected feeling for other people which not seldom softens those who have fought with their hands in the conviction of right, and have dealt and received real wounds. War either brutalizes or refines a man; it never leaves him unchanged. Colonel Wimpole had traveled from time to time, more for the sake of going to some one place which he wished to see than of passing through many places; for the sake of traveling. There is a great difference between the two methods. Wherever he went, he took with him his own character and his slightly formal courtesy of manner, not leaving himself at home, as some people do, nor assuming a separate personality for Europe, like a disguise; for, such as he was, he was incapable of affectation, and he was sure that the manners which had been good enough for his mother were good enough for any woman in the world, as indeed they were, because he was a gentleman, that is, a man, and gentle at all points, excepting for his honor. But no one had ever touched that.

He looked what he was, too, from head to foot. He was a tall, slender man of nervous strength, with steady gray eyes, high features, smooth, short, and grizzled hair; simple and yet very scrupulous in his dress; easy in his movements; not old before his time, but having already something of the refinement of age upon the nobility of his advanced manhood; one of whom a woman would expect great things in an extremity, but to whom she would no longer turn for the little service, the little fetching and carrying, which most women expect of men still in prime. But he did such things unasked, and for any woman, when it seemed natural to do them. After all, he was only fifty-three years old, and it seems to be established that sixty is

the age of man's manumission from servitude, unless the period of slavery be voluntarily extended by the individual. That leaves ten years of freedom, if one live to the traditional age of mankind.

But Sylvia saw no sign of age in Colonel Wimpole. In connection with him, the mere word irritated her when he used it, which he sometimes did quite naturally; and he would have been very much surprised could he have guessed how she thought of him, and what she was thinking as she sat looking from him to Dürer's Knight, and from the etched rider to the living man again. For she saw a resemblance which by no means existed, except, perhaps, between two ideals.

The Knight in the picture is stern and strong and grim, and sits his horse like the incarnation of an unchanging will, riding a bridled destiny against Death and evil to a good end. And Death's tired jade droops its white head and sniffs at the skull in the way, but the Knight's charger turns up his lip and shows his teeth at the carrion thing, and arches his strong neck, while the Knight looks straight before him, and cares not, and his steel-clad legs press the great horse into the way, and his steel-gloved hand holds curb and snaffle in a vise. As for the Devil, he slinks behind, an evil beast, but subdued, and following meekly, with a sort of mute animal astonishment in his wide eyes.

And beside Sylvia sat the colonel, quiet, gentle, restful, suggesting, just then, nothing of desperate determination, and not at all like the grim Knight in feature. Yet the girl felt a kinship between the two, and saw one and the same heroism in the man and in the pictured rider. In her inmost heart she wished that she could have seen the colonel long ago, when he had fought, riding at death without fear. But the thought that it had been so very long ago kept the wish down below the word-line in her heart's well. Youth clothes its ideals with the spirit of truth, and hides the letter out of sight.

But in the picture Sylvia looked for herself, since it was for a lady that the knight was riding, and all she could find was the big old house up in the town, on the left of the tallest tower. She was waiting somewhere under the high gabled roof, with her spinning-wheel or her fine needlework, among her women. Would he ever come? Was there time before the sand in Death's hour-glass should run out?

«I wish the horse would put his forefoot down and go on!» she said suddenly.

Then she laughed, though a little wearily.

How could she tell the colonel that he was the Knight, and that she was waiting in the tall house with the many windows? Perhaps he would never know, and forever the charger's forefoot would be lifted, ready for the step that was never to fall upon the path.

But Colonel Wimpole did not understand. It was unlike her to wish that an old print should turn into a page from a child's movable picture-book.

«Why do you wish that the horse would go on?» he asked half idly.

«Because the sand will not last if he waits,» said Sylvia, quietly; and as she spoke a third time of the sand in the hour-glass she felt a little chill at her heart.

«There will always be time,» answered the colonel, enigmatically.

«As there will always be air, I suppose, and that will not matter to us when we are not here to breathe it any more.»

«That is true. Nothing will matter very much a hundred years hence.»

«But a few years matter much more than a hundred.» Her voice was sad.

«What are you thinking of?» asked Colonel Wimpole, changing his position so as to see her face better.

He resented her sadness a little, for he and his sister were doing their best to make her happy. But Sylvia did not answer him; she bent her white forehead to the faint breeze that came through the closed green blinds, and she looked at the etching. The colonel believed that she was thinking of her dead mother, whom she had loved. He hesitated, choosing his words; for he hated preaching, and yet it seemed to him that Sylvia mourned too long.

«I was very fond of your mother too, my dear,» he said gently, after a time. «She was like a real sister to us. I wish I could have gone instead, and left her to you.»

«You?» Sylvia's voice startled him; she was suddenly pale, and the old print shook in her hands. «Oh, no!» she cried half passionately. «Not you—not you!»

The colonel was surprised for a moment; then he was grateful, for he felt that she was very fond of him. He thought of the woman he loved, and that he might have had such a daughter as Sylvia, but with other eyes.

«I am glad you are fond of me,» he said. «You are very good to me, and I know I am a tiresome old man.»

At that word one beat of the girl's heart sent resentful blood to her face.

«You are not old at all!» she cried. «And you could not be tiresome if you tried! And I am not good to you, as you call it!»

The girl's young anger made him think of summer lightning, and of the sudden flashing of new steel drawn silently and swiftly from the sheath into the sunshine.

«Goodness may be a matter of opinion, my dear,» said he, «but age is a matter of fact. I was fifty-three years old on my last birthday.»

«Oh, what do years matter?» Sylvia rose quickly, and turned from him, going toward the window.

The colonel watched her perfectly graceful movements. She wore gray, with a small black band at her throat, and the soft light clung to the lovely outline of her figure and to her brown hair. He thought again of the daughter that might have been born to him, and even of a daughter's daughter. It seemed to him that his own years might be a greater matter than Sylvia would admit. Yet, as their descending mists veiled hope's height, he was often glad that there should not be as many more as there had been. He said nothing, and there was a dream in his eyes.

«You are always saying that you are old. Why?» Sylvia's voice came from the window, but she did not turn. «It is not kind,» she said, still more softly.

«Not kind?» He did not understand.

«It is not kind to me. It is as though I did not care. Besides, it is not true!»

Just then the conviction had come back to her voice, stronger than ever, strengthening the tone just when it was breaking. She had never spoken to him in this way. He called her.

«Sylvia! will you come here, my dear?» She came, and he took her fresh young hands. «What is it? Has anything happened? Are you unhappy? Tell me.»

At his question the violet eyes slowly filled, and she just bent her head once or twice as though assenting.

«You are unhappy?» He repeated his question, and again she nodded sadly.

«But happy too—often.»

There was not room for happiness and sorrow together in her full eyes. The tear fell, and gladness took its place at his touch. But he looked, and remembered other hands, and began to know the truth. Love's unforgotten spirit came, wafting a breath of other days.

He looked, and wondered whom the girl had chosen, and was glad for her happiness while he grew anxious for its life. She was so young that she must have chosen lately and quickly. In a rush of inward questioning his mind ran back through the long journey they had made together, and answers came in many faces of men that glided before him. One of them stopped him and held his thought,

as a fleeting memory will—a young officer of her father's flagship, lean, brown, bright-eyed, with a strong mouth and a rare smile. Sylvia had often talked with him, and the boy's bright eyes used to watch her from a distance when he was not beside her. Quiet of speech he was, and resolute, bred in the keen air of a northern sea, of the few from among whom fate may choose the one. That was the man.

The colonel spoke then as though he had said much, glad and willing to take the girl's conclusion.

"I know who it is," he said, as if all had been explained. "I am glad, very glad."

His hands pressed hers more tightly, for he was a man of heart, and because his own life had failed strangely he knew how happy she must be, having all he had not. But the violet eyes grew wide and dark and surprised, and the faint color came and went.

"Do you really, really know at last?" she asked very low.

"Yes, dear; I know," he said, for he had the sure conviction out of his sympathy for the child.

"And you are glad? Glad as I am?"

"Indeed I am! I love you with all my heart, my dear."

She looked at him a moment longer, and then her sight grew faint, and her face hid itself against his coat.

"Say it! say it again!" she repeated, and her white fingers closed tightly upon his sleeve. "I have waited so long to hear you say it!"

An uneasy and half-distressed look came to his face instantly as he looked down at the brown hair.

"What?" he asked. "What have you waited to hear me say?"

"That—the words you said just now." Her face still hidden, she hesitated.

"What did I say? That I loved you, my dear?"

She nodded silently against his coat.

"But I have always loved you, Sylvia, dear," he said, with a wondering fear stole through him.

"You never told me; and I did not dare tell you—how could I? But now you understand. You know that the years mean nothing, after all, and that there is still sand in the hour-glass, and you and I shall reach the end of the road together—"

"Sylvia!" His voice rang sharply and painfully as he interrupted her.

He was a little pale, and his gray eyes were less steady than usual, for he could not

be mistaken any longer. He had faced many dangers bravely, but the girl frightened him, clinging to his sleeve and telling her half-childish love for him. Then came the shock to his honor, for it seemed as though it must somehow have been his fault.

She looked up and saw his face, but could not understand it, though she had a prevision of evil, and the stealing sickness of disappointment made her faint.

"I did not know what you meant, my child," he said, growing more pale, and very gently pushing her back a little. "I was thinking of young Knox; I thought you loved him. I was so sure that he was the man."

She drew back now of her own will, staring.

"Knox? Mr. Knox?" She repeated the name, hardly hearing her own words, half stunned by her mistake. "But you said—you said you loved me—"

"As your father does," said Colonel Wim-pole, very gravely. "Your father and I are just of the same age. We were boys together. You know it, my dear."

She was a mere child, and he made her feel that she was. Her hands covered her face in an instant as she fled, and before the door had closed behind her the colonel heard the first quick sob.

He had risen to his feet, and stood still, looking at the door. When he was alone he might have smiled, as some men might have done, not at Sylvia, indeed, though at the absurdity of the situation; but his face was sad, and he quietly sat down again by the table, and began to think of what had happened.

Sylvia was very foolish, he said to himself, as he tried to impose upon his mind what he thought should have been his conviction. Yet he was deeply and truly touched by her half-childish love, and its innocence seemed pathetic to him, while he was hurt for her pain and, most of all, for her overwhelming confusion.

At the same time came memories and visions, and his head sank forward a little as he sat in his chair by the table. The vision of hope was growing daily more dim, but the remembrance of the past was as undying as what has been is beyond recall.

Sylvia would wake from her girlish dream, and in the fullness of young womanhood would love a man of her own years. The colonel knew that. She would see that he was going in under the gateway of old age, while she was on the threshold of youth's morning. A few days, or a few months, or at most a few years more, and she must see that he was an old man. That was certain.

He sighed, not for Sylvia, but because age is that deadly sickness of which hope must perish at last. Time is a prince of narrow possessions, absolute where he reigns at all, cruel upon his people, and relentless; for beyond his scanty principality he is nothing, and his name is not known in the empire of eternity. Therefore, while he rules he raises the dark standard of death, taking tribute of life, and giving back a slow poison in return.

Colonel Wimpole was growing old, and though the woman he still loved was not young, she was far younger than he, and he must soon seem an old man even in her eyes; and then there would not be much hope left. Sadly he wondered what Sylvia saw in him which that other woman, who had known him long, seemed to have never quite seen. But such questioning could find no satisfaction.

He might have remained absorbed in his reflections for a long time had he been left alone, but the door opened behind him, and he knew by the steady and precise way in which it was opened and shut that his sister had entered the room.

"Richard," she said, "I am surprised." Then she stood still and waited.

Miss Wimpole was older than her brother, and was an exaggeration of him in petticoats. Her genuine admiration for him was curiously tempered by the fact that when they had been children, she, as the elder, had kept him out of mischief, occasionally by force, often by authority, but never by persuasion. When in pinafores the colonel had been fond of sweets. Miss Wimpole considered that he owed his excellent health to her heroic determination to save him from destruction by jam. Since those days she had been obliged to yield to him on other points, but the memory of victory in the matter of preserves still made her manner authoritative.

She was very like him, being tall, thin, and not ungraceful, though as oddly precise in her movements and gestures as she was rigid in her beliefs, faithful in her affections, and just in her judgments. She had loved a man who had been killed in the war, and being what she was, she had never so much as considered the possibility of marrying any one else. She was much occupied in good works, and did much good, but she was so terribly accurate about it as to make Sylvia say that she was like a public charity that had been brought up in good society.

The colonel rose as she spoke.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Why are you surprised?"

"What have you been saying to Sylvia, Richard?" inquired Miss Wimpole, not moving.

It would have been hard to hit upon a question more certain to embarrass the colonel. He felt the difficulty of his position so keenly that, old as he was, a faint color rose in his cheeks. No answer occurred to him, and he hesitated.

"She has locked herself up in her room," continued Miss Wimpole, with searching severity, "and she is crying as though her heart would break. I heard her sobbing as I passed the door, and she would not let me in."

"I am very sorry," said the colonel, gravely.

"You do not seem much concerned," retorted his sister. "I insist upon knowing what is the matter."

"Girls often cry," observed Colonel Wimpole, who felt obliged to say something, though he did not at all know what to say.

"Sylvia does not often cry, Richard, and you know it. You must have said something very unkind to her."

"I hope not," answered the colonel, evasively.

"Then why is she sobbing there, all by herself? I should like you to answer that question."

"I am sorry to say that I cannot. When she is herself again, you had better ask her."

Colonel Wimpole thought this good diplomacy. Since he meant not to tell his sister the truth, and was incapable of inventing a falsehood, he saw no means of escape except by referring Miss Wimpole directly to Sylvia.

"Richard," said the maiden lady, impressively, "I am surprised at you." And she turned away rather stiffly. "I thought you had more confidence in me," she added as she reached the door.

But Colonel Wimpole made no further answer, for he saw that she had accepted his silence, which was all he wanted. When he was quite sure that she was in her own room, he went and got his hat and stick, and slipped quietly out of the hotel.

II.

COLONEL WIMPOLE did not like Lucerne, and as he strolled along the shady side of the street he unconsciously looked up at the sky or down at the pavement rather than at the houses and the people. He disliked the tourists, the buildings, the distant scenery, and the climate, and could give a reason for each separate aversion. Excepting the old tower, which was very much like a great many other old towers, he maintained that the buildings

were either flat and dull or most modernly pretentious. The tourists were tourists, and that alone condemned them beyond redemption. The climate was detestable, and he was sure that every one must think so. As for the scenery, with its prim lake, its tiresome snow mountains, and its toy trees, he said that it was little better than a perpetual chromolithograph, though at sunset it occasionally rose to the dignity of a transparent «landscape» lamp-shade. The colonel's views of places were not wholly without prejudice. Being a very just man where men and women were concerned, he allowed himself to be as unfair as he chose about inanimate things, from snow mountains to objects of art.

It was the pretension of Switzerland, he said, to please and to attract. Since it neither attracted him nor pleased him, he could not see what harm there could be in saying so. The Rigi's feelings could not be hurt by a sharp remark, nor could Mount Pilatus be supposed to be sensitive. He never abused Switzerland where any Swiss person could hear him. The same things, he said, were true of objects of art. If they failed to please, there could be no reason for their existence, or for not saying so, provided that the artist were not present. As for the latter, the charitable colonel was always willing to admit that he had done his best. It was gratuitous to suppose that any man should wilfully do badly what he could do well.

The colonel strolled slowly through the back streets, keeping in the shade. The day was hot, and he felt something like humiliation at having allowed himself to yield to circumstances and come out of the house earlier than usual. He would certainly not have acknowledged that he had been driven from the hotel by the fear of his sister's curiosity, but he would have faced a hotter sun rather than be obliged to meet her inquisitive questions again.

It was true that, being alone, he had to meet himself and discuss with himself the painful little scene which had taken place that afternoon; for he was not one of those people who can get rid of unpleasant difficulties simply by refusing to think about them. And he examined the matter carefully as he went along, staring alternately at the sky and at the pavement, while his stick rang sharply in time with his light but still military step. He did not see the people who passed, but many of them looked at him, and noticed his face and figure, and set him down for a gentleman and an old soldier, as he was.

At first sight it seemed ridiculous that

Sylvia should be in love with him; then it seemed sad, and then it seemed childish. He remembered the tragedy of Ninon de l'Enclos and her son, and it was horrible, until he recalled an absurd story of a short-sighted young man who had fallen in love with his grandmother because his vanity would not allow him to wear spectacles. At this recollection Colonel Wimpole smiled a little, though he was obliged to admit that Sylvia's eyes had always been very good. He wished, for a moment, that he were quite old already, instead of being only at the edge of old age. It would have been more easy to laugh at the matter. He was glad that he was not ten years younger, for in that case he might have been to blame. As he was turning into the main street he caught sight of his own reflection in the big plate-glass window of a shop. He stopped short, with a painful sensation.

Had the image been that of a stranger he should have judged the original to be a young man. The figure he saw was tall and straight and active, dressed in the perfection of neatness and good taste. The straw hat shaded the upper part of the face, but the sunlight caught the well-cut chin and gilded the small, closely trimmed mustache.

The colonel was extremely annoyed, just then, by his youthful appearance. He stopped, and then went close to the plate-glass window, till he could see his face distinctly in it against the shadows of the darkened shop. He was positively relieved when he could clearly distinguish the fine lines and wrinkles and gray hairs which he saw every morning in his mirror when he shaved. It was the sunshine playing with shadow that had called up the airy reflection of his departed youth for a moment. Sylvia could never have seen him as he had appeared to himself in the window.

He looked a little longer. A lady in black was talking with the shopkeeper, and a short young man stood beside her. Colonel Wimpole's fingers tightened suddenly upon the familiar silver knob of his stick, his face grew a little pale, and he held his breath.

The lady turned quietly, walked to the window, followed by the shopkeeper and the young man, and pointed to a miniature which lay among a great number of more or less valuable antiquities and objects of art, all of them arranged so as to show them to an undue advantage. She stood quite still, looking down at the thing she wanted, and listening to what the shopkeeper said. The colonel, just on the other side of the thick plate-glass, could hear nothing, though he could

have counted the heavy lashes that darkly fringed the drooping lids as the lady kept her eyes upon the miniature. But his heart was standing still, for she was the woman he had loved so long and well, and he had not known that she was to pass through Lucerne. The short young man beside her was her son, and Colonel Wimpole knew him also, and had seen him from time to time during the nineteen years of his life. But he scarcely noticed him now, for his whole being was intent upon the face of the woman he loved.

She was dark, though her hair had never been jet-black, and her complexion had always reminded the colonel of certain beautiful roses of which the smooth, cream-colored petals are very faintly tinged with a warm blush that bears no relation to pink; but which is not red either—a tint without which the face was like marble, which could come in a moment, but was long in fading as a northern sunset, and which gave wonderful life to the expression while it lasted. The lady's features were bold and well-cut, but there were sad lines of lifelong weariness about the curved mouth and deep-set eyes; and there was a sort of patient, but not weak, sadness in all her bearing—the look of those who have tired, but have not yielded, who have borne a calm face against a great trouble from without, and a true heart against a strong temptation from within.

She was neither tall nor short, neither heavy nor light in figure, a woman of good and strong proportions; and she was dressed in black, though one small jeweled ornament and a colored ribbon in her hat showed that she was not in mourning.

The elderly man at the window did not move as he watched her, for he felt sure that she must presently look up and meet his eyes; then he would go in. But it did not happen just in that way, for her son recognized him first: a dark youth, very squarely built, with a heavy face, and straight eyebrows that met over his nose. When he saw the colonel he smiled, lifted his hat, and spoke to his mother. The lady started perceptibly, and seemed to press the handle of her black parasol to her side. Several seconds passed after that before the fringed lids were lifted and the two looked at each other fixedly through the thick glass. A soft, slow smile smoothed and illuminated the lady's face, but Colonel Wimpole felt that he was paler than before, and his lips moved, unconsciously pronouncing a name which he had never spoken carelessly during two-and-twenty years. Nor, in that long time, had he ever

met Helen Harmon suddenly face to face without feeling that his cheeks grew pale and that his heart stood still for a moment.

But his pulse beat quite regularly again when he had entered the shop and stood before her, extending his hand to meet hers, though he felt that he was holding out his heart to meet her heart, and he was full of unexpected happiness. So, in dim winter days, the sun shines out in a sudden glory, and spring is in the air before her time for an hour; but afterward it is cold again, and snow falls before night. Many a far glimpse of the flower-time had gladdened the colonel's heart before now, but the promised summer had never come.

The two stood still for a moment, hand in hand, and their eyes lingered in meeting just a second or two longer than if they had been mere friends. That was all that a stranger could have seen to suggest that Richard Wimpole had loved Helen Harmon for twenty-two years, and the young man at her side did not even notice it. He shook hands with the colonel in his turn, and was the first to speak.

«One meets everybody in Lucerne,» he observed in a rather tactless generalization.

«I certainly did not hope to meet you,» answered the colonel, smiling. «It is true that the cross-roads of Europe are at Lucerne if they are anywhere. My sister and I are taking Sylvia Strahan home from Japan. Of course we stopped here.»

«Oh, of course,» laughed young Harmon; «everybody stops here. We have been here ever so long, on our way to Carlsbad, I believe.»

His mother glanced at him nervously before she spoke, as though she were not sure of what he might say next.

«I am thinking of buying a miniature,» she said. «Will you look at it for me? You know all about these things; I should like your advice.»

The dealer's face fell as he stood in the background, for he knew the colonel, and he understood English. But as he spoke, Mrs. Harmon was thinking more of Wimpole than of the miniature, and he, when he answered, was wondering how he could succeed in being alone with her for one half-hour, one of those little half-hours on which he lived for weeks and months after they were past.

Mrs. Harmon's manner was very quiet, and there was not often any marked change in her expression. Her rare laugh was low, regretful, and now and then a little bitter. Sometimes, when one might have expected a quick answer, she said nothing at all, and

then her features had a calm immobility that was almost mysterious. Only now and then, when her son was speaking, she was evidently nervous, and at the sound of his voice her eyes turned quickly and nervously toward his face, while the shadows about the corners of her mouth deepened a little, and her lips set themselves. When he said anything more witless than usual, she was extraordinarily skilful and quick to turn his saying to sense by a clever explanation. At other times she generally spoke rather slowly, and even indolently, as though nothing mattered very much. Yet she was a very sensible woman, and not by any means unpractical in daily life. Her tragedy, if it were one, had been slow and long drawn out.

First, a love which had been real, silent, and so altogether unsuspected, even by its object, that Richard Wimpole had never guessed it to this day. Then a marriage thrust upon her by circumstances, which she had accepted at last in the highest nobility of honest purpose. After that much suffering, most scrupulously covered up from the world, and one moment of unforgetten horror. There was a crooked scar on her forehead, hidden by the thick hair which she drew down over it; when she was angry it turned red, though there was no other change in her face. Then a little while, and her husband's mind had gone. Even then she had tried to take care of him, until it had been hopeless and he had become dangerous. The mercy of death seemed far from him, and he still lived, for he was very strong. And all along there had been the slowly increasing certainty of another misfortune. Her son, her only child, had been like other children at first, then dull and backward, and in the end, as compared with grown men, deficient. His mind had not developed much beyond a boy's, and though he was unusually strong, he had never learned to apply his strength, and did not even excel in athletic sports. One might have been deceived at first by a sharp glance of his eyes, but they were not bright with intelligence. The young man's perfect physical health alone made them clear and keen as a young animal's, but what they saw produced little reaction of understanding or thought.

Nor was that all that Helen Harmon had borne. There was one other thing, hardest of any to bear. By an accident she had learned at last that Richard Wimpole had loved her, and she had guessed that he loved her still. He had fancied her indifferent to him, and Harmon had been his friend in young days. Harmon had been called fast even then, but

not vicious, and he had been rich. Wimpole had stood aside and had let him win, being diffident, and really believing that it might be better for Helen in the end. He thought that she could make anything she chose of Harmon, who was furiously in love with her.

So the two had made the great mistake, each meaning to do the very best that could be done. But when Harmon had gone mad at last, and was in an asylum, without prospect of recovery, and Helen found herself the administrator of his property for her son, it had been necessary to go through all his disordered papers, and she had found a letter of Wimpole's to her husband, written long ago. Had it been a woman's letter she would have burned it unread. But it was a duty to read every paper which might bear upon business matters from the beginning, and she naturally supposed that Harmon must have had some reason for keeping this one; so she read it.

It had been written in the early days of her husband's courtship. He too had been generous then, with impulses of honor in which there had been, perhaps, something of vanity, though they had impelled him to do right. There had been some conversation between the friends, and Harmon had found out that Wimpole loved Helen. Not being yet so far in love as he was later, he had offered to go away and let the young colonel have a chance, since the latter had loved her first. Then Wimpole had written this letter which she found twenty years later.

It was simple, grateful, and honorably conceived; it said what he had believed to be the truth: that Helen did not care for him, that Harmon was quite as good as he in all ways, and much richer, and it finally and definitely refused the offer of «a chance.» There was nothing tragic about it, nor any high-flown word in its short, clear phrases; but it had decided three lives, and the finding of it after such a long time hurt Helen more than anything had ever hurt her before.

In a flash she saw the meaning of Wimpole's life, and she knew that he loved her still, and had always loved her, though in all their many meetings throughout those twenty years he had never said one word of it to her. In one sudden comprehension she saw all his magnificent generosity of silence. For he had partly known how Harmon had treated her: every one knew something of it, and he must have known more than any one except the lawyer and the doctor whom she had been obliged to consult.

And yet, in that quick vision, she remembered too that she had never complained to

him, nor ever said a word against Harmon. What Wimpole knew, beyond some matters of business in which he had helped her, he had learned from others or had guessed. But he had guessed much. Little actions of his, under this broad light of truth, showed her now that he had often understood what was happening when she had thought him wholly in ignorance.

But he, on his side, found no letter, nor any unexpected revelation of her secret; and still, to him, she seemed only to have changed indifference for friendship, deep, sincere, lasting, and calm.

She kept the old letter two days, and then, when she was alone, she read it again, and her eyes filled, and she saw her hands bringing the discolored page toward her lips. Then she started, and looked at it, and she felt the scar on her forehead burning hot under her hair, and the temptation was great, though her anger at herself was greater. Harmon was alive, and she was a married woman, though he was a madman. She would not kiss the letter, but she laid it gently upon the smoldering embers, and then turned away that she might not see it curling and glowing and blackening to ashes on the coals. That night a note from the director of the asylum told her that her husband was in excellent bodily health, without improvement in his mental condition. It was dated on the first of the month.

After that she avoided the colonel for some time; but when she met him, her face was again like marble, and only the soft, slow smile and the steady, gentle word showed that she was glad to see him. Two years had passed since then, and he had not even guessed that she knew.

He often sought her, when she was within reach of him, but their meeting to-day, in the fashionable antiquary's shop at the cross-roads of Europe, was altogether accidental, unless it were brought about by the direct intervention of destiny. But who believes in destiny nowadays? Most people smile at the word "fate," as though it had no meaning at all. Yet call "fate" the "chemistry of the universe," and the skeptic's face assumes an expression of abject credulity, because the term has a modern ring and smacks of science. What is the difference between the two? We know a little chemistry; we can get something like the perfume of spring violets out of nauseous petroleum, and a flavor of strawberries out of stinking coal-tar. But we do not know much of the myriad natural laws by which our bodies are directed hither

and thither, mere atoms in the everlasting whirlpool of all living beings. What can it matter whether we call those rules chemistry or fate? We shall submit to them in the end, with our bodies, though our souls rebel against them eternally. The things that matter are quite different, and the less they have to do with our bodies the better it is for ourselves.

Colonel Wimpole looked at the miniature, and saw that it was a modern copy of a well-known French one, ingeniously set in an old case, to fit which it had perhaps been measured and painted. He looked at the dealer quietly, and the man expressed his despair by turning up his eyes a very little, while he bent his head forward and spread out his palms, abandoning the contest; for he recognized the colonel's right to advise a friend.

"What do you think of it?" asked Mrs. Harmon.

"That depends entirely on what you mean to do with it, and how much you would give for it," answered the colonel, who would not have let her buy an imitation under any circumstances, but was far too kind-hearted to ruin the shopkeeper in her estimation.

"I rather liked it," was the answer. "It was for myself. There is something about the expression that pleases me. The lady looks so blindly happy and delighted with herself. It is a cheerful little thing to look at."

The colonel smiled.

"Will you let me give it to you?" he asked, putting it into her hand. "In that way I shall have some pleasure out of it, too."

Mrs. Harmon held it for a moment, and looked at him thoughtfully, asking herself whether there were any reason why she should not accept the little present. He was not rich, but she had understood from his first answer that the thing was not worth much after all, and she knew that he would not pay an absurd price for it. Her fingers closed quietly upon it.

"Thank you," she said; "I wanted it."

"I will come back this afternoon and pay for it," said the colonel to the dealer, as the three went out of the shop together a few moments later.

During the little scene young Harmon had looked on sharply and uneasily, but had not spoken.

"How are those things made, mother?" he asked, when they were in the street.

"What things?" asked Mrs. Harmon, gently.

"Those things—what do you call them?"

Like what Colonel Wimpole just gave you. How are they made?"

"Oh! miniatures? They are painted on ivory with very fine brushes."

"How funny! Why do they cost so much money, then?"

His questions were like those of a little child, but his mother's expression did not change as she answered him, always with the same unvarying gentleness.

"People have to be very clever to paint them," she said. "That is why the very good ones are worth so much. It is like a good tailor, my dear, who is paid well because he makes good coats, whereas a man who only knows how to make workmen's jackets earns very little."

"That's not fair," said young Harmon. "It is n't the man's fault if he is stupid, is it?"

"No, dear, it is n't his fault; it's his misfortune."

It took the young man so long to understand this that he said nothing more, trying to think over his mother's words, and getting them by heart, for they pleased him. They walked along in the hot sun, and then crossed the street opposite the Schweizerhof, and got into the shade of the foolish-looking trees that have been stuck about, like Nuremberg toys, between the lake and the highway. The colonel had not spoken since they had left the shop.

"How well you are looking!" he said suddenly, when young Harmon had relapsed into silence. "You are as fresh as a rose."

"A rose of yesterday," said Helen Harmon, a little sadly.

Quite naturally, Colonel Wimpole sighed as he walked along at her elbow, for though he did not know that she had ever loved him, he remembered the letter he had written to the man she had afterward married, and he was too much a man himself not to believe that all might have been different if he had not written it.

"Where are you stopping?" he asked, when they had gone a few steps in silence.

Mrs. Harmon named a quiet hotel on the other side of the river.

"Close to us," observed the colonel, just as they reached the new bridge.

They were half-way across when an exclamation from young Harmon interrupted their conversation, which was, indeed, but a curiously stiff exchange of dry information about themselves and their movements past, planned, and probable. For people who are fond of each other, and meet rarely, are, first of all, anxious to know when they may meet

again. But the boy's cry of surprise made them look round.

"Jukes!" he exclaimed loudly. "Jukes!" he repeated more softly, but very emphatically, as though solely for his own benefit.

"Jukes" was his only expression when pleased and surprised. No one knew whether he had ever heard the word, or had invented it, and no one could ever discover what it meant, nor from what it was derived. It seemed to be what Germans call a "nature-sound," by which he gave vent to his feelings. His mother hated it, but had never been able to induce him to substitute anything else in its place. She followed the direction of his eager glance, for she knew by his tone that he wanted what he saw.

She expected to see a pretty boat, or a big dog, or a gorgeous poster. Archie had a passion for the latter, and he often bought them and took them home with him to decorate his own particular room. He loved best the ones printed in violent and obtrusive colors. The gem of his collection was a purple woman on a red ground with a wreath of yellow flowers.

But Mrs. Harmon saw neither advertisement, nor dog, nor boat. She saw Sylvia Strahan. She knew the girl very well, and knew Miss Wimpole, of course. The two were walking along on the other side of the bridge, talking together. Against the blaze of the afternoon sun reflected from the still lake they could hardly have recognized the colonel and the Harmons, even if they had looked that way.

"It's Sylvia, mother," said Archie, glaring at the girl. "But is n't she grown! And is n't she lovely? Oh! ju-u-ukes!"

His heavy lips thickened outward as he repeated the mysterious ejaculation, and there was more color than usual in his dark face. He was but little older than Sylvia, and the two had played together as small children, but he had never shown any especial preference for her as a playmate. What struck him now was evidently her beauty. There was a look in his eyes, and a sort of bristling of the meeting eyebrows, that reminded Helen of his father, and her white lids quivered for an instant at the recollection, while she felt a little chill run through her.

The colonel also saw.

"Shall we cross over and speak to them," he asked in a low voice, "or shall we just go on?"

"Let us go on," answered Helen; "I will go and see them later. Besides, we have passed them now. Let us go on and get into the shade; it is so dreadfully hot here."

"Won't you stop and speak to them, mother?" asked Archie Harmon, in a tone of deep disappointment. "Why, we have not seen them for ever so long!"

"We shall see them by and by," answered his mother. "It's too hot to go back now."

The young man turned his head and lagged a little, looking after the girl's graceful figure, till he stumbled awkwardly against a curbstone. But he did not protest any more. In his dull way he worshiped his mother as a superior being, and hitherto he had always obeyed her with a half-childish confidence. His arrested intelligence still saw her as he had seen her ten years earlier, as a sort of high and protecting wisdom, incarnate for his benefit, able to answer all questions, and to provide him with unlimited pocket-money wherewith to buy bright-colored posters and other gaudy things that attracted him. Up to a certain point he could be trusted to himself, for he was almost as far from being an idiot as he was from being a normally thinking man. He was about as intelligent and about as well informed as a rather unusually dull school-boy of twelve years or thereabouts. He did not lose his way in the streets, nor drop his money out of his pockets, and he could speak a little French and German, which he had learned from a foreign nurse, enough to buy a ticket or order a meal. But he had scarcely outgrown toys, and his chief delight was to listen to the stories his mother told him. She was not very inventive, and she told the same old ones year after year. They always seemed to be new to him. He could remember faces and names fairly well, and had an average recollection of events in his own life; but it was impossible to teach him anything from books; his handwriting was the heavy, unformed scrawl of a child, and his spelling was one long disaster.

So far, at least, Helen had found only his intellectual deficiency to deal with, and it was a perpetual shame to her, and a cause of perpetual sorrow and sympathy. But he was affectionate and docile enough, not cruel, as some such beings are, and certainly not vicious, so far as she could see. Dull boys are rarely mischievous, though they are sometimes cruel, for mischief implies an imagination which dullness does not possess. Archie Harmon was never violent, but he occasionally showed a strength that surprised her, though he never seemed to care about exhibiting it. Once she had fallen and hurt her foot, and he had carried her up many stairs like a child. After that she had felt now and

then as men must feel who tame wild beasts and control them.

He worshiped her, and she saw that he looked with a sort of pity on all other women, young or old, as not worthy to be compared with her in any way. She had begun to hope that she might be spared the humiliation of ever seeing him in love, despised or pitied, as the case might be, by some commonplace pretty girl with white teeth and pink cheeks. She feared that, and she feared lest he should some day taste drink and follow his father's ways to the same hideous end. But as yet he had been like a child.

It was no wonder that she shuddered when, as he looked at Sylvia Strahan, she saw something in his face which had never been there before, and heard that queer word of his uttered in such a tone. She wondered whether Colonel Wimpole had heard and seen, too, and for some time the three walked on in silence.

"Will you come in?" asked Mrs. Harmon, as they reached the door of her hotel.

The colonel followed her to her little sitting-room, and Archie disappeared, for the conversation of those whom he still, in his own thoughts, regarded as "grown-up people" wearied him beyond bearing.

"My dear friend," said Colonel Wimpole, when they were alone, "I am very glad to see you!"

He held one of her hands in his while he spoke the conventional words; his eyes were a little misty, and there was a certain tone in his voice which no one but Helen Harmon had ever heard.

"I am glad, too," she said simply, and she drew away her hand from his with a sort of deprecation which he only half understood, for he knew only that half of the truth which was in himself.

They sat down, as they had sat many a time in their lives, at a little distance from each other, and just so that each had to turn the head a little to face the other. It was easier to talk in that way, because there was a secret between them, besides many things which were not secrets, but of which they did not wish to speak.

"It is terribly long since we last met," said the colonel. "Do you remember? I went to see you in New York the day before we started for Japan. You had just come back from the country, and your house was in confusion."

"Oh, yes, I remember," replied Mrs. Harmon. "Yes, it is terribly long, but nothing is changed."

"Nothing?" The colonel meant to ask her about Harmon, and she understood.

"Nothing," she answered gravely. "There was no improvement when the doctor wrote on the first of last month. I shall have another report in a day or two; but they are all exactly alike. He will just live on, as he is now, to the end of his life."

"To the end of his life," repeated the colonel, in a low voice, and the two turned their heads and looked at each other.

"He is in perfect health," said Mrs. Harmon, looking away again.

She drew out a long hat-pin and lifted her hat from her head with both hands, for it was a hot afternoon, and she had come into the sitting-room as she was. The colonel noticed how neatly and carefully she did the thing. It seemed almost unnecessary to do it so slowly.

"It is so hot," she said, as she laid the hat on the table.

She was pale now, perhaps with the heat of which she complained, and he saw how tired her face was.

"Is this state of things really to go on?" he asked suddenly.

She moved a little, but did not look at him.

"I am not discontented," she said; "I am not—not altogether unhappy."

"Why should you not be released from it all?" asked the colonel.

It was the first time he had ever suggested such a possibility, and she looked away from him.

"It is not as though it had all been different before he lost his mind," he went on, seeing that she did not answer at once. "It is not as if you had not had fifty good reasons for a divorce before he finally went mad. What is the use of denying that?"

"Please do not talk about a divorce," said Mrs. Harmon, steadily.

"Please forgive me if I do, my dear friend," returned the colonel, almost hotly, for he was suddenly convinced that he was right, and when he was right it was hard to stop him. "You have spent half your life in sacrificing all of yourself. Surely you have a right to the other half. There is not even the excuse that you might still do him some good by remaining his wife in name. His mind is gone, and he could not recognize you if he saw you."

"What should I gain by such a step, then?" asked Helen, turning upon him rather suddenly. "Do you think I would marry again?" There was an effort in her voice. "I hate to talk in this way, for I detest the idea of divorce, and the principle of it, and all its consequences. I believe it is going to be the

ruin of half the world in the end. It is a disgrace, in whatever way you look at it!"

"A large part of the world does not seem to think so," observed the colonel, rather surprised by her outbreak, though in any case excepting his own he would have agreed with her.

"It would be better if the whole world thought so," she answered with energy. "Do you know what divorce means in the end? It means the abolition of marriage laws altogether; it means reducing marriage to a mere experiment, which may last a few days, a few weeks, or a few months, according to the people who try it. There are men and women already who have been divorced and married again half a dozen times. Before the next generation is old that will be the rule and not the exception."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Colonel Wimpole, "I hope not!"

"I know you agree with me," said Mrs. Harmon, with conviction. "You only argue on the other side because—" She stopped short.

"Why?" He did not look at her as he asked the question.

"Because you are my best friend," she answered, after a moment's hesitation, "and because you have got it into your head that I should be happier. I cannot imagine why. It would make no difference at all in my life—now."

The last word fell from her lips with a regretful tone, and lingered a little on the air like the sad singing of a bell's last note, not broken by a following stroke. But the colonel was not satisfied.

"It may make all the difference, even now," he said. "Suppose that Harmon were to recover."

Helen did not start, for the thought had been long familiar to her, but she pressed her lips together a little, and let her head rest against the back of her chair, half closing her eyes.

"It is possible," continued the colonel. "You know as well as I do that doctors are not always right, and there is nothing about which so little is really certain as insanity."

"I do not think it is possible."

"But it is, nevertheless. Imagine what it would be if you began to hear that he was better and better, and finally well, and, at last, that there was no reason for keeping him in confinement."

Mrs. Harmon's eyes were quite closed now, as she leaned back. It was horrible to her to wish that her husband might remain mad till

he died, yet she thought of what her own life must be if he should recover. She was silent, fighting it out in her heart. It was not easy. It was hard even to see what was right to wish, for in every human being there is the prime right of self-preservation, against which no argument avails, save that of a divinely good and noble cause to be defended. Yet the moral wickedness of praying that Harmon might be a madman all the rest of his life frightened her. Throughout twenty years and more she had faced suffering and shame without flinching, and without allowing herself one thought of retaliation or hatred. She had been hardened to the struggle, and was not a woman to yield if it should begin again; but she shrank from it now, as the best and bravest may shrink at the thought of torture, though they would not groan in slow fire.

"Just think what it might be," resumed Colonel Wimpole. "Why not look the facts in the face while there is time? If he were let out he would come back to you, and you would receive him, for I know what you are. You would think it right to take him back because you promised long ago to love, honor, and obey him; to love, to honor, and to obey—Henry Harmon!"

The colonel's steady gray eyes flashed for an instant, and his gentle voice was suddenly thick and harsh as he pronounced the last words. They meant terribly much to the woman who heard them, and in her distress she leaned forward in her seat and put up her hands to her temples, as though she had pain, gently pushing back the heavy hair that she wore so low on her forehead. Wimpole had never seen her so much moved, and the gesture itself was unfamiliar to him. He did not remember ever to have seen her touch her hair with her hands, as some women do. He watched her now as he continued to speak.

"You did all three," he said. "You honored him, you loved him, and you obeyed him for a good many years. But he neither loved, nor honored, nor cherished you. I believe that is the man's part of the contract, is it not? And marriage is always called a contract, is it not? And, in any contract, both parties must do what they have promised, so that if one party fails, the other is not bound. Is not that true? And, Heaven knows, Harmon failed badly enough!"

"Don't! Please don't talk in that way! No, no, no! Marriage is not a contract; it is a bond, a vow—something respected by man because it is sacred before God. If Henry

failed a thousand times more, I should be just as much bound to keep my promise."

Her head sank still more forward, and her hands pushed her hair straight back from the temples.

"You will never persuade me of that," answered the colonel. "You will never make me believe—" He stopped short, for as he watched her he saw what he had never seen before, a deep and crooked scar high on her forehead. "What is that?" he asked suddenly, leaning toward her, his eyes fixed on the ugly mark.

She started, stared at him, dropping her hands, realized what he had seen, and then instantly turned away. He could see that her fingers trembled as she tried to draw her hair down again. It was not like her to be vain, and he guessed at once that she had some reason other than vanity for hiding the old wound.

"What is that scar?" he asked again, determined to have an answer. "I never saw it before."

"It is a—I was hurt long ago—" She hesitated, for she did not know how to lie.

"Not so very long ago," said the colonel. "I know something about scars, and that one is not many years old. It does not look as though you had got it in a fall, either. Besides, if you had, you would not mind telling me, would you?"

"Please don't ask me about it! I cannot tell you about it—"

The colonel's face was hardening quickly. The lines came out in it, stern and straight, as when, at evening, a sudden frost falls upon a still water, and the first ice-needles shoot out, clear and stiff. Then came the certainty, and Wimpole looked as he had looked long ago in battle.

"Harmon did that," he said at last, and the first curse that followed was not the less fierce because it was unspoken.

Helen's hands shook violently now, for no one had ever known how she had been wounded. But she said nothing, though she knew that her silence meant her assent. Wimpole rose suddenly, straight as a rifle, and walked to the window, turning his back upon her. He could say things there under his breath, which she could not understand, and he said them earnestly.

"He did not know what he was doing," Helen spoke at last, rather unsteadily.

The colonel turned on his heels at the window, facing her, and his lips still moved slowly, though no words came. Helen looked at him, and knew that she was glad of his silent wrath. Not realizing what she was

thinking of, she wondered what sort of death Harmon would have died if Richard Wimpole had seen him strike her to the ground with a cut-glass decanter. For a moment the cloak of mercy and forgiveness was rent from head to heel. The colonel would have killed the man with those rather delicate-looking hands of his, talking to him all the time in a low voice. That was what she thought, and perhaps she was not very far wrong. Even now, it was as well for Harmon that he was safe in his asylum on the other side of an ocean.

It was some time before Wimpole could speak. Then he came and stood before Helen.

“You will stay a few days? You do not mean to go away at once?” he said, with a question.

“Yes.”

“Then I think I will go away now, and come and see you again later.”

He took her hand rather mechanically and left the room. But she understood, and was grateful.

F. Marion Crawford.

(To be continued.)

AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

1895-1896.

I.

HAST thou forgot the breasts that gave us suck,
And whence our likeness to our fathers came,
Though from our arms twice stooping with the same
Great blow that Runnymede and Naseby struck?
Out of thy heart the imperial spark we pluck
Which in our blood is breaking into flame:
Oh, of one honor make not double shame:
Give not the English race to wanton luck!

Thy reef of war across our seaboard thrown,
Fortress and arsenal against us stored—
Trust not in them! the awful summons blown,
High o'er the long sea-blaze and battle poured
Through all the marches of the open North,
On our uplifted arms thy Child rides forth.

II.

Mother of nations, of them eldest we,
Well is it found, and happy for the state,
When that which makes men proud first makes them great.
And such our fortune is who sprang from thee,
And brought to this new land from over sea
The faith that can with every household mate,
And freedom whereof law is magistrate,
And thoughts that make men brave, and leave them free.

O Mother of our faith, our law, our lore,
What shall we answer thee if thou shouldst ask
How this fair birthright doth in us increase?
There is no home but Christ is at the door:
Freely our toiling millions choose life's task;
Justice we love, and next to justice peace.

III.

What is the strength of England, and her pride
 Among the nations, when she makes her boast?
 Has the East heard it, where her far-flung host
 Hangs like a javelin in India's side?
 Does the sea know it, where her navies ride,
 Like towers of stars, about the silver coast,
 Or from the great Capes to the uttermost
 Parts of the North like ocean meteors glide?

Answer, O South, if yet where Gordon sank,
 Spent arrow of the far and lone Soudan,
 There comes a whisper out of wasted death!
 O every ocean, every land, that drank
 The blood of England, answer, if ye can,
 What is it that giveth her immortal breath?

IV.

Then the West answered: «Is the sword's keen edge
 Like to the mind for sharpness? Doth the flame
 Devour like thought? Many with chariots came,
 Squadron and phalanx, legion, square, and wedge;
 They mounted up: they wound from ledge to ledge
 Of battle-glory dark with battle-shame:
 But God hath hurled them from the heights of fame
 Who from the soul took no eternal pledge.

«Because above her people and her throne
 She hath erected reason's sovereignty;
 Because wherever human speech is known
 The touch of English breath hath made thought free:
 Therefore forever is her glory blown
 About the hills, and flashed beneath the sea.»

V.

First of mankind we bid our eagles pause
 Before the pure tribunal of the mind,
 Where swordless justice shall the sentence find,
 And righteous reason arbitrate the cause.
 First of mankind, whom yet no power o'erawes,
 One kin would we confederate and bind:
 Let the great instrument be made and signed,
 The mold and pattern of earth's mightier laws!

Crown with this act the thousand years of thought,
 O Mother-Queen, and wheresoever beams
 Thy sea-down braid, and halmarked states hath wrought
 Far as the lowliest wave of ocean foams,
 Thy children's love with veneration brought
 Shall warm thy heartstone from their million homes.

G. E. Woodberry.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

General Grant's Fame.

WITH most actors on the stage of public affairs, the height of reputation is reached when they retire to private life or are buried with all the honors. They are useful to their time, but their acts are not more significant to posterity than the deeds of their successors in the current affairs of state. They leave behind them no record of greatness—in the case of some, perhaps, because they were not called upon to act in a great crisis; and if they die in the sanctity of a great reputation, their fame fades away like a repeating echo. But when true greatness has put itself on record, the grave becomes but the portal of a new earthly existence; thereafter it serves mankind as a standard of duty and character.

Down to the very grave there were fellow-actors ready to deny General Grant every claim to greatness. When the posthumous testimony of his «Memoirs» appeared they relented a little, partly in pitying respect for the heroic circumstances in which his public testament was written. Every year of the decade since his death has witnessed the steady growth of popular interest in his life, and of admiration for what he did and was. When his worthy monument, grandly placed, is formally dedicated on his birthday in the coming spring, his fame will be commensurate with the extraordinary honor thereby paid to the memory of a great soldier.

It must always be a gratification to the American people that the first one, apparently, to perceive the greatness of Grant, the man of action, was that other type of American greatness, Lincoln, the man of ideas. Testimony to his early insight, and that of one of Grant's fellow-generals, is given in the «Open Letters» of this number of *THE CENTURY*; and in General Porter's recollections of the personal Grant there will be found data of the highest value and authenticity for a better understanding of his character.

Old English Masters.

HOGARTH'S «Shrimp Girl», the frontispiece of this number of *THE CENTURY*, is printed as the first example of the new series of «Masters», engraved from the originals by the distinguished American engraver, Timothy Cole. The present unusual interest in the art of the great English painters will give the new series of wood-engravings special acceptability. Mr. Cole has taken up this work in the same spirit manifested in his exquisite and unique reproduction of the Old Italian and of the Old Dutch masters. His literary collaborator is Professor John C. Van Dyke. Not only have some of the best known pictures of the English school been selected from the public collections for reproduction, but permission has

been obtained in behalf of *THE CENTURY* for the engraving of some of the finest examples of English art in the hands of private owners.

The Better New York.

At a time when civic patriotism is being so generally awakened in America, and the people are rescuing their municipalities from the hands of political adventurers and jobbers, the careful study made by United States Consul Parker of the government of Birmingham, and printed in this number of *THE CENTURY*, will be found particularly interesting by inhabitants of the metropolitan districts, as they are now engaged in the work of unifying and remodeling their local government. It should be understood, of course, that our conditions are different, and that every detail of the Birmingham plan is not necessarily a precedent for us. But this one phase of the Birmingham system should not fail to be impressed upon American communities—namely, the necessity of carrying on the local government by means of the best morality and intelligence that the city is fortunate enough to possess. While the Greater New York may be said to exist in law, it will be several years before it will affect the political life of the city; but the Better New York is already an accomplished fact. It represents something more than a material reality, for it embodies the intellectual force of a moral victory.

Until 1893, when, as a climax of degradation, the public reception to a descendant of Columbus was made ridiculous by the leadership of a Tammany mayor, supported at his right hand by the city's most notorious promoter of gambling, another member of the Reception Committee in a box near by being the most conspicuous murderer in public office, it was natural that the country should regard New York chiefly as an exemplar of municipal jobbery. But when, in the following year, the city not only turned the criminal element out of office, but also sent a few of the lesser malefactors to prison, the country was quick to recognize the existence of the forces which have rapidly created the Better New York.

The traits of the Better New York are pleasing and obvious. One feature is as impressive to those who are native to the city as to the thousands who continuously succeed one another as visitors. It is a feature which is lowest in the scale of progress, yet first in physical importance—the never-ending drudgery of municipal housekeeping, the cleaning of the streets. The last manifold effort at reform brought to that task a man educated in the art of sanitary improvement, skilled through military experience in the handling of organized forces of men, and, above all, willing to make a personal sacrifice for the sake of showing that it was unnecessary for New York to wallow in its own filth. The never-to-be-effaced

result is a city as clean as that city of model neatness, Paris, and possibly even more exemplary as regards the streets that are the breathing-places as well as the highways of the poor; for Colonel Waring applied his rigorous system, by preference, to the quarters which his predecessors had always neglected, in their scheme of producing the greatest apparent effect with the least possible effort by devoting themselves to Broadway and Fifth Avenue. Not since the first review of the paid fire-department, a third of a century ago, has anything been seen in New York so significant of a new era of permanent improvement as the first parade of "Waring's angels." That public inspection of the first street-cleaning force of the city was a complete vindication of every detail of the new organization, and especially of the white duck uniforms; for one who undertakes the mission of a cleaner should himself have a sense of personal cleanliness.

Another material sign of the Better New York is the improved condition of the streets and parks. It will be claimed for the Tammany régime that these reforms were of their devising, and it is a fact that all the credit they have deserved was in that direction. It used to be said in the days of the Tweed martyrdom that the Tammany «boss» had conferred great blessings on the city by his encouragement of lavish expenditure on the streets and parks. But Tweed deserved no credit. In order to steal by his method, which was merely an exaggeration of the surviving Tammany method, he had to spend the public money lavishly for an obvious public necessity. That some good was attained in the parks depended on his carrying out the plans of honest experts, who then and since have been at the head of the profession of landscape architecture in this country. In fact, there is not a detail in the making of the Better New York, from the construction of the city hall, in the first decade of the century, to the application of honest business methods in municipal affairs under Mayor Strong, that may not be credited to educated men, having special training for their professional or business duties.

In the way of moral improvement no better evidence of advance is needed than the Tammany resistance offered, within and without the police force, to the intelligent and courageous efforts that have been made by President Roosevelt and his colleagues to correct the scandalous evils of that department. In spite of laws obstructive to effective organization, and notwithstanding crafty misrepresentation as to prevailing crime, life and property are safer in the Better New York than during the previous era of blackmail; and the conduct of the various kinds of purveyors of vice has never been so restrained, and so little invasive of public order and decency.

In addition to all this, civil service reform has made immense strides; unsavory tenement-house districts are being cleaned out and small parks are letting in light and air, while the housing of the people is constantly improving.

A city without adequate means of spreading and preserving the knowledge of civilization is a misnomer. To the relatively backward metropolis has come at last a new system of school management, equal, under intelligent and honest direction, to the higher demands of the age. Her two universities are taking on the material

as well as the intellectual aspects of greatness. Her scientific and art museums possess treasures of worldwide importance; the halls of her professional, technical, and art schools are thronged by thousands of talented students; a great public library commensurate with the city's intelligence and wealth awaits only a roof large enough to cover it; architecture and sculpture are offering to wealth and to patriotism the means of monumental grandeur; in short, the Better New York appeals to the pride of the nation with a force which the Greater New York may enhance by political honor.

Cheap Money in Two Wars.

IN the very striking paper which we publish in this number of THE CENTURY on «Why the Confederacy Failed» there is a lesson in national finance that is none the less impressive because it is so familiar. It is the same lesson that has been taught, at frequent intervals during the past four hundred years, by every nation that has had the short-sightedness to tamper with its standard of value. «The Confederate government,» says the writer, «was smothered and strangled to death with its own irredeemable paper money.» He does not say that this was the sole cause of the failure of the Southern rebellion, but he places it first among three causes which he enumerates. His argument in support of his views speaks for itself. There may be difference of opinion on his second and third causes, but on his first there is likely to be none among men whose opinion is best worth having. No cause, however deserving, could have succeeded on such a financial basis as that on which the war of secession was conducted. The war of the revolution, as Mr. Rose points out, would have failed had not the French and Dutch come to the rescue of Washington and his army with real money.

On this point Washington's own words are conclusive. The crisis came in the spring of 1781, the seventh year of the war. The continental money had then become so worthless as to make useless further employment of it as a means of defraying the expenses of the war. John Laurens, one of Washington's aides-de-camp, was selected to go to Paris, to press upon the French government the needs of the army, and raise a new loan. Washington wrote to him on the eve of his departure: «Be assured, my dear Laurens, day does not follow night more certainly than it brings with it some additional proof of the impracticability of carrying on the war without the aids you are directed to solicit. . . . In a word, we are at the end of our tether, and now or never our deliverance must come.» About the same time Hamilton wrote to General Greene that public credit was so totally lost that nobody would furnish aid even in the face of impending ruin. To the appeals of Laurens France responded with a loan of four millions of livres; the French king granted six millions more as a free gift, and also guaranteed in Holland a loan of ten millions more, making in all twenty million livres, or about five million dollars. This real money put such new life into the American army that Cornwallis was forced to surrender a few months later, and independence was won.

It is the opinion of most financial authorities that the greenbacks, instead of being a help to the North during the war of the rebellion, were a hindrance, and that we won in spite of them rather than because of them. Cer-

tain it is that they added enormously to the cost of the war. Mr. Henry C. Adams, in his work on «Public Debts,» shows that the war cost us over \$800,000,000 more than it would had we not issued the greenbacks and thus gone off the gold standard. If the government had relied on increased taxation for funds to prosecute the war, it would have remained on the gold basis, and would have bought all its supplies on the same basis. At the same time it would have maintained its credit unimpaired, and would have been able to borrow all the additional money it needed at much better rates than it actually paid. As it was, it paid an average premium of 50 per cent. on all its purchases for nearly three years and a half. The total expenditure of the four years of the war was over \$3,350,000,000, of which Mr. Adams estimates that \$2,500,000,000 consisted of purchases in the open market, where the greenback dollar bought only 66 cents' worth of goods. In other words, we spent \$2,500,000,000 and got in return only \$1,630,000,000 worth of property. The difference, \$870,000,000, was the unnecessary cost to the taxpayers which the greenback entailed.

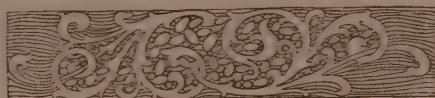
It has been demonstrated with mathematical accuracy, in tables published recently by the National Bureau of Labor, that a heavy share of this unnecessary burden fell upon the laboring classes. These tables show that when, in 1865, prices stood at 217 as compared with 100 in 1860, wages had reached only 143; that is, while prices had more than doubled, wages had risen less than one half. This has been the case invariably when a nation has indulged in the experiment of cheapening its money. Wages have always been the last to respond to the new order of things, and prices the first. So convinced was Secretary Chase, who was the author of the greenback currency, of the mistake that was made in issuing it, that, as chief justice of the Supreme Court, he subsequently expressed strong disapproval of his own act as secretary of the treasury. Speaking of the legal-tender quality of the greenbacks, he said that that quality did not add anything to their value or usefulness, and added: «The legal-tender quality was only valuable for purposes of dishonesty. Every honest purpose was answered as well, or better, without it.»

As our readers will remember, we have pointed out in this department of THE CENTURY that legal-tender money, from the first appearance of it in history, has been inferior money, and that the conferring of that quality upon it has been for the purpose of forcing it into circulation against the public will.¹ The best test

of any money is, Will it circulate without this quality? Nobody claims that gold needs it. The international trade of the world has been carried on from its beginning without any legal-tender money. The gold-standard advocates to-day have urged repeatedly, as the solution of the silver controversy, that we have free coinage of both gold and silver, with no legal-tender quality upon either, and let the people decide which they prefer as money; but the silver advocates will not listen to this. They demand the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, or at about half the value of silver, and declare that it must also be made legal tender in payment of all debts. This was the experiment which was tried with the continental and greenback money, and which failed in both cases. It succeeded best with the greenbacks because the North succeeded in the war, and because of the North's enormous resources and wealth; but even then the value of the greenbacks could not be kept from falling to 36 cents on a dollar, their average value during the war being only 50 cents. They expressed at all times the amount of public confidence in the government's ability to keep its promises to pay all its obligations in gold. The Confederate money had no legal-tender quality, but it had value so long as there was public confidence in the South in the triumph of the Southern cause. It began to depreciate the moment that confidence began to wane.

The lesson of these experiences at the present time is obvious. If it should be decreed that a silver dollar worth 53 cents should be legal tender for all debts public and private, and that an unlimited amount of such dollars should be issued, the inevitable result would be that gold would go to a premium, and we should be on a silver standard, with all prices doubled. The wage-earner would find no immediate change in his income, but he would discover that everything he bought cost him twice as much. The difference between a silver dollar worth only 53 cents and a paper dollar worth nothing would be that whereas the latter might ultimately be reduced through government bankruptcy to absolute worthlessness, the silver dollar would not fall below its bullion price. It would always sell for the amount of silver it contained, and this would go up and down with the market value of silver bullion. But it would, by being made a forced standard of value, entail a vast amount of harm upon the nation, subject all wage-earners to enormous loss, and, by destroying the credit of the government, bring us into disgrace with the civilized world, dealing a staggering blow to our prosperity and development, from which we should not recover for a quarter of a century.

¹ See «Cheap-Money Experiments,» 3d edition, THE CENTURY Co.; chapter on «Legal-tender Money in History.»



OPEN LETTERS

The Rise of General Grant.

ON the 24th day of May, 1861, from his humble home at Galena, U. S. Grant, then a private citizen of Illinois engaged with his father in the leather trade, despatched a letter to the adjutant-general of the regular army, offering his services to the government during the impending civil war. Although the good offices of an influential person were volunteered, we are told by Grant in the «Memoirs» that he declined all indorsement for permission to fight for his country. So, without support and probably with but little hope, he sent forward the application which has just been found in the files of the War Department, and of which a facsimile is herewith printed for the first time. Aside from extrinsic reasons, I think the reader will agree with me that this letter is a striking paper, by reason of its trenchant conciseness in setting forth that which the writer with undoubted anxiety wished to make known to the military authorities. But in the eyes of the world, the distinction to which Grant subsequently rose gives to it its chief interest, and a value far beyond the ordinary.

While evidently the composition of a man of firm purpose,—one having complete confidence in himself,—there is yet about this application a modest diffidence which is a true index to a great personality. In directness and precision it is remarkable, like all his writings denoting a well-ordered intellect. I have seen letters of six or eight pages, written by Grant amid the wearing excitement of a gigantic and doubtful campaign, without an erasure or interlineation, yet couched in clear, strong English which it is a pleasure to read. There are a score of such in the War Department archives.

The result of this effort was typical of the attitude of the higher authorities toward Grant throughout the earlier months of his career. The application bore no fruit, it was not even answered by the usual courteous note which says nothing. While others from civil life were made major-generals, brigadiers, and colonels, and at once received high commands, the man who modestly thought he might be competent by reason of his education and past service to command a regiment remained unnoticed. Fortunately for the country, Governor Yates took note of Grant's capacity and merits, and conferred upon him the command of an unruly regiment. Thus, ignored at Washington, the future chief, through the local authorities, got his foot upon the first rung of the ladder.

It is very singular, considering Grant's early appearance upon the stage with an important geographical command, and the further and more dominant fact of his conspicuous successes, that the Union military authorities were so belated in «catching on» to the promising

officer Yates had discovered. It is not at all surprising that the general public, with its eyes admirably fixed on the star performers at the great military headquarters, should overlook the silent man who did not have the trick of advertising his own performances. The people were wistfully looking for the Napoleon they never doubted was concealed somewhere about, ready to spring forth to the supreme command full-fledged, and put down the rebellion in a single brilliant campaign; and not until after McClellan's signal failure did they reluctantly abandon this hope and begin to look around for practical possibilities.

Grant's first military success, vastly important as it was to the cause, to the administration, and to General Halleck's personal fortunes, received but scant notice in high quarters other than in the form of criticism. Even Mr. Lincoln, always generous, and quick to notice successful officers, made no sign. The spontaneous acclaim which greeted lesser exploits of other generals was never heard in the early days in connection with Grant's achievements, and it is a queer fact that, from first to last, they never aroused any enthusiasm for Grant personally. While there were fugitive manifestations of gratitude, there was no popular and official shouting of the kind that, strangely enough, greeted the comparatively barren action of Murfreesboro', for instance, which Halleck effusively asseverated entitled Rosecrans to the «admiration of the world.»

The capture of Donelson, so timely to check the rising European ardor for intervention, was not heralded as a Grant victory. True, the magnitude and far-reaching effects of the blow were fully appreciated by both government and people, but Grant somehow at the time seemed to be dissociated from it. His glory was largely appropriated by others, or cunningly belittled, and for a time he was even deprived of his command. If for a brief moment there was an incipient outbreak threatening to make a hero of the right man, it was at once chilled into silence by Halleck's equivocal reports to McClellan of «disorders» that prevailed after the Confederate surrender, of «insubordination» on Grant's part—wholly unwarranted, as it afterward transpired, but tending none the less to strengthen some vague stories of Grant's «habits» that now began to be bruited about, set afloat nobody knows exactly how. Answering, McClellan—reminding one of Artemus Ward's willingness to sacrifice all his wife's relations to put down the rebellion—telegraphed Halleck not to hesitate to arrest Grant if discipline demanded such an extraordinary proceeding.

In the light of what occurred afterward, and of our present minute knowledge of the characters and careers of these three personages, could one well imagine anything more absurdly grotesque than this: two mere theorists, organizers of dress parades as it were, sitting

Galena, Ill.
May 24th 1861
Col. L. Thomas,
Adjt. Gen. U. S. A.
Washington D. C.

Sir:

Having served for fifteen years in the regular Army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been educated at the Government expense to offer their services for the support of that Government, I have the honor very respectfully, to tender my services, until the close of the war, in such capacity as may be offered. I would say that in view of my present age, and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a Regiment if the President, in his judgement, should see fit to entrust me to me.

Since the first call of the President I have been serving on the Staff of the Governor of this State rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our State Militia, and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield, Ill. will reach me.

I am very respectfully,
Yours Adj. Gen.
U. S. Grant

in solemn judgment upon the man of action in the very midst of a triumphant campaign? Had either McClellan or Halleck at that day won such a victory as Donelson, —an improbable speculation,—he would instantly have been glorified by resolutions of high civic bodies, and showered with congratulatory telegrams. Grant modestly announced the victory to his immediate superior, and, as we have seen, Halleck did the rest. There were no congratulations for Grant. It is doubtful if subsequently there was not a covert attempt to forestall his promotion.

Again, after Shiloh, the original scandal about Grant's «habits» was revived with variations, supplemented with the more cruel falsehood that he had stolidly permitted his army to be surprised and cut to pieces, and was saved from utter annihilation only by the arrival of Buell. The malignancy with which he was pursued is almost past comprehension. He came near being submerged by the storm. A second time Grant was temporarily deprived of his command, much in the same indirect manner, by the same jealous influence, and probably for the same sinister purpose. I doubt if Colonel McClure's ingenious explanation of Grant's temporary effacement is the complete story of that episode.

Shiloh was the first battle-field of the war where carnage rose to the gruesome dignity of the grand scale, and the nerves of the supersensitive were greatly shaken at the spectacle. The battle was a trial of strength between the two armies at the unexpected invitation of the Confederate commander, in which at the close of the first day he was clearly worsted. Six months later, after McClellan and Pope had familiarized the country with lost or drawn battles and the aspect of rivers of human blood, Shiloh would have been hailed for what it actually was,—a real as well as a technical Union victory,—and no attention whatever paid to the butcher's bill, which was equally large on the other side. Ultimately a better understanding of that battle prevailed, accompanied as a natural sequence by a dawning popular comprehension of Grant's scope of usefulness; there was gradual growth of a quiet, yet firm confidence in him as a commander.

Dealing with all sorts of commanders, and particularly with the bad sort—always most in evidence—that failed to accomplish anything of moment except to bring the government into disrepute with the people, in the natural course of events President Lincoln eventually began to note this one man of a genus distinct from his other generals, who always brought victory and honor instead of defeat and humiliation, who needed no urging to go forward, and who accomplished more with less relative means than any other man in the service; and thus noting, his honest heart was glad. And thenceforward Lincoln stood by Grant through thick and thin—one of the very greatest tributes that could be paid to the worth of any man of that epoch. It may be said that this was easy because Grant was almost uniformly successful; yet there was one short period following Shiloh when the President's powerful support was necessary to save him from obscurity. Even then the President had not come to a full appreciation of Grant's sterling qualities as a commander.

Colonel McClure records that just after Shiloh he went to Washington, at the instance of the sentiment-

talists, to secure Grant's removal from command. After listening in gloomy silence to McClure's earnest representations concerning the Western general's unpopularity, intemperance, and incompetence, which were steadily dragging the administration down to ruin, and every possible appeal for an immediate change, the President straightened himself up and with earnest decision said, «I can't spare this man; *he fights.*» This closed the conference; Colonel McClure perceived that Mr. Lincoln's resolution was unalterable.

Grant never had a personal following in the country at large, like that of McClellan or Rosecrans, by whom their important services were, without question or criticism, accepted at their own valuation and even exaggerated. His battles and victories—some of them equal to the most brilliant in the annals of war—were received by the public either with cold, analytical reserve, or at best in measured terms of praise. Yet, as I have said, it was looking and longing for a military idol. Why, then, it should fight off Grant's fame until the final test, should begrudgingly yield to him its plaudits only at the eleventh hour, goes beyond my comprehension; it is rather a matter of astonishment that he was not fairly overwhelmed with cheap honors and lip-service. This strange, half-hearted manner on the part of the public of tendering its applause for magnificent offerings of victory may have been one of the «mysteries of Grant» of which General Badeau tells us, but it was more probably the result of the systematic attacks made with a purpose to prevent his rise. They were so plausibly and persistently urged as to mislead many honest men; for a time it was generally believed that his successes were the result, perhaps, of mere blundering luck.

General Horace Porter has said that General Grant's «unassuming manner, and absolute loyalty to his superiors and to the work in which he was engaged, inspired loyalty in others, and gained him the devotion of the humblest of his subordinates.» And on his own part, Grant's tenacious loyalty to friendship was so unfeigned and marked a characteristic as to be a positive eccentricity. Herein we have the key to one of the great forces of his character: he was endowed with that singular quality which, without effort, bound to himself with hooks of steel the unhesitating confidence, the unqualified love, of every one who was thrown into intimate personal or official association with him. One and all, those who knew him most thoroughly became his unquestioning adherents. This is a most extraordinary fact in connection with one who, apparently repellent to the world at large, was almost throughout his public career the victim of the malevolent calumny of designing cabals, always decried, misunderstood, and underestimated. Yet he was unobtrusive, avoided personal controversies, and shunned politics; solicited no favors; never annoyed his superiors or the government with importunities or demands of any kind, except for permission to press forward; and interfered with nobody except the enemy. The antithesis developed in these attributes of Grant's personality is so remarkable as to have fixed the attention of abler students of ethnology than myself.

But Grant was not prone to lavish his friendships indiscriminately. He was not lacking in penetration, nor was he a dull student of mankind. The official records,

and especially those made by himself, leave no room for doubt that he had a keen discernment of character, but more especially of those elements that make the good soldier. After he attained to the dignity of exercising his own choice, he seldom erred in the selection of agents to carry on military operations. The rise of Sherman, McPherson, Sheridan, Schofield, Ord, Terry, and of some younger men like James H. Wilson and Emory Upton, aside from their high intrinsic merits, was largely owing to Grant's appreciation. On the other hand, he had but little patience with slow and inefficient officers, and none whatever with worthless ones; and he did not lack the moral nerve to put them aside whenever the necessity occurred or opportunity offered.

The deeper one dives into the official archives, the more his admiration and respect for Grant increases. His own letters and reports are the strongest evidence of a thoroughly honest and upright nature, as well as of his singleness of purpose and his comprehensive ability. There is no posing for effect, no waste of words in fine writing; everything is simple, earnest, and straightforward. His style is admirable; not an undignified line, nor a base or cunning motive, can be detected in all his multitudinous correspondence, public and private. Of course the greater part of the mass was written without expectation or design that it would ever see the light, and hence is all the more valuable and reliable as an index to a character which has been somewhat of a puzzle to superficial observers.

In Vol. XXXI, Part II, of the War Records, at page 402, there is a striking letter bearing upon Grant's personal and military character which, having never been exploited in the public press, may prove interesting to the reader in connection with the foregoing speculations. It has additional value from its authorship and its entirely voluntary character. General Hunter could have no other motive than to write the truth in a confidential communication of this nature. Previous to the battle of Missionary Ridge, Hunter, then temporarily out of employment, but having the personal goodwill of both the President and the Secretary of War, was sent west on a tour of inspection. After visiting Grant at Chattanooga, he reported to Secretary Stanton as follows:

LOUISVILLE, KY., December 14, 1863.

HON. E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War, Washington.

DEAR SIR: I arrived at Chattanooga a month since, and was received by General Grant with the greatest kindness. He gave me his bed, shared with me his room, gave me to ride his favorite war-horse, read to me his despatches received and sent, accompanied me on my reviews, and I accompanied him on all his excursions and during the three days of battle. In fact, I saw him almost every moment, except when sleeping, of the three weeks I spent in Chattanooga.

I mention these, to you, otherwise very unimportant facts, to show you that I had a first-rate opportunity of judging of the man. He is a hard worker, writes his own despatches and orders, and does his own thinking. He is modest, quiet, never swears, and seldom drinks, as he only took two drinks during the three weeks I was with him. He listens quietly to the opinions of others and then judges promptly for himself; and he is prompt to avail himself in the field of all the errors of his enemy. He is certainly a good judge of men, and has called around him valuable counselors.

Prominent as General Grant is before the country, these remarks of mine may appear trite and uncalled for; but having been ordered to inspect his command, I thought it not improper for me to add my testimony with regard to the commander. I will also add that I am fully convinced the change of com-

manders was not made an hour too soon, and that if it had not been made just when it was we should have been driven from the Valley of the Tennessee, if not from the whole State. . . .

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

D. HUNTER, Major-General.

While another general, encamped in middle Tennessee with seventy thousand men,—the largest available army in the West,—was answering the government's eager promptings to move against an inferior enemy with urgent requests for reinforcements, and meanwhile doing nothing, Grant was energetically prosecuting a campaign for the reduction of Vicksburg with a force no more than equal to the enemy he was to overcome, and twenty-five thousand less than Rosecrans's army.

The contrast in the character and attitude of the two chief commanders in the West during the spring and early summer of 1863 must have been an object-lesson to the Washington military authorities, and certainly not to the disadvantage of Grant; for it only served to emphasize, to bring into bolder relief, his high qualifications for the most important and trying duties. He made no requisitions or demands whatever upon the President, not even for time; as soon as opportunity offered, without pressing, he at once took the field with what force he had, depending on conditions and the development of events to denote to the government his necessities as they occurred.

Before the government was fairly aware that the campaign was inaugurated, Grant, confounding the enemy by his well-dissembled movements, had swiftly beaten Pemberton at every point, and had him safely «holed up» in Vicksburg. It was evident that Pemberton must eventually succumb unless he was relieved, and also plain that outside relief was hopeless if Grant was strongly reinforced. It is noteworthy that, while Grant energetically began to concentrate all the available troops in his own department in the trenches before the city, he still made no appeal or representations to Washington; he let the situation speak for itself. During the entire two months' campaign Grant sent to Washington no more than two or three communications. The President found no occasion to bother him with orders, suggestions, or appeals to beat up the enemy; neither did Grant importune the President for reinforcements and munitions. He, nevertheless, got all he needed, and soon had Vicksburg environed with eighty thousand men.

Among the reinforcing troops sent to Vicksburg were two divisions of the Ninth Corps from General Burnside's command in the Department of the Ohio. Upon Pemberton's surrender, Grant notified the President that he would immediately return to Burnside the borrowed troops, of which fact the Secretary of War in turn notified Burnside; but Grant changed his mind, and sent them out with Sherman against General Johnston. After waiting some time, Burnside became very impatient; he finally complained to the President that Grant was not «toting fair,» and was still detaining his troops. Thereupon Mr. Lincoln sent to General Burnside the following reply:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., July 27, 1863.

Major-General BURNSIDE, Cincinnati, O.

Let me explain. In General Grant's first despatch after the fall of Vicksburg, he said, among other things, he would send the Ninth Corps to you. Thinking it would be pleasant to you,

I asked the Secretary of War to telegraph you the news. For some reasons, never mentioned to us by General Grant, they have not been sent, though we have seen outside intimations that they took part in the expedition against Jackson. General Grant is a copious worker and fighter, but a very meager writer or telegrapher. No doubt he changed his purpose in regard to the Ninth Corps for some sufficient reason, but has forgotten to notify us of it.

A. LINCOLN.¹

Under the circumstances, and in the light of his experience of the previous two years with army commanders, Mr. Lincoln's characterization of Grant was a panegyric. Some of them had been exactly the reverse—very copious writers and telegraphers, but meager workers and fighters.

These two letters, together with his original tender of service, show the characteristics which were the foundation of Grant's final rise to the supreme command unquestioned, and afterward to an unexampled personal influence. He was no politician; his success was due solely to solid merit. The coy maiden, Fame, was won as Vicksburg was reduced—only after a long siege. When Lee surrendered at Appomattox Grant was only forty-three years old. With a genius for war, in spite of every obstacle, by courage and uncomplaining persistence, from comparative obscurity Grant raised himself to the highest pinnacle of an honorable ambition. His name will stand on the same plane with Lin-

¹ See Hay and Nicolay's "Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln."

coln and Washington. Slow to mature, but at last securely fixed, his fame will survive as long as the records of the period last; and it will grow as the centuries pass, and the power of the nation he served increases, as it must increase, beyond the grandeur of Rome or any other known in history.

Leslie J. Perry.

WAR RECORDS OFFICE, Washington.

Tramps and Whipping-posts.

A LETTER from Frankfort, Indiana, expresses dissent from the whipping-post communication printed in this department. The writer, the Rev. Demetrius Tillotson, referring to the law to make vagrancy a crime, says:

"It would be necessary only that employment be found that would enable the individual to secure food and shelter to make such a law practical. The establishment of food and shelter depots patterned after those in General Booth's social scheme, where the individual is compelled to work before he can eat, would be more Christian, less expensive in the end to society, and far more effectual than the whipping-post. No remedy, however, will ever be effectual until the sources of supply are destroyed.

"Eighty per cent. of the tramps in the United States have been produced, either directly or indirectly, through the influence of the saloon; and until this evil is done away with no permanent cure can be expected."

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Maxim.

ONE golden drop, from countless roses pressed,
Hands down an Orient garden to the West:
From age to age a proverb thus survives,
The lasting essence of unnumbered lives.

Dora Read Goodale.

To the Hero of a Scientific Romance.

If you wish, go be a pig,
In and out of season;
But don't bore us with a big
Philosophic reason.

R.
Finance at the Lyceum.

YES, sir; down at our lyceum we discussed the finance cause,
An' some needed legislatin' fer revisin' of the laws.
Silas Simpkins spoke fer fi-at (this, o' course, was 'fore Si died),
An' a little cuss named Taylor 'lowed he'd take the other side
(One o' them Oak Valley Taylors—got a sorter snappy eye).

So the rest of us jest lis'ened, though we mos'ly favored Si;
Fer he use' to talk an' whittle while the seasons went an' came,
An' we knew that he was loaded fer the biggest kind o' game.

Si riz first, an' he orated fer about a half a' hour;
An' I recollec' he stated that the nation had the power
To pervide us all with greenbacks long 's their printin'-press 'ud run;
An' he told about a ratio which he called sixteen to one,
An' some gole-bugs; an' he said he would n't take no gold in his,
Fer he 'lowed a paper dollar was the best one that they is—
(Er a silver)—an' concludin', Si said p'intedly, said he,
"If the banks won't take yer fi-at, you jes' bring it roun' to me."

Wal, that little Taylor feller had been lis'nin' all the while,
An' he riz when Si had finished, with a sorter knowin' smile,
An' he said that Si was crafty, but he 'lowed that he 'ud vote

Fer to make a legal-tender out of ev'ry feller's note
Jest es big es he could write it, an' a law to make it
good,
With pervision fer renewin' jest es often es he would.
This, he said, 'ud save the printin'. Then he closed his
argument,
An' we left without adjournin', a-reflectin' es we went.

Albert Bigelow Paine.



DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL.

A RUMOR.

«The inmates of the Insane Asylum have broken out!»

«No, you don't say!»

«Yes, with the measles.»

A Fatal Climax.

JIM RODES, better known as «Spooky» Rodes, was one of the left-overs after the first mining-fever subsided in California. He lived for over twenty years in Tuolumne County, and though he never rose above the station of hanger-on in a mining-camp, he attained a local fame unique and unenvied.

Rodes had no particular place of habitation. He was like a bird of passage, flitting from place to place, and taking philosophically such fare as fell in his way. He owned a decrepit nag, which served to carry him over the rough country roads, for Jim had no intention of subjecting his shoes to unneessary wear and tear.

The old man passed his winters down in the foot-hill country, and in the spring made a yearly visit to the mountains, where he remained until the snow and frost drove him back to a more congenial clime.

«Spooky» began his yearly visits at the house of one Andy Simons. He tied his horse under the giant oak which the thrifty Simons used for barn and stable, and took up his abode in the three-roomed house. There was already a large family, but that did not discourage Jim. There was always plenty of bacon and potatoes at Andy's, and a full stomach was more to Jim than a palace. He would prolong his visit one, two, three weeks, as long as the hostess would tolerate him; and finally, when his welcome was worn threadbare, and even the baby began to offer infantile snubs, Jim saddled his horse and moved along.

«Spooky» Rodes was a generous soul. He presented Mrs. Simons with a fine new butter-mold upon his arrival, and now that he intended visiting the Twillers, the nearest neighbors, he saw no harm in quietly pocketing the half-dozen plated spoons, the pride of Mrs. Simons's heart, and carrying them as an offering to the Lares and Penates in the Twiller household.

Thus Jim moved about the circle of his acquaintances, and in moving carried with him many little articles of value or virtu. Indeed, the good people of Tuolumne had come to know so well Jim's give-and-take code of etiquette that on his arrival spoons were consigned to the bottom of the flour-barrel, new linen was stowed away on the rafters, and a general counting up took place at night. But even with this vigilance, Jim managed to make offerings to his various hostesses ranging in value from soft-soap to plated ware.

Jim had had some thrilling experiences—at least, he could tell about them in a way to thrill his audiences. They would sit listening with open mouths and straining ears until Jim had reached his climax; then, drawing long breaths of relief, they would sink back into their chairs, as he led them gently down by easy steps to a place where he could satisfactorily conclude his story.

But Jim's high sense of the fitness of things once led him into a grievous snare which obliged him to choose between himself and an artistic climax. Like a true raconteur, he sacrificed himself, but brought down upon his head the derision of a younger and more irreverent generation, by whom he was ever after known as «Spooky» Rodes.

Jim was making his annual visit at the Twillers'. Supper was over, and the men were tilted back against the house with pipes and tobacco, while the women-folk «rid» the table and pared the potatoes for breakfast.

«I reckon,» said Jim, meditatively, «thet none o' ye hev hearn tell on thet experunce I hed with the Injuns. I reckon it war nigh on thirty year ago, when I war crossin' the plains, thet the experunce thet I'm 'bout to tell ye happened. I war ridin' a fiery black hoss, an' I got clear ahead o' the train,—more 'n ten mile ahead, I reckon,—when all to onct I heerd behind me the derned-est yell. I jerked a look backwards, an' seen a band o' thirty or forty Injuns a-comin' it towards me, with their bows all a-aimin', an' their toes dug into their hosses' flanks; an' sez I, (It's all up with ye, Jim Rodes.) But I reckoned it'd pay to sell my life dear, so I clapped my spurs into my hoss's flanks, an' 'way we went.

«Right afore us war one o' them tremenjous big cañons ye've hearn tell on back on the plains—the Grand Cañon, or the Royal George, or somethin' like thet. Well, I did n't see much diff'rance, so I put my

hoss right for the cañon, an' pell-mell up we went—the cañon gittin' narrower an' narrower every minute, an' the walls on the sides just risin', I reckon, nigh about a thousand feet. Anyways, no sun ever got down to the bottom, an' 't war gloomy as the grave, an' them Injun devils whoopin' it up behind. On they came, boys. I could hear their hosses snortin', an' the arrows whizzed by my ears like a swarm o' bees. Off went my hat, my coat-sleeves were ripped open, old hoss's ears bleedin' with the arrows, an' the walls gittin' closer an' closer together, an' it gittin' powerful dark too; an' then we dashed past a big rock, an' oh, Lordy! there I saw a sight to make my hair stand on end an' the cold sweat to run offen me; an' oh, Lordy! there, right in front o' me, about twenty yards ahead, the walls come together, all but jest wide enough for a waterfall a thousand feet high to come tumblin' down; an' oh, Lordy!—»

«Great Scott!» cried an anxious listener, «what did you do?»

«Why, oh, Lordy! them Injuns come tearin' on behind, an' I jest plowed my spurs into the old hoss, an' on, an' on, an' on—»

«What about that waterfall?» cried the youngest Twiller boy.

«What in thunder did the Injuns do to ye?» cried Twiller.

«Why—why—the waterfall—an'—an' the Injuns,» stammered Jim—«why, dernital, they killed me!»

Stella Walthall Belcher.

Mrs. Brown Visits the Capital.

«YES; I've atchully been to Washington on a visit. I'm jes back, an' I'm 'most fagged out, too. I went to visit sister Malvina. She married Lemuel Jones, you know. He's a butcher there.

«Do tell you about my visit—how I enjoyed it, an' what I saw?»

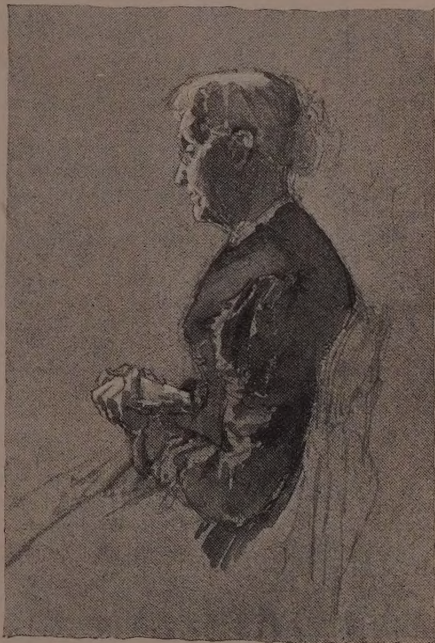
«Well, I had a nice time—a mighty nice time. I wish you could have been along an' seen the sights. There was a forty-nine-cent store there that jes beat anything you ever laid your two eyes on. You never seen sech bargains in all your born days. You know them muffin-pans that Silas Reed wants seventy-five cents apiece for, up at the cross-roads? Well, I could jes git all I wanted at forty-nine cents a pair. Now what do you think o' that?»

«An' them glass pitchers like Miranda Johnson's got—she paid a dollar apiece for 'em in butter an' eggs this very spring, mind you; an' I bought the very same pair like hers for forty-nine cents apiece. Jes think o' that; forty-nine cents apiece!»

«Did I see the Corcoran Art Gallery? Yes, I s'pose I did; but I did n't go in. Sister said there war n't nothin' but a lot o' picture-paintin's in there, so I did n't go in, though I am right fond o' photographs an' the like. Well, as I was sayin', I never did see sech bargains as they had at that forty-nine-cent store. I saw some winder-shades that were jes beautiful. They had them big bokays o' roses on 'em, 'most as natural as real. I bought a pair for the dinin'-room for only forty-nine cents. War n't that dirt-cheap?»

«Did I visit the Capitol? La! yes; me an' sister Malvina spent 'most two hours there. I never was so tired

out walkin' around a place in all my life. That reminds me. My feet was well-nigh blistered, an' I jes had to go to the forty-nine-cent store an' buy me a pair o' carpet slippers to wear about the house. I've got 'em on now; they're so comfortable-lookin' an' easy, an' I only



DRAWN BY MAUDE COWLES.

«(I'VE GOT 'EM ON NOW.)»

paid forty-nine cents for 'em. Silas Reed asked a dollar an' ten cents for a pair that war n't near as nice as these I've got on.

«Oh, yes; of course I went to the White House an' shook hands with the President; everybody does that. An' let me tell you, he had on a black necktie jes the dead match to one I bought Hosea at the forty-nine-cent store. I don't believe you could tell 'em apart.

«Smith an' Son's Institute, did you say? I reckon I saw that too; but there was such a lot o' big buildin's, I can't half remember the names of 'em all. They had little books with pictures in 'em of sech at the forty-nine-cent store, but there was so many other things to buy I did n't git one.

«Dear me! Yes; we went clean up to the top of Gen'l Washington's monument. It was awful high, an'—would you believe me?—you could even see the flag that was wavin' over the forty-nine-cent store from up there. Sister Malvina pointed it out.

«What! you ain't goin' already? Well, you must run in ag'in soon; I've got a lot o' things more to tell you. I want to show you the cutest trick you ever saw. It's a new-fangle thing to take pies out of the oven without burnin' your fingers clean to the bone. I bought it an' a dozen nice pie-pans at the forty-nine-cent store jes before I started home.»

Emma Cleveland Wood.

My Cyclone-proof House.

Two or three months ago, when I was just deciding to build a house, I saw in our local paper a description of a cyclone-proof dwelling. Now, if there is anything I dislike, it is to have a full-blooded, centripetal twister come cavorting through the air and wipe my dwelling off the earth. It annoyed me to go down cellar for a bottle of raspberry jam, only to find that while I was below my house was flipped into Dugan's potato-patch, and deposited there tails up, heads down, and not a thing left on my lot except my neighbor's hencoop and the wind-proof, fire-proof, water-proof eight-per-cent. mortgage that I put on the lot myself four years ago next August, and which could not be blown off with four tons of dynamite.

Having such a deep-rooted hatred of the cyclone, I was naturally much taken with the account of the cyclone-proof house, and I had one built on my lot. The house was as simple as it was perfect. The principal feature was a sort of circular track or rail on which the house could revolve, a fin or rudder being placed over the kitchen in such a manner that it must necessarily catch the wind and swing the house around on the circular track. In this way the front of the house was always in the teeth of any strong breeze. And here came in the practical part of the scheme: for in the front room over the hall was a port-hole from which protruded a small cannon. This cannon discharged loaded bombs at any approaching cyclone-cloud. The explosion of the bomb in the bosom of the cloud was said to rip the airy devastation into flinders.

When my house was completed it was a source of pride to me, and a source of wondering curiosity to the town-folk. On the first breezy day I operated the revolving device, and found it worked perfectly. The house is supposed to front north, and the breeze came strongly from the south, and my pulses thrilled with pleasure as the house swung slowly and grandly around in the wind.

But, unfortunately, the wind stayed from the south until nightfall, when it died, leaving my house in a most peculiar position, with the front porch adjacent to the hog-pen, and the kitchen within three feet of the front gate. I prayed earnestly for wind for a week, but none arose, and during that time my house was the joke of the village. At the end of the week I rented Silas Bogg's ox-team, and pulled the house into its normal position; and it was indeed a great comfort to be able to empty the dish-water without having to carry it from the kitchen through the dining-room and parlor, and out at the front door into the back yard.

However, the real test of the house did not occur until about a month thereafter. To tell the truth, I am a little timid in a storm since our house was blown into Dugan's field; and as for my wife, she would rather break her neck falling down the cellar stairs than risk it in a May zephyr. This timidity accounts for our loss of presence of mind the night it stormed. We were in bed and asleep, and I was dreaming I was at sea on a very dizzy vessel, when my wife shook me and said a fearful storm was coming; and, in fact, the house was spinning round like a top, now making six or eight revolutions to the right, and then suddenly whirling to the left, like a half-

witted kitten with a fit. The wind seemed to have no stability, and veered constantly, and I could not see a yard from the window where I stood ready to fire the cyclone-bomb at first sight of the monster. My wife stood at my side, and gazed with me out of the window into the blackness. Suddenly she gave a cry of alarm. «There! there!» she shrieked; and I too saw the cyclone-cloud rising dark and ominous before us. In a thought I had fired the cannon; the bomb sped on its way, and I heard it explode with a terrific crash. For a moment we waited in breathless anxiety, and then she fell into my arms, sobbing, «Oh, Henry, Henry! we are saved!» And we were.

The cyclone did n't catch us that night. It could n't. In fact, there was no cyclone. It was just a plain, everyday blow—a little one-horse, two-for-a-nickel wind.

But I had tried the cyclone-bomb gun. The next morning I went out to see what I had been gunning at. It was my barn! In the dark I dare say it resembled a cyclone, but by day it resembled a pile of kindling-wood. I had simply shot a first-class red barn into atoms, and had slaughtered a good, steady, five-year-old family horse, and a nice spotted Jersey cow with two toes on each foot and burs in her tail.

Cyclone-proof houses? No! No, *sir*! Not for Uncle Harry! I have had my experience. I am only glad the wind was from the south instead of from the west when I fired the fatal bomb. Had it been from the west, I should have knocked the internal effects clean out of my neighbor Murphy's home, to say nothing of neighbor Murphy himself.

And, by the way, if you hear of any one who would like to purchase a cyclone-proof house, he can get one from me at reduced rates, and I will throw in a sixty-foot lot with a hearty mortgage on it, and a brand-new red barn on which softly rests a brand-new mechanic's lien.

Ellis Parker Butler.

Protest.

WHO say my hea't ain't true to you?

Dey bettah heish dey mouf;

I knows I loves you th'oo an' th'oo,

In watah time er drouf.

I wish dese people 'd heish dey talkin'—

Don't mean no mo' dan chickens squawkin'.

I guess I knows whah I is walkin';

I knows de no'f fom souf.

I does not love Elizy Brown;

I guess I knows my min'.

You 's allus got to bring me down

'Bout evahthing you fin'.

Ef dese hyeah folks will keep on fillin'

Yo' haid wif nonsense, an' you 's willin',

I bet some day dey 'll be a killin'

Somewhah erlong de line.

O' co'se I buys de gal ice-cream;

Whut else I gwine to do?

I knows jes' how de thing 'ud seem

Ef I 'd be sho't wif you.

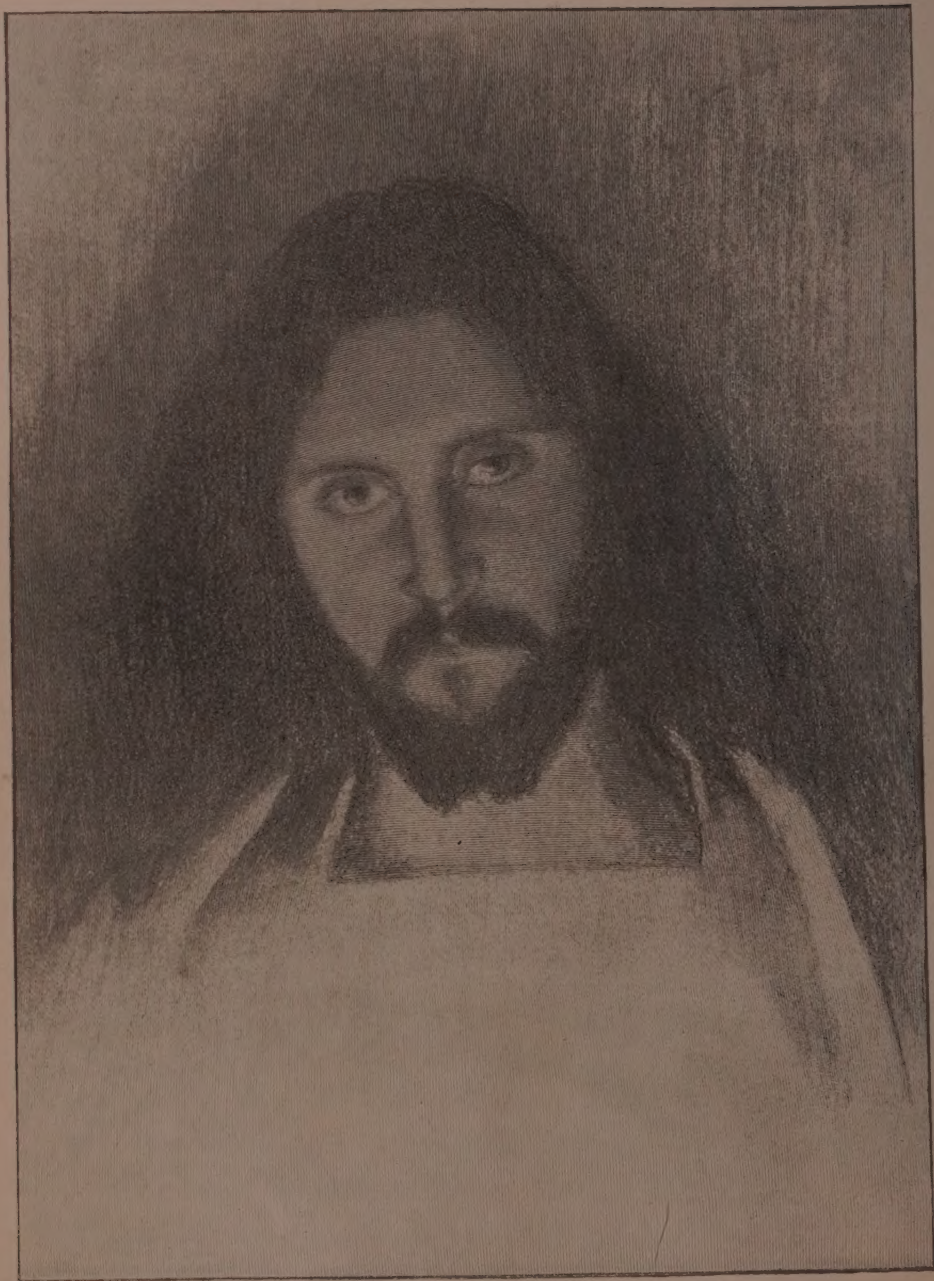
On Sunday you 's at ch'rch a-shoutin',

Den all de week you spen' a-poutin';

I 's mighty tiahed o' all dis doubtin',

I tell you 'cause I 's true!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.



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STUDY FOR THE HEAD OF CHRIST.
IN THE PAINTING OF «THE LAST SUPPER,» BY P. A. J. DAGNAN-BOUVERET.